

## Maybe i was boring

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Character:	<a href="#">TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Wilbur Soot</a> , <a href="#">Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Toby Smith   Tubbo</a> , <a href="#">Niki   Nihachu</a> , <a href="#">Floris   Fundy</a> , <a href="#">Minx   JustAMinx (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Jschlatt (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Eret (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
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## Maybe i was boring

by [TeaWWW](#)

### Summary

It was late autumn, crisp cold enveloping the air. And yet Tommy sat there back against the window frame in just a light sweater and shorts, fingers red and painful from the cold, held a light Malboro white cigarette. Breathing in and out 'till only the but of the thing came to be. He threw it out and watched it fall to the damp garden floor. Looking at the time it was already 4 am. The night was quiet through and he was wide awake.

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Or Tommy gets adopted into a Watson family. Not poggers things happen, can't guarantee a happy ending sorry not sorry we'll see

Notes

Title from Wilbur's song.

## Wednesday

Tommy sat on the window frame, moonlight shining and framing his face to look a little more alive than he actually was. His golden locks dull, fell on his face, skin white and clammy with dark circles beneath his tired eyes. One socked foot hanged off the edge and swung with the wind, he looked at the ground beneath him.

It was late autumn, crisp cold enveloping the air. And yet Tommy sat there back against the window frame in just a light sweater and shorts, fingers red and painful from the cold held a light Malboro white cigarette. Breathing in and out 'till only the but of the thing came to be. He threw it out and watched it fall to the damp garden floor. Looking at the time it was already 4 am. The night was quiet through and he was wide awake.

In his room in group home was a small twin bed and an empty dresser left open. On the ground a small gray carpet with stains riddled with a couple of red bull and coca cola cans and the rest in the garbage. Lights were off and in the corner of the room was a packeted full obnoxious red backpack he got passed down from one of the "permanent homes" as they always would assure him when they left him in em to rot in.

Tommorow was the next "home" or family, "what was it now number 9?" the teen went through his memories counting. He was to be left in.

He had to wake up bright and early tommorow, the thought sounded dreadful. Taking one last look at the cloudy sky of the city, he climbed down the window in his single room. His twiggy legs hit the ground and with one arm he closed the window. The other rubbing his face as if to rub some of the tiredness out.

Usually in group homes you would have shared rooms but because Tommy was the oldest and now proven the most permanent member of the home, so he got his very own cell to live in.

He dragged his feet along the ground walking to the bed. "It's cold." He thought out loud, talking to no one. He was always cold, no matter the thick brown blanket he wrapped himself in laying on his bed. Was it the malnutrition or the room now chilled to a freezing cold, he couldn't tell.

In the air lingered the still faint smell of smoke, and the boy looked at the ceiling thinking of nothing in particular. Falling into a restless sleep beneath the covers.

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It was but two days before they told him they found a new home for him. The owner of the group home was an absent woman who had a strong personality. If you could call someone a bitch in a nice way. Patricia though, did her best as she liked to remind them all when it came to guilt tripping. Did her best to maintain her single parent, 8 child, christian household.

For all the complaining Tommy did, and all the dreadful sunday's spent in church. Never missing a mass. And praying before every sad meal which were sparse and far in-between. The group home by the name of Catholic Guardian Society wasn't the worst one he had been situated in. Having been a member of two other ones before.

The house was clean as much as it could be with 8 children. Fights and of those which were made physical were an overall anomaly. And although food was sometimes hard to come by, and the clothes on your back were never warm enough. It was a closest thing Tommy has had to a home.

The kids came and gone, few returning and going again. And here Tommy was the longest resident, who always came back. He has been in the sistem for almost 10 years now, unfortunately going in when he was only 6 years old.

A memory Tommy rather not recall in this moment.

Patricia called him to his office, as she often worked from home. It was about two in the afternoon on a Wednesday when he opened that God forsaken door.

His foster sibling, a 9 year old boy called Peter dragged him out of his room by a premise that ms. Evans called him. Peter was a sweet short boy with angelic black curly hair. He wouldn't be in the sistem much more, he could tell. Tommy hoped he wouldn't be coming back to the home after he finds a family. With that thought in mind the worst cases were also the ones of the kids not returning, not managing to escape in time. Not having the strength or courage to find a phone, to ask for help.

Tommy had been in luck in that regard, he ran pretty fast after all. He had more than enough of practice in climbing through the windows. Although it may sound theatrical he had even learned how to pick a lock, learning from an older teen called Liam in one of the previous foster homes. One night that home was raided by cops, sufficient to say it was because of the crack lab in the basement, he never saw Liam again. Not that he died or anything, or he hoped so.

Tommy focused on the wood tiled floor showing that memory in the back of his mind. He entered the room looking to the familiar green grayish chair facing the wooden worn chipped table of the bitch. Ms. Evans was on the phone as she gestured to the seat. Tommy sat, laying back, fiddling with his interested fingers he tried to listen to Patricia's conversation.

"-yes sir he would be glad to take in. ---no that wouldn't be a problem---"

"-well of course-- Through you must know he's a bit of a problem child-- no it's just-- he has had cases of running before--"

"-- you've received the case file I sent, yes?-- that's swell!"

Nothing that Tommy hasn't heard before. The conversation he know like the back of his hand. Patricia didn't spare a detail about his previous homes, always straight to the case through it didn't better his chances.

"--the homes were not a problem no,- anyway would you be able to take him?--"

"----yes, he's here.--- Surely, here you go--"

She turned towards him with that snake like look in her eye as if saying '*you better not fuck this up ya little shit*'.

This has been the first call he had in about a month. Well, not the first call, but the first one actually willing to take him in after seeing the file. That is if this phone call was anything to go by.

"Ello mate!" Voice came from the phone, accent strong.

"Hello sir." Honestly Tommy has already given up on the whole getting adopted bit. He had been through so many homes and seen so much shit he couldn't muster a fake smile at the idea of another home even if you payed him (well depends on how much, he'd do it for a cig). Anyway he'd be back in a matter of months, the most he has lasted was 2 years and it didn't end pretty.

"This is Phil Watson speaking i heard you may be interested in moving in with the Watson family!" The man on the phone, Phil as he introduced himself, sounded welcoming enough.

"Well you called so-" if looks could kill, Tommy would already be 6 feet below the ground level.

Tommy chuckled and and flipped his foster parent off.

"You're right haha! Well they told me your name is Tommy, do you want me to call you Thomas or Tommy?"

"Tommy is fine mr. Watson" Tommy spined I'm his chair looking mildly bored.

"What a polite mate you are, but Phil is fine. So how are you doing Tommy, your foster mom said we could talk for a while, so i thought i should ask."

"Yea that cunt is not my mom through" he laughed some more. That's when he earned a kick in the foot and an angry stare by the said woman.

"I'm doing fine through, watching her face turn red as a pepper and smoke coming from her ears." Tommy finished and saw Patricia circling him like a shark.

Laughter came from the other line he remembered where he was. "And how are you, say Phil?"

"Well I'm doing pretty well, just ate lunch with my two sons"

"You have sons?" Tommy didn't like this, he had met some rough assholes, fucking bullies who tormented him whole 6 months in his second home. Just because he was smaller and weaker than them.

Not this time through he's had his fair share of fights, be it with his peers or with the emotionally unstable sorry excuses for adults. How many of those has he won, he won't say but he gotten out alive through all of them.

"Yeh, Wilbur is 18, and Dave, he likes to be called Technoblade, is 19. Em' both from the foster system too!"

'*Damn both older too*' Tommy thought bitterly. "Thats-" at a lost for words he stuttered "-interesting."

Phil stopped talking for just a few seconds, thinking, although it seemed like an eternity to the teen. And he continued.

"So Tommy why don't you tell me about yourself!"

Tommy hunched forward in his chair like he did often, crap house line phone in between his head and shoulder. He fiddled with his fingers, flipping a loose thread on his worn gray blue hoodie.

"Haven't they sent you my file?" He asked a little more quiet than he talked before.

"Well all it said was some bullshit a stranger wrote about you." Phil said with a little more resentment than he meant to. "Oh woops, didn't mean to swear sorry"

Tommy kept his head down but smiled a little "No problem big man"

"So? About you?" Phil reminded

Tommy stopped for a bit, thinking. "Well, my name is Thomas but i prefer Tommy" only his mother called him Thomas "I'm 16 and..."

What more was to say about him, nothing? Nothing he'd like to share at least

"I'm very tall, very very tall, like a big big man" he explained, the humour was a way to go when you wanted to avert the conversation. Or Tommy's way to change the topic at least.

"Well that's good to hear, another tall lad in the Watson family haha"

For all his joking, he was actually not that tall. It wasn't that he was particularly short, he was actually a little taller than average. He reckons he'd be taller if he was given, or consumed, food regularly, maybe he'd be the hight he was meant to be. Towering over the weak and undeserving.

"Oh are you tall yourself sir?" He asked politely.

"Not particularly i wouldn't say, but my son's, especially Wilbur, one lanky tall fella" there was some shuffling on his end and then.

"Daaaad ya fucking dick" said another voice, distant from Phil's.

Tommy sat in silence listening. Than absolutely dying at the sound of that whine. He bent over in laughter, trying to shuffle it but still a sound escaped.

"HAGAHAGAHAGAHAGAH WHAT THE **FUCK** WAS THAT-" he gave up trying to be quiet. He heard Phil laughing as well.

"Are you fuckin' laughing at me? You gremlin child?!" The voice took the phone from Phil presumably, now sounding closer and clearer. At this point Tommy could not take a full breath from the laughing fit.

It was stopped by a sharp pain in his ribs, bent over and clutching his sides Tommy's laughter became coughing. The phone previously in-between his ear and shoulder fell to the ground with a soft thud.

Tommy clenched a hand to his chest as he tried to calm his coughing. Patricia put a hand on his back and rubbed it gently. She could be a bitch yes, but she's not a monster. He felt the beat of his heart in his ears, and a weird flutter or a skip in the beat and it made his chest hurt even more. He tried to calm down his breathing as Patricia picked up the phone from the ground.

The other line seemingly silent was actually loud and chattering. A wave of hello's, can you hear me's and are you okays's emerged. Patricia took the phone to her ear and answered.

"-yeah--no, he's okay-- no he's not sick, just some old bruises-- the little devil you know children--"

Tommy calmed down a little. *'Yeah I gave myself bruised ribs, you know fucking children! Definitely wasn't the fucking family 8, crazy mother fuckers they were'* He cast swear words in his head, wanting to scream out at his foster parent, but couldn't due to his coughing fit leaving him with a sore throat.

"---it is late--"

Tommy looked at the office clock now nearing 4 pm. *'Has it already been two hours'*. He rubbed his eyes trying to straighten a little, a feeling of sharp pain became again aware and he remembered why he was hunched over in the first place. Tuning in the conversation once more.

"-what do you think--will you be able to take him?"

A dreadful pause.

"--wonderful! --- what time?" She scribbled something on a piece of paper on her desk. A wide smile blooming in her dull lips. "-uhuh" she nodded as if they were right there, writing it down.

"-- excellent mr. Watson, see you Friday!-"  
And then she hung up the phone.

"They said they were willing to take you in their home-" She said, ecstatic.

"-and where would that be exactly?" Tommy interrupted.

She frowned at that but still answered "it's a city about three or four hours of car ride from here, mr. Watson will come pick you up around 11 am on a Friday." She was reading from the note which was now in her hands.

*'shit four hours from here? It's gonna be tight if I have to flee'*

"Alright." Tommy said "am i allowed to leave now?" He asked monotonous.

"Yes of course honey get some rest!" She ushered him out of her office. Ms. Evans would always turn to sweet talking and nicknames such as darling, sweetheart and the rest after finding another "home" for Tommy. But did it turn sour when he came back, every time.

He shuffled around in his room, reading some book he couldn't bother to remember the name of. Hours seemed to pass as he now lay in his bed, thinking of packing. But ending up dosing off in the middle of the thought. He didn't sleep a wink last night after all.

# Thursday

## Chapter Summary

The day before

## Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for all the amazing support and comments, they make my day! I'm so glad you guys like my fic, it makes want to write the story and develop the plot!



See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was the last day before being shipped off to god knows where. Tommy woke up actually feeling a little less tired than usual, for his shitty sleep schedule he had no one to blame for but himself.

To god knows where usually meant some hole in the wall apartment or a run down house. Some were better of course, you can't judge a book by its covers they would say, well sometimes you can, and sometimes you can't.

He's been in homes that truly looked like the bottom of the bottom, but still had nice enough people in em'. On the other side there were few with a saviour complex, living in upper middle class family for example. Most of the times he got few clothes and gadgets on his name, along with bruises and beatings when they finally realised they can't just 'fix' someone. Getting frustrated and throwing him out.

He's seen people like Phil, all nice and dandy on the phone, out in the daylight but as soon as he would enter the house...

It's true what they say, you never know what's going on behind closed doors.

Thursday, right. Tommy blinked few times and reminded himself what he needed to do. It was 6:30 am, he had woken up but a half hour before. Now in normal clothes, with brushed teeth he headed to the kitchen. Opening up the fridge he found two questioningly old bell peppers some butter and a box of leftover pizza from who knows when.

*'This wouldn't be enough for breakfast'* he thought.



He turned on his heel and headed for Patricia's office. She was already up and working on her age old computer. A cup of instant coffee in her hand.

"What do you need honey?" She asked, eyes focused on the screen. Still using the nicknames, meaning she was still in good spirits from the day before.

*'Its a good sign'*

Tommy turned his head out the window, looking into a early morning sky. "I was wondering if I could help and get the groceries for breakfast before the others wake up."

"How much do you think you need darling?" She finally looked up at him. As an adult of this house she should already know, but then again it's not like she makes the meals most of the nights.

It was Tommy's last day for a few weeks or months in this house so he wanted to make the kids a few meals before he went and gone. Who knows how many of them is he gonna see again.

"I was thinking about 30 pounds for breakfast and lunch, it is my last day, hopefully!" He said with a chuckle trying to sound convincing.

She eyed him suspiciously. "I would make it, after all!" He added.

"Well..." She reached for her purse. "You do cook well i must give you that." She started taking out her wallet "if you promise to buy only what it's necessary i will trust you" she took out the two bills of 20 each out of the wallet. "And if I smell smoke on you, you are done for. Got it Thomas? I'm not dumb."

"Yes miss." He replied as he took the 40 pounds from Patricia's hand. He took his red backpack, stuffing it in the inner pocket. He slid on his trifted black jacket and put on his worn pair of off brand of converse. As he stepped out of the house he sang an unknown tune he headed for the cheap K-plus store at he end of the street. A bounce in his step almost unnoticeable in the public eye.

There were mornings where time seemed to stop for Tommy. Where the biting cold air of the early autumn morning didn't seem so uninviting. Where the dull orange and blue tones of the rising morning sky didn't seem so distant. He could appreciate the small things. The way the sun hit the water on the morning grass along the cement path. The way the clouds lingered in the same place a little longer than they usually did. The peace of the neighbourhood he didn't know he wasn't gonna see again.

It was now 6:52 am. And he was entering the local grocery store. A few parton's inside. The lady working the register, her co-worker stacking the crackers on the high shelf and a middle aged man getting black coffee and the sandwich from the freezer. The teen stepped over to the said freezer, looking at the products. Soon he was heading to the next aisle, and then to the register. Paying for milk, cheese, some cheap salami, loaf of fresh bread and a few other things.

The teen stepped out in the cold, adjusting the hood over his head and pulling the jacket so it was over his fingers, which were turning red and icy. He could see his breath in the air, making white clouds disperse in front of his face. He headed to the next stop, taking the five quid left over from the grocery store and a little bit of his own money he headed to the tabacco shop that was a little further then the grocery.

Tommy picked up the malboro white from the shop that never asked for the ID. He took one in his lips and tried to light it. Lighter not doing the job it was supposed to.

"come on- light up- goddamnit work FUCK-" he shook the lighter, it was probably because of the cold wether the cheap lighter broke.

But with a little bit of brute force it light up. "Fucking finally" Tommy muttered and inhaled. The smoke biting his throat. Filling his lungs with gray silky smoke, which leaving his mouth left as if dark clouds in the sky.

The teen frowned at the flavour, his favorite were the red's but these were cheeper. He started walking the path to the house, liking the way the cigarette hit first thing in the morning. His head seaming just a little lighter and his vision but a little clearer. The bite in his throat, and nausea that would surely follow afterwards bing forgotten all for this one hit.

Tommy knew smoking wasn't good for him, but he honestly couldn't give a shit for his well being over a cigarette, he could stop when he wanted or needed, as he had needed before due to the fuckers being so damn expensive. It was more of a routine at this point, kind of a safe space, something familiar.

He had picked up smoking in one of the homes around two years before, doing it on and off ever since. It made sense when the cigarette was lit, the world seemed to stop for a second and he could enjoy something he liked for a moment. He couldn't se what's so bad about it, people were dependent on every day things, those drinking coffee in gallons. Those people eating their fourth bar of chocolate in the day, those drowning their worries in alcohol, dependent.

Tommy came to the doorstep of the home, throwing the butt of the smoke on the road and stepping

it out. He placed the packet in his pants pocket. Patricia never found them but she could smell the smoke on him. He entered the home, unwillingly taking off his jacket, inside being just a little warmer than the outside. Heating still turning on.

He headed the kitchen. The rest of the children just getting up and ready for school. He began cooking breakfast, knowing they will be hungry not having eaten dinner last night. He cracked 7 eggs, took out the suspicious bell peppers out of the fridge and started making an omelet. One by one the kids started to descend down the stairs and onto the kitchen table.

Tommy was done as they all say down to eat. He started making a coffee for himself. His cup in hand he watched them eat.

Lily, a 12 year old, feisty girl with hazel hair, turned her head towards him "Yer not gonna eat tommy?" She asked stuffing her face full of bread and omlet.

"Nah, I'm not really that hungry" which wasn't a lie per se, he could feel his stomach churning and growling but he just wasn't hungry.

It wasn't that he couldn't cook and the food was disgusting, quite the opposite actually, by his standards after all. He'd give himself a pat on the back for today's breakfast. It's just that the thought of food this early in the morning made him sick.

Tommy sipped on his coffee and watched them finish breakfast and head to school. He gone and went doing the dishes, Lily joining him.

"Don't you have class?" Tommy asked her annoyed at the little space at the sink.

"Don't you?" She snarked back at him.

"I don't actually!" He exclaimed pushing her a little with his hip.

"Oh" she said quietly, she knew what that meant. You see a day before an adoption kids were given a day to pack and for adults to sort out paperwork, so they didn't need to attend school that day.

"Oh come on Lily it's not like I'm not gonna come back." He chuckled a little washing off the soap from the plate. "I always do." A little frown.

He shook his head and dried his hands off. His hand shuffled Lily's hair "Well, come on, go to boring school! I'm just gonna be here sleeping and watching TV all day" he said in a mocking tone.

Lily swatted his hand away and picked up her backpack by the door. She was the last one still not gone. As she opened the door she paused, looking back on Tommy who got back to doing the dishes.

Tommy felt a weight on his back, turning around he saw Lily hugging him. He was never the one for affections. But he dried his hands and peeled Lily off his waist. "I'm sorry-" she started.

Tommy crouched, Lily was 12 but she was also smaller than other people her age. He hugged her properly a hand in her hair. "I'm going to be back Lily don't worry."

She hugged him around his neck "Tommy..."

"You have my number if anything goes wrong right? I'll come flying."

"That was so cheesy you dick." She chuckled and let go.

"Okay okay, go to school now. Be chaotic do crime you little shit'." He ushered her out the front door.

—

Tommy finished cleaning up he had some time to spare before making lunch. But he didn't wanna pack yet it's too early and he was lazy.

He took to walking around house for a bit, bored. He walked past the run down off tune piano in the basement. Looking at it for a bit, then passing to get back upstairs. He reckoned he could use a shower now that he had nothing better to do.

It would take a minute for water to heat so he went to turn on the telly. Nothing special was playing, some boring documentary about ant eaters,

*'Man they are nasty looking aren't they'* Tommy thought but continued watching it. After some time he turned it off and went to the bathroom. On his way there he grabbed another clean set of clothes and a towel.

The bathroom wasn't small overall, but it was too small for a household of 9. White and beige tiles some dirty and some broken. There's a light gray bathroom floor, the tiles of it a tone darker beige than the walls. On the sink there were 8 tooth brushes.

Tommy turned off the water heater and started to take his clothes off, setting them on the floor in the corner of the bathroom. His feet left the semi warm carpet as he stepped into the cold bath, which was one with the wall around it. He turned on the water and shivered at the temperature of the first few drops. Washing his hair and rinsing he was out of the bath again.

Warm water never ran long in this house. Using the faded peach colored towel he dried off. He noticed his reflection in the big mirror that covered most of the wall the sink was on.

He looked to his chest. Two big purple and yellowing bruises looked back at him. One on either side of his ribs, one higher than another. He turned around and saw his back had a patch of scar skin, a shade lighter than the rest. It was in shape of a zero. He had been thrown on the floor and the friction damaged the first layer of his skin, leaving him with a discoloration. His whole body had little scars and scrapes along with a few lingering bruises. He looked down to his pale thin thighs.

There were a few white and light pink raised skin lines, some bigger than others. Those which were crossing lines with fresher ones were a darker pink color. He ran a finger over the freshest patch of lines. Three weeks old he would say was his last relapse.

The towel fell from his hair and onto the floor, he picked it up and put it around his waist. Which wasn't a smooth white patch of skin either. More so it had dozens of white, pink, and brown lines. Some raised, others almost invisible. He could feel the bumps beneath his fingers.

*'soft but ugly'* he thought.

He pulled the towel higher on his waistline and went to search for his razor, needing to shave. It's not like he had much of a beard it's just that it was patchy and weird looking. When he was done he was reminded of how shitty he was at shaving, or how shitty of a razor he had. Not remembering when he last changed the blade of the thing.

He was left with a little redder looking neck and jaw. He splashed a little water on his face, rubbing at his eyes once again.

*'god i look like shit'* he thought, palms leaning on the sink, face closer to the mirror.

Tommy picked up the brush to untangle his hair. He moved his hair to the back, on the left side of his forehead, recessing into the hairline there was an almost unnoticeable, white scar that had no hair growing on it. It would probably be more noticable if he had darker hair, but he didn't. It was from family number 3.

He traced his finger over it *'almost lost my eye that time'* he remembered.

It was the time his Foster parent or "dad" had a few friends over and they were watching the game. And Tommy sat a little too close to the said man when their team lost the game and bottles started flying. He was only nine at the time.

*'a fucking good for nothing bastard with a gambling addiction he was'*

Tommy clothed himself and went out of the bathroom.

—

It was about 16:30 right now. Tommy had taken a nap after his shower with an alarm set. The others were about to start coming home soon. As he remembered that fact he got up to make some dinner.

With the ingredients he bought that morning he started making carbonara. He put the water on the stove to heat up, in the meantime he went to wash the head of salad in the sink.

An hour passed and all of the children were now home. And dinner was served. By that time Tommy had cooked everything he was actually kind of hungry. Even Patricia came down to eat. Tommy shooed everyone to wash their hands and come sit at the table.

"Hello children, Tommy" she said in a tired voice.

"Hello ms. Evans" children said in unison.

"Let us all pray before this wonderful meal" Patricia said and closed her eyes, putting her hands together she started saying the prayer. Tommy rolled his eyes but followed to do the same as well.

After the dinner was done and plates were licked clean Patricia put some of the other children in charge of dish washing. She turned to Tommy, putting her hand on his shoulder.

"A word Tommy?" Tommy cringed from the touch, taking a step back.

She sighed rubbing a bridge between her eyes. "We talked about this disrespect Tommy, this is why they keep sending you back."

Tommy snapped at that "they keep sending me back because of *ME*?!"

Patricia's face turned into a scowl. Her hands crossed against her chest. "Do not raise your tone at me young man." She said shouting also.

"I KEEP COMING BACK BECAUSE OF ALL THE SHIT HOMES *YOU* KEEP PUTTING ME INTO!" Tommy was getting red in the face.

"Stop swearing! It is inappropriate and i will not permit it under this household"

"EVERY TIME I GET BACK EVEN MORE BRUISED, IM JUST A *FUCKING PUNCHING BAG* FOR THOSE PEOPLE. HOW CAN YOU NOT UNDERSTAND THAT." He said making frantic hand gestures.

"Stop being dramatic Tommy, you will listen to me now quiet down." She shouted, words full of rage also.

"YOU'RE the problem child here, THAT'S why they keep sending you back" she pointed a finger to his chest poking it hard.

Tommy then came to a realisation that this bitch never listened and never will. So he got all up in her face, swatting the proding finger away from his chest.

"*Shove it up yer' fucking ass Patricia*" voice deadly quiet.

A second,

Then, a slap. "Go to your room Thomas." Patricia said rubbing her hand against her skirt, as if she had just touched something dirty.

Tommy's eyes were watering as he held his now reddening cheek in his hand. A blood emerging from a scratch of Patricia's fingernails.

"YER A FUCKING BITCH PATRICIA" He shouted as he slammed the door of his room closed, his back against it. He slid down to the floor. A tear slid down his cheek which was red and burning, the scratch stinging at the salty water.

Tommy wasn't crying because his cheek hurt. He wasn't crying because he was sad. He was crying out of the frustration of the situation.

It felt like someone lit a fire in his chest and it was trying to get out, pulling. The anger had no outlet but the tears which were welling up in Tommy's eyes faster and faster. It was like he was a kid having a tantrum over something stupid. He knew how Patricia was, he knew she would never change. But it still left him frustrated, the pulling in his chest not stopping.

So he cried. Trying to cry the feeling out of him. Tears turned into sobbs, sobbing turned into silent screaming, pushing the air in his lungs faster than he was coming in. His breathing was quick and uneven. He pulled the hands from his mouth and put them to his head, covering his ears and pulling his hair.

Tommy was rocking back and forth, a little ball on the floor of his bedroom. After some time he tried to regain his breathing.

'inhale - 1,2,3,4,5,6,7' a shaky intake of air.

'hold - 1,2,3,4,5,6,7'

A wet sob escaped him.

'exhale - 1,2,3,4,5,6,7'

He did this until he was able to finally breathe in a somewhat normal pattern. By the time he did that the sun was already beginning to set, golden rays coming from the window casting dark shadows behind them.

Tommy got up, feet shaking, feeling sick. He rushed to the bathroom, emptying the carbonara into the toilet. His stomach was doing flips, and not in a good way. He washed his face, cheek now still red, though he wasn't sure if it was because of the hit or of crying. He reckoned the second one.



*'Patricia has always had a shit punch'*

Only a red scratch was left seen on his now cried raw cheeks. He headed to his room, house quiet.

Tommy opened the window and took the packet of Malboros out of the red backpack. Lighting one he hunched forward, elbows resting on the window frame. He looked up to the orange sky, bright yellow shine emerging out behind the clouds, looking like a ripple in reality.

The cold felt good on his cheeks. As he took the drag from the cig smoke filling his lungs felt confronting.

*'ah shit i still have to pack'* He thought face turning sour.

He sat in silence for a while just watching the smoke dance in-between his fingers. After he smoked that one he took his phone, turning on youtube he put on some random playlist to fill the silence. Now, his phone was old, and crappy, and slow, but it still worked!

He lit another one, the brown tabacco turning black and white as it burned. Tommy began to pack his shit. Knowing all he left behind would be frown, or given away.

He didn't have so much to pack luckily, he owned two pairs of pants, one pair of shorts, three old hoodies which of some had holes from being worn frequently. Besides that a couple of shirts, socks and undergarments. It filled almost the entire backpack. But it still had some breathing room for a couple more things.

At the bottom of the bag he stuffed the phone charger, a book he was reading at the time, in which he hid the money he saved up or found scattered around the houses. It was all he had if things were to go south. Two or three lighters, a toothbrush and deodorant.

School books he couldn't be bothered to bring, they would most likely supply him with new ones at the other school, but what he did grab were a few notebooks that still had valuable information on his subjects. He stuffed it all in along with his pencil case, which was mostly empty anyway.

An old scarf he left on his desk, one of the other kids would need it more than him, he thought. Now that he actually found and packed all the stuff he needed it was already pitch black outside. And Tommy wasn't tired anymore, anxiety troubling his head. With shaky fingers he lit another one thinking of tomorrow and the new family. He sat on the window one foot hanging out, back against the frame.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter coming soon!

# Friday

## Chapter Summary

And they took the car.

## Chapter Notes

I'll to upload a chapter a day while the school is still on a holiday and i still have some time to think.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was Friday morning. Birds were chirping and the sun wasn't shining a warm colour. The rays that came from the window mimicked those of a bright white school light every kid despised. Tommy was still bundled into his brown itchy blanket. A quick look to his phone and he saw that in was 8am.

*'4 hours of sleep ain't that bad'* Tom rubbed his eyes and yawned, not wanting to get up and start the day.

He scrolled through his phone for a little bit, until he finally got up at 9. He put on his black hoodie and blue jeans. Hair a curly mess, he had left it to dry on its own yesterday, the curls were his own fault. He tried to flatten it a bit with a brush, giving up after a few moments. He then brushed his teeth, putting the toothbrush back in the backpack after, going downstairs. All of the other kids have already left for school. Patricia was back in her office, house quiet. He went to making himself a cup of tea, he didn't think he could stomach a coffee after frowning up last night's dinner.

Tommy opened the cabinet, standing on the tips of his toes trying to reach the tea box. It had been a present from Sally's new mom and dad, they sent it as a present after they officially adopted her. The couple seemed nice enough in their late 30s early 40s. He heard she was now living in an apartment in the city somewhere near the coast.

The tea was black, a vanilla scent. He put the water on the stove popping the bag in, he counted the minutes it took for it to be ready.

Soft churning of the boiling water was interrupted by a door closing and the sound of footsteps heading down the stairs. *'Oh great the bitch is here'* Tommy thought as Patricia entered the room. Her black hair down in a low bun, gray scarf covered the cross that was around her neck, she wore a dark green cardigan and some loose black pants along with the same colored shirt.

Patricia was in her 50s or the teen thought, he had never had the reason to ask and confirm his theories. The bitch spotted Tommy in the kitchen, looking startled for a second. As if she had forgotten he still lived in this house.

"Oh Tommy, good morning, i was just about to go and wake you up."

He stayed quiet, still a little hurt from the fight last night. "... He moved his hands to turn off the stove, taking a mug from the counter pouring the tea in, stopping when the cup was half full.

"You do remember what day today is right?" Patricia said with a smile.

Tommy took the milk from the fridge, filling the other half of the mug with milk. Reaching for the sugar on the shelf behind Patricia.

She put her hand up before he could pass her, blocking his path. "You do remember?"

Tommy moved her hand and took the sugar over her. "Is it the day the pigs start flying?" He said comically. Patricia just gave him *'the look'*.

He put two teaspoons in his tea and mixed. "When's the guy coming?" He tried the second time.

Patricia looked at the watch on her hand and said "well it's 10 now so in about an hour or so, more less"

Tommy sipped on his tea going over to the sofa, turning on the telly, switching channels. "You better be on your best behavior with this one. Phil is a nice man from what I could tell." She wondered mostly talking to herself.

Half listening Tommy answered "sure"

*'god she's annoying'*

"When he comes call me, I'll see you out"  
She said already walking back up the stairs.

Tommy nodded absently. On the telly there was some cartoon playing, not really paying attention on it Tommy watched and zoned out.

He was woken up from his trance by a knock on the door. Mug empty on the coffee table. Putting on the block hood of his hoodie hiding his messy hair, he looked t the wall clock. *'11:03? Has the hour already passed?'* Tommy walked to the door opening it.

In front of the door stood a blond man. Taller than Tommy himself, he wore a dark brown thick winter jacket, blue denim jeans and a green sweater. His face was pale, his eyes sunken and a little darker than the rest of his face, never the less he had kind eyes and a welcoming smile.

They watched each other for a moment and then Phil offered him his hand, inviting him to shake it. "Hi kiddo I'm Phil, er' Tommy innit?"

He took his hand shaking it. "Yes man it's me, we talked on the phone" he said enthusiastically, putting on his happy face. Trying to get on the man's good side.

"Don't take it the wrong way but I'd think you'd be a lil taller after all that talk mate"

"I could say the same sir." He scratched his neck, laughing.

"Oh is that so haha, well my Will won't disappoint you!" He was talking about one of his sons if Tommy remembered right.

"Right, wel' let me just get the woman, you're welcome to come inside"

Tommy went upstairs knocking on Patricia's door. "He's here" Tommy called opening the door.

They headed back to the man, Tommy picking up his backpack on the way downstairs. Taking what he didn't know was one last look of his bedroom in the home. He came downstairs a minute after the female figure.

Patricia was standing beside the man, chatting. He went down the stairs slowly stopping the the bottom both figures looking at him.

"Ya ready son? We have about 3 hours of road ahead of us, if we make good time."

"Yeah I'm ready." Tommy said looking at his shoelaces. Backpack heavy on his back he headed to the front door.

"Be well Tommy" said patricia hands behind her back.

He looked at her "Tell Lily i left her a scarf in my room, she'll be happy to have it"

"Of course, now off you go!"

The pair walked to Phil's car parked in front of the house. Tommy was never really into cars but he recognised Phil's car as being a Mazda. "Wanna sit in front or back?" The said man asked

"Back" Tommy answered shortly.

Phila opened the trunk and Tommy put his red bag in it "That's all you have?"

"It seems like it is, don't you think so?." He said getting in he car.

"It does" Phil said, searching for words.

Phill got in the driver's seat and turned on the heating, pulling out of the driveway. Tommy never really liked long car rides, most of the cars he was in were old and always shaking, and with the stuffy air mixed in, the whole situation made him more than a little sick.

His head rested in his hand which was leaned on the car window. Head facing it and looking outside.

"You want to listen to the radio?" The blond man asked.

"Yeah sure dude"

'That's what i like' from Bruno Mars started playing "~jump in the Cadillac"

"Can we not actually, i fucking hate that song" A groan escaped the teen.

"You do? Well i have but one job to do now" Phill turned the radio louder, singing along with it "~that's what i like"

Tommy dramatically put two hands on his ears, doing a bit "noooo man why me?"

Phil laughed harder skipping the station "no, I'm not that evil kid don't worry" catching in the mirror reflection he saw Tommy's sour face looking back at him. Laughing even more.

'*hilarious bitch*' Tommy thought in his head at the laughing man, but he couldn't suppressing a small smile on his lips.

They rode in silence and Tommy found himself dozing off, a soft smell of vanilla came from the

man, and the car was now warm and cozy. And he was sleeping deeper into the comfort of his hoodie. But a few minutes after he was softly snoring in the back seat.

---

"-y, -mmy, -Tommy!"

He was woken up by shaking and someone calling his name. He couldn't help but flinch from the hand on his shoulder, taking a sharp intake of air, panicked.

"Hey hey it's just me, it's Phil" the said man told him as he took a step back, opening up the space by the car door.

"Oh, sorry" he said putting a hand on his heart, trying to calm himself. "Where are we?"

"Well I didn't want to wake you but I had to fill up the car, and we're making good time so i thought we could stretch our legs and get something to eat at the pump cafe."

"Stopping already? What time is it big man?" Tommy said stretching and unbuckling his seatbelt. Everything still seemed fuzzy and the cold of the air didn't seem so inviting anymore.

"It's about one o'clock Toms" he locked the car when Tommy got out.

As of getting out Tommy immediately put a hand on the hood of the silver car, going quiet for a moment, his other hand going to his eyes.

"Are you alright?" Phil said unsure of how to act, given how startled the boy was at the initial touch. "Do you need to sit down?"

"It's alright, it's just my blood pressure acting up again. I just need a moment" he was in fact not sure if he was alright, he just knew that his vision became black when he stood up. Tommy blinked his eyes a few times until it became clearer. Then he pulled on his jacket higher around his neck, shuffling for warmth. "Let's go"

The two figures headed to cafe. Tommy's converse rip-offs stepped in the shallow puddle on the gas station parking lot.

*'great, wet fucking socks, just my luck'*

Ground was left wet from the passing gray cloud and the air smelled of rain. He looked around him, not catching any distinctive landmarks, he was presumedly in the middle of nowhere. The wind was a little more chilly than it was in town before and he was shivering slightly by the time they made it to the shops' door.

"It's pretty cold out ain't it big man?"  
Tommy huffed.

"Autumn's a little more cold this year it seems." Phil said walking to the counter. "You hungry?"

"No not really" Tommy said, but against his protests his stomach grumbled. "Maybe a little" he

said getting embarrassed.

"Well choose what you want money's not a problem" Phil looked at the treats placed behind the counter glass, picking a chocolate croissant for himself.

"A bagel maybe?" He said, looking at the ridiculous prices.

"You drink coffee kiddo or would you want a juice or something"

"Coffee's fine" he said absent minded.

"What kind?"

"Oh you know the kind with the little coffee beans. Coffee's coffee my friend" He smiled at the older man.

They got their bit, and sat to eat and drink their beverages and warming up from the cold (or was Tommy the only one effected by the temperature)

"So what do you think about going to live with my family, i assume this is not your first foster family."

Tommy had just taken a huge bite of his bagel, almost choking at the question. "Yeh it's whatever i guess, every home's been pretty much the same."

"Have you ever had brothers before?" Phil said sipping on his americano.

Tommy paused "I did."

"Well i think you're gonna like Techno and Wilbur. It can take a little while for them to warm up to you but I'm sure you'll all get along." Phil hummed.

"Sounds swell" Tommy said tone monotonous. "So what made you adopt a kid from 3 towns over?" He asked curious.

"Well i got a phone call, and they explained to me your..." He stopped trying to find the right words.

"--troubling situation of the past home and i thought I'd just try and help."

"I do just fine by mi' self thank you" Tommy said semi offended. He took another big bite of the bagel.

Phil looked at him "I thought our family could be a little bigger, that's all." He smiled softly.

The teen stayed quiet chomping down the rest of his meal and beverage.

After they finished their meals they headed back to the car. Continuing their journey.

## Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry if some sentences in this sounded weird i struggle with dysgraphia and

making sensible sentences. All of you have been a great support thank you for your help!

# 'ome

## Chapter Notes

I study architecture and one of my favorite subjects is interior design, so sorry if I went a little overboard with the descriptions in this chapter!

The rest of the car journey was spent in a comfortable silence. Aside from a quiet humming from Tommy on some particular songs playing on the radio that is. Tommy didn't fall asleep again, which didn't mean he wasn't tired, long car rides are tiring for everyone.

Eventually he saw that they were coming off the highway and entering the town. He noticed that it was bigger than the one his foster home was situated in.

They passed a few shops and Cafe's, Tommy's eyes stopping on a triangular park in between the building complexes. The streets which resembled a maze, turning left and right, all seemed pretty much the same, he couldn't remember if he saw a bus stop in the car ride to the house but he was pretty sure he was supposed to see some kind of public transport.

They continued driving for 10 or so more minutes before they came to the suburban neighborhood where the houses weren't glued together to each other, and he could see much more greenery, or what was greenery, it was all now in orange and yellow autumn shades. He would say the street was a block or two from one of the main ones.

They pulled into a driveway of the house he presumed was his new 'ome.

"We're here" Phil called and got out of the car.

Tommy stepped out as well, stretching and listening to his back pop. In his head he heard a low buzzing, he felt as if it was stuffed with cotton balls. He took his red backpack from the trunk and looked at the house.

It was an old style red brick, two story building. He noticed there were ivy branches climbing up to the side of the home. There were 4 sets of windows on the front side of the house which made it look even bigger than it already was. No lights were on when they walked to the entrance of the home. Phil took out his keys and unlocked the black door.

*'upper middle class'* Tommy thought.

They entered the hallway of the home. Tommy took off his shoes and took in the interior. First thing he saw was a long hallway which at its end had a stairway to the second floor. The walls were colored a warm beige, and the floor was made of wide wooden planks a darker, richer color than he was used to seeing. *'This place looks nice'*

"You can put your shoes here" Phil pointed to the simple shoe cabinet left of them besides the door, few metal hangers were on the wall above it. The older man already taken off his jacket and put it on one of the hangers explained.

"Follow me, let me show you around the house" Tommy listened and followed the man, leaving his own jacket and shoes at their resigned place. They went to walking through the hallway, a few



pictures and a head high mirror were hanged on the walls. They came to the openings one on either side of the hallway.

Phil pointed to one of the openings. "So on the right is the living room and second to it is the downstairs bathroom" they stepped inside. Tommy looked to it, it was the same warm beige colour, it had high ceilings which had wooden accents, pattern resembling a drying rack.

His wet, socked feet entered the room, stepping on the light coloured carpet which covered most of the floor.

Facing the wall opposite him, Tommy saw two symmetrical big dark wood book shelves built into the wall going from the floor all the way to the ceiling. In between them was a piece of wall with the telly on it. Looking to his side he saw the far right wall with the window which was looking out to front of the house, it had a few green plants on it.

And on the left of the space, was the door to the bathroom. At the left wall, beside the bathroom door stood a small wooden piano, glued to the wall. In the center of the room was a short coffee table, and facing it, the wall opposite the telly was a long blue beige stripped sofa, back facing the wall also. To the left and the right of the coffee table were two armchairs of the same set, soft looking pillows resting on top of them. It all gave off a very earthy vibe, it seemed very cozy also.

Phil pointed at the opening on the other side of the hallway "here's the kitchen and the dining table, behind which is the entrance to the yard."

"Got it" Tommy said inspecting his surroundings further.

"Do you wanna go see your room."

Phil said already climbing the wooden stairs at the end of the hallway. Tommy followed him close behind.

Another long hallway was on the second floor, the only difference being that this one was a little wider. At the end of it was a small window facing the front of the house. Phil pointed to his right "This is the second floor bathroom, the door next to it is my bedroom"

Tommy nodded looking at the clean white doors. Phil continued, and pointed to his left.

"The farthest door is Techno's room, the one left to it is Will's and this" he knocked to the door closest to the stairs "will be your room!"

Phil opened the said door stepping in. Floor was made of the same wood as the rest of the house's, but the walls were a clean white instead of the beige. The room was bigger than his previous one. Being placed at the corner of the house it had two windows facing different ways. One was looking to the side, to the other house. And the second was looking to the back yard.

On their left was a twin bed pressed to the wall of the window facing the back yard. Beside it, right by the door, a night cabinet. The wall opposite the door had a long work table glued to the wall with the window facing the other house. On the right side was a tall wooden closet. And on the floor was round fuzzy blue carpet. The whole room in light blue tones, the curtains matching the theme.

"It was a guest room before we made a few adjustments for you but we can re-decorate it if you want."

"It looks poggers friend" he said exhaustion clear in his voice, he settled his backpack by the cabinet that was next to the table. Himself he situated on the bed. It was fluffy and smelled like

fresh laundry.

"Haha that's good to hear!" The blond man said, adding "Will and Techno are gonna come home sometime soon, I'll call you when the dinner is ready in the meantime you can rest and unpack kay"

Tommy gave him a thumbs up. He faced the window. '*Why bother unpacking anyways, not like I'm gonna be long*'

—

Some time passed of Tommy being cooped up in his new room. At first he came to exploring the space a little closer. All the drawers by his desk were empty as well as the closet, he found the place underneath the table, at the right corner of the room. The space was covered up by a part of the closet. He found that it will be a great place to hide, not being seen unless looked at closer. He found a small space between the cabinet and the wall, he obviously wouldn't fit in there but it didn't mean other things couldn't. The bed he was previously sitting on was an ikea one. Made of white coloured metal poles, and a crawl space underneath.

After some time he got bored and went to sitting on his bed, he looked out the window which was over to the side, seeing the backyard.

It had a small wooden patio and a few chairs along with the big sunshade. Not that it was of much use, being the winter months currently. Beside the patio, on the grassy ground was a small garden and a few withered flowers and other small plants in it.

He could see one big tree with a swing attached to one of the bigger branches. It wasn't a big yard but it was big enough. The ends of it being fenced with a small brick wall which on top of it had a black metal fence.

Tommy watched how the wind blew off a few orange leaves off of the tree. He shivered at the cold it made him think of.

With tired hands he took out the book he brought with him. He stuffed the money hiding in it in the pencil case, and shoved the whole thing to the bottom of his bag. The book in question was *The Perks of Being a Wallflower*, he had snatched it off the shelf of the school library. The book seemed good enough, Tommy never was the one for coming of age books, interested more in the fantasy genre. Thus he never came around to finishing it. But it was a good way to kill some time for now.

Tommy picked up the navy blanket at the edge of his bed, wrapping himself up in it. He continued reading where he left off. It was the part where the main character was reading a poem someone gave him.

(You can skip this part, it's from the book, but it's a really nice poem so i reccomended reading it.)

-

*Once on a yellow piece of paper with green lines  
he wrote a poem*

*And called it "Chops" Because that was the name of his dog  
And that's what it was all about  
And his teacher gave him an A  
and a gold star  
And his mother hung it on the kitchen door  
and read it to his aunts  
That was the year Father Tracy  
took all the kids to the zoo  
And he let them sing on the bus  
And his little sister was born  
with tiny toenails and no hair  
And his mother and father kissed a lot  
And the girl around the corner sent him a  
Valentine signed with a row of X's  
and he had to ask his father what the X's meant  
And his father always tucked him in bed at night  
And was always there to do it*

*Once on a piece of white paper with blue lines  
he wrote a poem  
And he called it "Autumn"  
because that was the name of the season  
And that's what it was all about  
And his teacher gave him an A  
and asked him to write more clearly  
And his mother never hung it on the kitchen door  
because of its new paint  
And the kids told him  
that Father Tracy smoked cigars  
and left butts on the pews  
And sometimes they would burn holes  
That was the year his sister got glasses  
with thick lenses and black frames  
And the girl around the corner laughed  
when he asked her to go see Santa Claus  
And the kids told him why  
his mother and father kissed a lot  
And his father never tucked him in bed at night  
And his father got mad  
when he cried for him to do it*

*Once on a paper torn from his notebook  
he wrote a poem  
And he called it "Innocence: A Question"  
because that was the question about his girl  
And that's what it was all about  
And his professor gave him an A  
and a strange steady look  
And his mother never hung it on the kitchen door  
because he never showed her  
That was the year that Father Tracy died  
And he forgot how the end*

*of the Apostle's Creed went  
And he caught his sister  
making out on the back porch  
And his mother and father never kissed  
or even talked  
And the girl around the corner  
wore too much makeup  
That made him cough when he kissed her  
but he kissed her anyway  
because that was the thing to do  
And at three A.M. he tucked himself into bed  
his father snoring soundly*

*That's why on the back of a brown paper bag  
he tried another poem  
And he called it "Absolutely Nothing" Because that's what it was really all about  
And he gave himself an A  
and a slash on each damned wrist  
And he hung it on the bathroom door  
because this time he didn't think  
he could reach the kitchen.*

-Perks of Being a Wallflower

—

(- end of poem)

It was a sad piece, but beautiful none the less. Tommy found himself in the poem, which he thought was weird. Because he wasn't a kid living with two loving parents '*not anymore at least*'. Because he never got an A for his writing. Because he never had that one person for whom he could write the disgustingly sweet letters for.

On the other side, he could realise a pain of growing up a little too quickly for his liking. Of finding your self being left in a cold empty house. Of forgotten memories he longed for. Of the space he left behind his back, never being filled, leaving harsh holes in his being.

He wondered if things would be different. If the moment didn't happen, if he was in a house with two loving parents. If he was a normal kid going to the same school his whole childhood. If he was a kid that didn't have a case of all the things he did wrong following him. Would he be normal? Would he be happy? What would that be like?

What would he do if he wasn't happy even then. What if he didn't have all the fucked up things to blame for his unhappiness. What if *even then* he wasn't happy, who could he blame then but himself. Him and his own being the problem. He wondered.

He spent but a good 10 minutes staring at the yellowing page beneath his fingertips. Tommy himself, didn't know how much time passed before he continued reading.

---

*'I need to piss'* Tommy thought, getting up and heading to the bathroom across the hall.

He got up, leaving the warmth of the soft blanket and the comfort of his bed. His sockless feet stepped out on the wooden floor outside his bedroom.

He turned the knob and entered the bathroom. He turned on the light and saw the modern looking room, tones of blue and white enveloping his vision.

Baby blue tiles riddled the floor, little white diamond shape accents being where four tiles met. Walls were a marble white decorating the walls. Double washbasins were made of white porcelain and glued to the wall with a big ass mirror above them. A cabinet to the right of it and a toilet left of it.

Tommy did his business and was now washing his hands. Cold water hit his face, droplets dripping down his chin, he reached for the white towel hanging by the side of the element.

*'what time is it even?'* The sky was a darker gray than it was the last time he looked. He reached for the door stepping out, eager to get back to the comfort of his bed. He ran into something hard, stumbling back.

"Oi dickhead!" Words leaving his mouth before he had time to think. A hand grabbed his before he could fall ass first on the tiled bathroom floor.

"Who are you calling a dickhead you gremlin?"

Tommy took a hand off his face, nose red and hurting from the collision. He looked up to the brick wall he presumably ran into. Towering over him was an almost a head taller teenager. With curly chestnut hair falling over his eyes he looked at Tommy.

"Well you obviously, who stands in front of the door like that! Are you stupid?"

"Well who almost falls flat on his ass the moment something crosses his way?" The taller teen tightened his grip on Tommy's wrist. Feeling as if he could snap it if he wanted to.

"Well that was yo' fault, wasn't it?" He pulled his wrist out the giant's hold. "And I'm not a gremlin you lanky motherfucker!" Tommy held his gaze with the taller fella, asserting dominance as he would call it. His hand ached a little, although not willing to show it in the moment of being.

"But you are a gremlin are you not shorty?" A smirk grew on his lips.

"I am not short dickhead!" Tommy angrily said.

"Well are you gonna let me use a bathroom or not kid?" He looked over Tommy looking bored.

Tommy huffed, stepping out and shoving the brown haired devil out of his way. He returned to his room.

A few minutes passed and a knock on his door was heard. "What?" Tommy called out.

The teen from earlier stepped in. "Who said you could come in?" Tommy said looking at the being.

"Well it's my house so..." His brown eyes wondered around the room.

"Whatever, what do you want?"

"Well i thought i would introduce myself now that I'm not about to piss' myself" he put a hand out for Tommy to shake.

"My name's Wilbur gremlin child!" He said with a smile.

Tommy looked at his hand for a moment, then gaze returning to his book. "Tommy" he said shortly.

Wilbur, or what's his name withdrew his hand. "Anyways Phil said dinner is gonna be ready in a moment, you could come down"

"Alright"

With that Wilbur left the room. *'Ughh this is gonna be a long evening won't it.'* Tommy thought as he buried his head in the pages.

# It's Friday still

## Chapter Summary

Mmmmm the yummy dinner.

## Chapter Notes

I am updating this at one am, maybe gonna make it a double update today, cuz tommorow and the day after imma be busy. Love the comments thank you so much!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy reluctantly got up again. His hoodie wrinkled around its edges, he frowned at it. In such a classy house he couldn't think they would accept him going to the table like this. Now he hadn't had a blouse or anything like that he just thought he should change into something less wrinkly.

He took a look in his bag, he had two options, one hoodie- the bluish one he wore yesterday, and another- a gray one that had a stain on its sleeve. '*first one it is*' Tommy took it out. It was less wrinkled than you think it'd be sitting in a bag the whole day. He changed it, putting on along some fresh socks. The ones he wore previously were wet and currently drying off on the room's heater.

The teen stopped to fix his hair for a moment '*still fucking curly*' before descending down the stairs. This time careful not to run into another giant. '*seriously who's that fucking tall anyways?*'

Chatter could be heard from the kitchen, and a smell of something delicious. Houses lights were on, and he stood before the kitchen door, shadows cast hiding him. He stood at the edge behind the wall, just listening, checking if its safe to come out.

"Tommy!" Phil yelled sticking his head out the door. Tommy seemed just as surprised as the man currently looking at him. "Oh you're here!" He said cheerfully at the blonde teen.

"Haha yup, that's me." He scratched his head stepping into the light up room. Checkerboard pattern on the floor he looked up from his feet and into the room.

"Come in, sit wherever you want. The dinner will be done in just a moment." A sizzling came from the way of the kitchen.

Tommy stood at the door, to his left the said kitchen, a bar like counter sperating it from the dining room. On his left there was a cabinet glued to the wall closest to him. The corners of the dining room were big glass windows looking to the back yard. The table where he was supposed to sit was a '*oak?*' wood table for six people. Two of the seats already being taken.

On one side of the table sat the tall looking motherfucker he had met earlier. He was now wearing round glasses placed on the bridge of his nose. And his previous attire was replaced with a dark

gray oversized sweater and a pair of black sweatpants from what he could tell. His cocoa-coloured eyes focused on his phone. *'guess it isn't a formal dinner after all'*

Opposite him, at the table sat a tired looking teen. His *'pink hair?'* in a low bun. He was finishing setting up the table putting a fork on what was presumably Tommy's spot, being decided for him. The teen wore a short sleeve red tee, and short black pants. Tommy gulped. This fucker was a rock if he ever saw one, he wasn't as lanky looking as the other one but he didn't expect him to be a weight lifter or some shit. God help his mouth he doesn't get on the guys bad side.

He stood a moment too long it seems as the said person was now looking at him. Eyes a grayish color? He couldn't tell.

"Ya gonna sit down?" Asked the pink haired guy, his tone deep and surprisingly monotonous. From the way he looked at him you'd think he was angry.

"Uh yup, sure am big man" tommy said sitting nervously. The spot that was decided for him was next to the curly haired devil he met earlier.

Phil brought two pots of food to the table. One filled to the brim with garlic seasoned broccoli and another one with chicken breast files. It smelled delicious.

"So!" Phil clasped his hands. "Tommy, let me introduce you!"

He pointed to the pink haired man "This is Technoblade" And then to the tall fella "And this is Wilbur"

Wilbur spoke up "we met" he said absent mindedly, his hands grabbing the spoon for the broccoli.

"You did?" The pinkette, Technoblade he now knew, asked, tone still and uninterested.

Phil also sat down at the head of the table, and began to put food on his plate, listening the conversation go by.

"Yea! The child ran into me just as I was about to go for a piss" Wilbur continued slicing off a piece of chicken and eating it.

Tommy waited till everyone took their portion of the food, hoping they'd leave some for him cuz it smelled fucking awesome. Hearing the comment through he interjected "Excuse you! You were the one standing at the door. And i am not a child!"

"Whatever, aren't you like twelve?" Brown haired teen continued.

"I am SIXTEEN you bitch!" Tommy said with no real anger in him, putting on a face for comedic purposes.

"Haha he called you his bitch, what are you gonna do about it Will" Techno said with a snicker. Stabbing the piece of chicken on his plate.

"Well if you weren't so scrawny maybe you'd look like it" Will said looking u unbothered.

"And you're the one to talk" Phil said joining the conversation.

Tommy seemed to loose it at that, bursting in the laughter, suppressing coughs.

"Dad! You're not supposed to take te gremlins side!" Brunette said looking betrayed.



"Tommy you gonna take some food or...?" Phil asked pointing to the still empty plate the teen had before him.

"Yes child, you need to eat to grow up big and strong."

Ignoring Wilbur, Tommy responded by scooping up a portion of the green vegetable and a small piece of chicken file.

Phil spoke "So, tomorrow i have to go to work since i skipped it today to pick Tommy up. You can order a pizza for lunch guys I'll leave you the money on the counter."

Tommy stared at the meal. *'What if they put something in the food'*

*'no no it can't be, they're all eating it too',*

*'and Phil seems nice enough',*

"So you lot will be alone tommorow it being Sunday and all"

*'it wouldn't be the first time for something like that to happen'* Tommy gulped, thoughts running ramped in his mind.

*'the family 3 seemed nice too'*

Started to shake slightly picking up a mouthful of the meal onto his fork. *'arsenic is really fucking painful'*

Slowly he put the fork into his mouth 'its tasteless too, i won't know it for some time now'. He enjoyed the meal as much as he could. It was tasty, but not so much when mixed with the anxiety blooming in his stomach.

"- what do you think Tommy?"

He dropped his fork onto his plate and out his sweaty hands. A loud clattering going through the room. He tried to suppress the panic in his voice from his name being called. "Huh?" He said at first and then tried again "uh sorry i wasn't listening, i was... Distracted"

"I was thinking about taking you clothes shopping on sunday, what do you think?"

It really didn't seem like a bad idea to the teen, it would be nice to have some warmer clothes. But it really wasn't necessary. It would be too much to bring with him when they finally throw him out, needing to depend on his backpack as his limited space.

"Uh you really don't have to big W" he said trying to finish the food on his plate.

Phil seemed to think over his next words, a hesitation not being noticed by the teen. "It's really no problem Tommy" he said with a smile.

"Okay" the teen said defeated.

"Great then!" Phil said getting up, and collecting will and Techno's plates, everyone was already done with their meals.

Tommy ate but just 5 bites from his meal. "Oh I'm done too"

"You're not gonna eat anymore? Was it not to your liking?"

Tommy immediately retrieved "No no no no, it's nothing like that! It was delicious! It's just that I'm still full after that bagel earlier." He said with a chuckle.

Tommy had eaten that bagel 4 hours ago, Phil didn't believe he was full from that. "Well alrighty Tommy, if you're hungry there's leftovers in the fridge don't you worry."

"kay" Tommy said getting up. "Can I go now?" He said meekly.

"Sure you can Tom's!" Phil put the plates in the dishwasher.

Tommy headed to the stairs, he hadn't noticed when the two weird brothers left the table. He was about to enter his room when a hand clasped around his shoulders.

"Tommy boy! Let me have a word hm?" Wilbur was holding him tightly around the shoulders, towering over him. The sentence didn't sound like a question when Will started pulling him in the direction of his room.

"No, i don't wanna go and *'have a word with you'* you freak!" Tommy said rudely, trying to escape the taller boys grasp, having no luck.

"Now Tommy let's not be rude okay?" Wilbur smiled and looked down the hallway, no one.

"Shut the fuck up, and **let me go!**" Tommy put a hand on the brunettes chest shoving, no success again. His breath was picking up again 'i knew something like this would happen'

Wilbur pulled him to his room, with one quick motion he pulled the younger inside, pinning him to the door. Both hands on the side of the others head, pressed up against the door.

Tommy haven't dare to move. "**Now you listen to me you little shit**" Wilbur said in a low tone, his voice seeming to dropping a few octaves. The smile previously plastered on his face gone.

Chills ran down Tommy's spine, his sky blue eyes looking at the dark ones. It was almost like he forgot to breathe. His face pale as a ghost.

"This isn't the first time Phil picked off some **stray** from the side of the road. I know what you lot are like" Wilbur inched his face closer to the blonds.

"You get your grubby hands on something that doesn't belong to you and than you take off, like

some dirty **rats**." He pulled one of his hands off the door and onto the tommy's shoulder.

"You see, I am not gonna let anything like that happen **again** you know?" He squeezed his shoulder.

"Phil is a very nice man, a little foolish sometimes, thinking he can fix someone that can't be fixed."

Tommy thought he could be turning blue from not breathing. He was scared shitless.

"But he's my dad, and i love him. So if **anything** were to happen to him-" he tightened his grip.

*'please don't hurt me, please let me go, let me go, **LET ME GO*** he chanted in his head, no sound coming out.

"-to us. I will know where to find you, wherever you go, i will find you. And when I find you **i will make you hurt**, hurt as much as you hurt us." Tommy's shoulder burned. And he was shaking.

"Get it gremlin?" Wilbur asked.

Tommy stiffly nodded not trusting his voice to speak right now. He wasn't sure any sound would come out.

"It's great that we have an understanding then." Wilbur stepped back, throwing his hands in the air and a smile on his face blooming again.

Tommy stood there for a moment, frozen.

"Are you just gonna keep standing there or?" Wil pointed to the terrified boy, ignorant to his panic.

Tommy took a deep breath, then bolted out the door to his room. His heart was going thousand times a minute *'this guy is crazy, I'm living in the house with a lunatic'*

His hand clenched his shoulder *'again'*

-

Techno was just coming up the stairs, opting to change into something more comfortable. He just came home from practice when the dinner was done, this eating the food in a sweaty and dirty pair of clothes. He was about to enter the bathroom when he saw a yellow head bolt from Wilbur's room and into the guest bedroom. He squinted his eyes and wondered about the situation.

*'One scared teen boy, and and one sadistic younger brother.'* He huffed knocking on Wills door.

"Come in!" A cheery voice said.

"Wil." Techno spoke, opening the door.

"Oh Techno! What pleasure do i have to see you tonight?" Wilbur was spinning in his chair.

Wilbur's room was bigger than the guest one. His room was an abundance of gray tones. All walls were a clean white except the left one, being colored in a light gray tone.

The biggest part of his room was taken by his bed, it was situated in top left corner going over the window just slightly. It was a white ikea (Watson's really love ikea huh?) Queen bunk bed, the top bunk was the bed and the bottom one wasn't a bed but a space, with a desk and a chair that currently had an ecstatic Wilbur sat on top it. His laptop resting on one corner of the table and a mess of books on the other. Facing the wall above the table were situated an abundance of polaroid pictures of him and his friends. And at the bottom left of the room, the corner right by the door, was Wilbur's backpack on one of the bean bags.

Despite the whole room being in gray scale it was quite colorful. The fairy lights he hung on his bed were bathing the whole room in red, yellow and blue colors. Even the big ass closet that covered the hole right wall was looking like a pride parade at this moment.

Techno stepped on the white square carpet and leaned his weight against the door, unbeknownst him the weight that was previously pinned there.

"Hi Wilbur" Techno said breathing in.

"Hello brother dear, did i say that before I think i di-"

"I'm gonna cut right to the chase" The pink haired teen cut him off.

Wilbur shut up immediately.

"What did you do to the kid to make him look like he was two seconds away from shitting himself?" Now techno was all for terrorizing little kids, but that was only if they deserved it. From his knowledge the Blond haired child had done nothing of the sort.

Wilbur stopped for a moment looking a little confused, then, as if a lightbulb light up above his head he spoke. "Oh you mean Tommy! I didn't do anything" he laughed "we only had a little chat"

"A little chat huh, about what" Techno came a little closer to his sibling. Intimidating aura enveloping the space around him.

"Oh you know..." Will looked to the side, sweating "stuff.."

"What. Stuff." Techno leaned against his table now.

"I just learned him a few rules. I just wanted to scare him a little bit! Remember the last time dad took in "a helpless child" into our home!?"

"You don't know what's he like Will"

"That bitch stole 500 quid from Phil, her face never to be seen again!"

Techno slammed his fist against the table, making the whole thing shake a little. "You *DON'T* *KNOW* what he's like. None of us do okay?"

The teen tried to compose himself, '*getting angry won't help right now*' "Your little, whatever stunt, made the boy shake like a leaf!"

"... It did?"

"For all we know he's in his room right now hyperventilating, sucking for air like an idiot."

Wilbur stayed quiet.

"God knows I've seen that before." Techno looked at his younger brother.

"I'm-" wilbur sighed "sorry."

"I'm not the one who needs to hear that you know"

"I know."

"Look, imma go see if he's alright, and we can show him around town tommorow or whatever and u can say you're sorry, okay?"

"Yeah okay."

Technoblade left the brunettes room. Heading for his next door neighbor.

-

Tommy was NOT *FINE*. That crazy motherfucker shook him up. Techno may have been funny looking but he was still more normal than his giant ass brother.

He leapt in his room trying to lock it, but finding no key. In a rush he took the chair from his desk and showed it under the doorknob.

His heart was going crazy, and his skin felt as if it was being peeled off chip by chip. All at once he felt too hot, struggling to breathe he opened the window to a back yard, cold autumn air flood in. *'its still too hot'* he took off his hoodie throwing it across the room. The teen grasped at his hands, scratching at the skin under his elbow. He could hear his breathing in his ears. Everything was too loud and too much.

His nails digged further in his elbows, he focused on the burning pain *'it isn't enough'* he thought searching for the box of cigarettes. He light one up, not caring if the smell could be sensed behind the door, he genuinely thought he would jump out of his skin if he couldn't find a grip to hold his reality onto.

Tommy's fingers shaked, he couldn't pick up the smoke from the packet *'fuck- come on, please, please'*

He heard footsteps from the stairs, going on to that lunatics room. He stayed quiet afraid to make a sound.

Once the coast was clear he took to smoking his 'cancer stick' as some liked to call it. Blowing gray smoke out the window. He was about half way through it when a knock was heard on the other side of his door.

"Tommy?" The monotone voice called

He was so surprised the smoke fell from his hands and onto his exposed bit of leg. He tried to pick it up quickly but with shaking fingers he only pushed it further into his skin. "Ah **shit!**" He said a little louder than he would've liked to.

"Are you okay?" The knob turned a few times.

Tommy's heart stopped in it's tracks. He quickly picked up the but and extinguished what was left

of it on the side of the building, throwing the but in the trashcan. "DO NOT come in!"

"Okay okay I won't" the knob stopped shuffling.

Tommy looked at the burn on his leg. Then at his scratched up hands. He looked miserable. And he didn't want anyone anywhere near him right now. "What the fuck do you want?"

"I uh, just wanted to check if you were alright. Are you?"

Never the one to show weakness "Why wouldn't I be?" He said with a fake chuckle.

"It's just, Will can be a little scary sometimes"

"Ya think?"

"Can you just hear me out and open this door"

"I'd rather not big man"

Techno sighed "Well okay, we can talk tommorow if you want?"

Tommy gave no answer.

He listened as the footsteps became quieter, walking further to his room. Tommy hoped sleep wouldn't come, because he was absolutely not exited about the tommorow coming.

## Chapter End Notes

Imma plug in my deserted instagram @alien\_simp i sometimes post Dream SMP lore and art on there. It's kinda lame so i don't blame you if u don't like it.

# Stewpid

## Chapter Summary

Saturay i guess

.

(Filler?)

## Chapter Notes

Sorry for the short update!

Writing isn't really going for me this chapter so I'm sorry it's a lil' shitty. Tell me what u think!

"-mmh"    "can we-"

A turn.

"not? Please-"

Shuffle.

"That-"    "-no"    "-hurts!"

Sweating, a headache.

"- stop, Isaac-"    "-hm"

Unwanted touches along his spine.

"-stop, no-"

---

"Huh?"

Tommy woke up, not remembering the dream he had a moment ago. Rubbing his eyes he looked up at the unfamiliar ceiling. Something didn't feel right.

Tommy woke up with the feeling he didn't know how to describe. It felt as if he was out of himself, looking down on his body, like playing a character in a video game. His pale hands didn't seem real, and the room he was in didn't seem real. All the rooms in the house seemed like he had seen and walked through a thousand times before. Despite of him just laying in his bed.

It all looked like it had been done before.

The world seemed oddly more gray and distant than it was any other morning.

His mind was somewhere else when he got out of the bed. And he doesn't mean somewhere else as if thinking of something else. He means his mind being in a different space from his body, not thinking of anything at all. Not thinking how weird it was to move his hands right now, not thinking how odd it was to walk on his two legs right now, tight now he wasn't thinking of how they seemed like someone else's.

It was like he was a doll, and someone took all of his limbs apart and then made him whole again, except for one thing. That they put his head 'and mind' thousands of kilometers from his plastic taken apart body.

He brushed his teeth, with a slow motion. He washed his face, looking at the mirror he saw a different person looking back at him. The blond haired with the blue ocean eyes didn't seem like himself. A stranger living in his body.

He leaned on the sink, and felt a sudden stinging sensation on his arms. But he didn't flinch. On the skin under Tommy's elbows were pink scratch marks, along with crescent shaped indentations. Some skin was chipped off leaving him with a burning feeling and red spots.

'...' he couldn't muster the energy to think of something to say to himself.

He couldn't bring himself to care for the burn mark that came to be on his leg. He couldn't bring himself to care for the angry red spot that formed on it.

Tommy felt at this moment, if he is to be run over by a bus he coul not find it in himself to care. Everything seemed passing.

He hoped this feeling would pass soon.

---

Tommy didn't know when he was downstairs at the dining table. He didn't remember how he got to where he was, what he knew was that he was sitting with his head resting on his hand. Clutching and unclenching this fist, waiting for something to happen.



He didn't know how much time he spent there, drifting in and out of feeling.

"Hey" a voice called

"Hm?" He said absently not really registering the voice.

A blur of pink walked by him and he suddenly felt a little more awake than before. Scent of birch and fresh shower traveled along him.

The older brother '*Dave? Techno?*' waked over to the kitchen counter.

"Um, morning Dave?" Tommy tried briefly.

"It's Technoblade" he grumbled.

"Sorry" the blonde said with no real snark in her voice. He peeled his head off the table.

"About last night-" Techno started looking at him.

"-I don't wanna talk about it." Tommy cut him off.

He looked at the teen for a moment more. Than shook his head looking away.

"Want something to eat?"

"No, thanks" Tommy looked outside the window, the sun was higher in the sky than it was when he first arrived at the table.

"Want some coffee?"

"Please." He said in a defeated voice.

Tommy walked over to the bar counter and sat down in one of the higher chairs.

After a few minutes a boiling hot cup was placed in front of him, the other kept in the kitchen making himself a sandwich.

After more than a half of the cup was emptied Tommy felt a little more like himself. Or a little more grounded at least, through he didn't know if it was a good or a bad thing.

Techno was making his way to sit at the dining table with his sandwich and coffee.

"Thank you for coffee big T!" Tommy said finishing his cup.

"Sure" he said scrolling through this phone.

Tommy rinsed the cup and went to the living room. His foot steps weren't heard when he walked to. His fingertips traced parallel lines on the wood of the dusty piano.

Memories of soft touches on his knuckles. Of hands guiding him. Of soft melodies filling the space he left behind.

He opened the piano, and put his hands into position. Pushed the leg of the piano, making it kill the sound. Only a silent melody playing. Remembering the first time he ever got a praise from his music teacher. He remembered him fondly.

A quiet sound of *Nocturnes, Op.9 : No.2* was heard coming from the living room. Head swaying

with the fingers, acting on muscle memory. But,

He had stopped before the end, not remembering the rest. With shaky fingers he hugged himself.

---

And in the hallway Wilbur was sitting at the bottom of the stairs listening to the quiet time of the old piano. He wanted to stop him from playing, but at the same time he wanted to hear the song through the end.

An off tune note louder than the rest was heard along with a shaky intake of breath. And then silence.

---

"Who knew the child could play" the brown eyed monster entered the room, a stupid grin on his face. Shoulder leaning against the entrance.

"Fuck off" Tommy said, regaining his voice.

"Oh, don't be like that, i was just giving you a compliment"

Tommy loudly shut the lid of the piano. Staring at his eyes that were supposedly supposed to be warm looking.

That was the right moment for Techno to come in before one said a thing or two the other would regret.

"God Wilbur it's already 12 and you aren't even dressed probably"

"Dressed for what?" Tommy questioned.

"We're gonna show you the town today kid, if you're up to it"

Tommy didn't necessary want to go anywhere with the insane brunette, or a weight lifter with pink hair. But he was afraid what he would do if he said no.

"Poggers dude, I'm just gonna go hop in the shower before"

Techno watched him leave for the upstairs bathroom, than he headed over to the center of the living room sitting on the floor in front of the couch.

"Can you braid my hair?"

# Saturday!

## Chapter Summary

Autumn wether.

## Chapter Notes

Note the tags! More will be added as i develop the story, i use some ships to forward the story so take notice!

Also I figured out where I want this story to take place: Brighton!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Now smelling of soap and fresh shower Tommy was in his room putting on warm clothes, given they'll be out a fair bit of time.

"Bitch" the teen hissed as his hand brushed against the burn. He pulled the sock over it non the less.

With that he was finished dressing. He was wearing his baggy pair of black jeans with holes on the knees, they weren't intentional, Tommy would much rather have hole-less pants, but land on your legs one too many times that's what you get. They hanged loose around his hips, a size or two too big. Over them was a black shirt and a gray hoodie it had a stain yes, but it was a little warmer than the rest and that's good enough for him.

Not sure if he should take his bag with him, he stuffed the age old phone in the jeans pocket and the packet of smokes in his hoodie, boxy shape unnoticeable.

He stretched and poked at his chest a little, it still hurt but he'd reckon it'd be fine if he didn't touch it.

Half an hour after he returned to the living room. At the couch sat that bitch and at the floor was Technoblade.

Wilbur's fingers intertwined with the pink locks. Smoothing it over and braiding it. Wilbur smiled to himself humming som sort of time to himself *"it's not an ahegao hoodie~ it's a work of art"* he was also now dressed into a different set of clothes.

He was sporting a beige turtleneck with a small brown orca embroidered over his heart. And a pair of corduroy brown pants, his poof of hair bring hidden by a mahogany red beanie. If he wasn't such a bitch Tommy would say he resembled a big teddy bear.

The other, pink haired teen had his head in the taller's lap, facial features relaxed. He was wearing the already presented outfit of jeans and hoodie.

He had his eyes closed but it was as if he had a fifth sense of something because that '*scary mother fucker*' opened his eyes the moment Tommy stepped into the room.

"Ready to go?" Wilbur asked as he tied the salmon colored braid.

"Yeah." Tommy said heading to the hallway.

The trio exited the house, breeze passing by. The sky was a pale blue, with very few clouds. The sun was deceiving, the rays it shed on the pavement bright, but the warmth it brought was minimal.

They walked along the pavement, Tommy's eyes passing over the washed off yellow lines for parking cars, and the dirt situated between the cracks. His step skipping along the crunchy leafs his eyes spotted the pink looking worm on the ground. Surprising lot of bugs were still alive despite the colder temperatures.

A red spot disappeared behind his shoe. Finding that it was a ladybug. "Just killed a woman, feeling good"

The two looked at him in surprise, Tommy only smiled at them "what?" He questioned.

Wilbur smiled "what do you mean '*what?*' What did you say just now?"

'*Did I say that out loud?*' he wondered.

"I uh- stepped on the ladybug" he laughed at the dumb founded expression the other was making. A high pitched wheeze escaping him.

Wilbur's hand came up to his face, shuffling laughter. "What the fuck man" he said still laughing.

Techno stayed quiet walking a little ahead of the two who practically stopped walking, Wilbur laughing and Tommy trying to explain himself. "come on idiots, get going"

"I know, I'm an alpha male, so start walking ur toothpick legs and pick up the pace" Tommy said triumphantly, putting his hands into his pockets and hurrying along with Techno.

Wilbur started walking again, then said in a teasing tone, making quote marks with his fingers "hahaha good one, an '*alpha male*' " he laughed further.

They were rounding the corner now, and as they did Tommy tripped the older boy. Who stumbled and then glared at him.

"Techno! The child just tripped me!"

Techno looked at the boy accused, who was smirking to himself then at the Taller boy making puppy eyes at him.

"Survival of the fittest" Pinkette finally said, continuing to walk. The two not noticing him grinning to himself.

"Yeah dipshit survival of the fittest" Tommy said laughing even further, sounding like a squeaky toy.

Wilbur then pushed him, which made him stumble onto the pink haired teen. The part of his face that touched the teens back burned, shifting him into fight or flight mode. He immediately peeled off him stumbling back once more. He flinched when two hands caught him by the shoulders. Tommy felt cornered.

"You sure do fall a lot for an '*alpha male*' " Wilbur teased, not reading the mood.

Tommy detached himself off him, and ran in the front of the two, little further out the street, breathing heavily.

"Ye ye, whatever. Where are we going anyway?"

"We're here" Technoblade proclaimed.

Tommy looked around, it was the triangular shaped park he saw the day before. He started heading to it, drawn to nature. A hand caught the hood of his shirt.

"Not there gremlin child" Pinkette grumbled.

"Oh not you too! Listen here, I am not a fucking gremlin you emo looking little shit" Tommy said in a spur of a moment, annoyed that he was stopped in his intent. Forgetting how scary the guy in front of him actually was.

Techno sighed, annoyed "you keep acting like it" he said briefly before looking down at his phone again. "The bus will come in a minute or so, we don't have time"

Tommy noticed that the part of the street they were standing at right now was a bus stop. He turned to the road, red of the car lights passed by his eyes. He crossed his arms. "Well where ARE we going then?"

"We're gonna show you the way to school" he said shortly.

"That's so boring tho', do we have to?"

"Yeah, we do Techno has to go help the team captain organise something"

"It won't take too long, hopefully"

The buses numbers flashed in yellow, '223' Tommy memorised, they sat in the semi empty vehicle. 20 minutes later they were exiting. Walking further along the street. Wilbur and Techno were talking about something Tommy wasn't interested in. His hands were shaking from the cold, he didn't know if it was just him or everyone. The two other boys were sporting, one just a hoodie and the other a thin black coat.

The school came into view, it looked like a typical british college, red and brown brick European style. It was more old school than his previous one, and a lot bigger too. He saw a few people resting beneath the greenery in front of the school entrance, smoking and drinking coffee. Techno at this point took off to the school.

Wilbur seemed to be texting someone then his head lifted up as he looked at the group of people. One of the person's, a girl with pink hair waved at him. He started walking over, not waiting for Tommy to follow.

"Hey guys" Wilbur said with a smile. "Whatcha doing over here, and why was I not invited"

"You would know if you ever looked at the snapchat group" A brown haired boy scoffed.

"I'm sorry if I can't stomach all the selfies of your ugly face on there Fundy" Wilbur exclaimed sitting down by the said man.

Tommy walked over just standing there awkwardly.

Fundy started to reply when he was cut off "-hey who's the kid with the hunchback"

Tommy reminded to fix his posture, straightened a bit. Starting to reply to the man holding a cigarette inbetween his lips, not saying anything before he was cut off by the curly haired demon.

" 's my new foster brother" he took the cig from the hands of another girl with strong eyeliner and longer hair. Taking a breath.

"It's Tommy Innit." He said sitting down by the man in question. It didn't rain so the ground was hard and dry. Not comfortable but good enough to sit on.

"So Phil took in another one, huh? Even after what happened last time?"

Wilbur gave him a look, not answering.

"I'm Jay Schlatt, you can call me Schlatt kid." Man blew the smoke in his face grinning.

"Dick" Tommy rubbed his eyes off the smoke.

People around the circle introduced themselves beside Schlatt sat the pink haired girl, he now knew as Niki. Beside her a dark skinned raven haired boy named Nick or Sapnap '*did everyone have nicknames*' he wondered.

The girl Wilbur was now arguing over "get yo' own pack you dipshit" he heard him calling her Minx, so he assumed that was her name. Beside them was the brown haired boy who dissed Wilbur earlier, Fundy.

"So you still didn't tell me what you lot are you doing here?"

"We're waiting for Callahan and Ponk to be over with football related stuff"

"And Clay?"

Schlatt looked over him, as if debating responding "he had homework"

"Oh" Wilbur said and continued to talk to Minx.

Tommy looked at the people talking, leaning against the tree with Schlatt, he sighed and nudged him.

"Can I have a smoke?"

"How old are you" Schlatt asked

"Well how old are you?" Tommy countered.

"Good point" he handed him the pack.

Wilbur watched as Tommy lit the cigarette in her mouth taking a deep breath. It was the brand he didn't like because it bit his throat.

Wilbur grinned and said, looking at him "I'll tell Phil" he said in a sing along voice.

Tommy didn't mind, he wasn't stupid. If he thought he was gonna get caught, he wouldn't have lit the thing. Completely calm he looked at him, exhaling "You tell, I'm telling"

Wilbur looked surprised that an idea like that even entered the others mind. Regaining his composure he said "I'm his son, who's he gonna believe"

Tommy wondered for a minute, responding "Try me."

At this moment Minx started laughing.

"The guys got you Will! This is so fuckin' funny" she said in a weird accent.

The group started talking and joking about, Tommy even joined in. Before he knew an hour passed. He was pressed closer up to the tree, hugging himself. Feeling tired and cold, and a little sick. A quiet grumble of his stomach was heard in his ears, no one else noticed it over Fundy's story telling, hopefully.

Trying to forget the hunger, he moved to light another smoke, from his own box. Frowning when he saw that it was the last one.

Again he nudged the taller boy beside him, who was just about done taking a piss on Wilbur. The other boy looking fake upset.

"You know where they'll sell me a pack?" It was true that most people didn't care if teens smoked, but not all were willing to sell it to them.

"Um sure there's this stand around the corner that never asks for an id. Minx can take you."

"Why me?" Minx whined.

"Cuz I'm too lazy to get up and I'm almost finished with my box"

"If I'm goin' ur going too idiot." She spat at him.

"Ughhh, guess we're all going then" Schlatt groaned getting up and dusting off the leaves that were stuck on his pants.

"So? You gonna get up?" He looked at Minx.

Tommy was already on his feet. Leaning on the tree still. Waiting for his vision to clear up. Dark spots disappearing.

"I'm comin' okay okay" she dusted off her skirt as well.

"You want anything Niki?" She asked looking at her friend.

"A capri sun?" She asked smiling.

"Sure sweetheart" Minx answered jokingly.

"I want one as well!" Wilbur practically jumped.

"That will be one quid" she extended her hand.

"Ey! That's not fair! How come Niki doesn't have to pay but i do!"

Tommy smiled at the girl bullying the older man.

"That's because I love Niki and i hate you, so you gonna give me that quid or no?"

The other huffed and threw the coin over to her.

"You're going with them" Wilbur spat at Tommy.

"Yeah, so? What you gonna do?"

Wilbur stayed quiet "nothing, if you don't come back before Techno we're leaving you here"

"Works for me" Tommy said shortly turning on his heel and walking along the other two.

They rounded the corner, joking and talking. Schlatt bought his pack, and Minx did hers as well as four capri sun's *'four?'*

And it was Tommy's turn. He had looted one of the drawers when no one was looking, it was full of office supplies and home junk like keychains and old wallets. He checked all of them, and luckily got 20 fucking euros from it. Happy with his findings he returned everything to the way it was before.

Tommy took out the 20 and payed for his malboro red's. "So how's it living with Wilbur?" Minx asked as he unpacked the box, he felt like smoking more today.

"Fuckin awful' let me tell ya" Tommy mumbled.

"Yea i could've guessed, he can be a real idiot sometimes"

"Fucking stewpid" he walked alongside, his throat hurting, he didn't drink anything since that coffee shop knew how many hours ago now.

"But he's not actually that bad a guy" Schlatt tuned in.

"Yeah don't worry, he'll warm up to you in time, you seem like a nice fella' " Minx took one of the Capri Suns and punched a hole through, sipping on the straw.

She handed one of the juice bags to Tommy "For you kid, as a kind of a welcome to Brighton" she smiled.

"Thank you, i didn't actually realise how thirsty i was." He smiled and practically drank it all in one big gulp. He felt a little better.

Soon they were back at the same spot under the yellowing tree. Minx handed one bag to Niki and one to Wilbur who was distracted typing on his phone. Which made him notice the bag being thrown too late and hitting his face.

"Hey!" He looked up at minx and the juice bag that Tommy was holding.

"Wait! You gave him sugar?!" He said in a concerned voice. Which made even Tommy raise an eyebrow " 'whot?" He asked.

"Great, now the child won't be able to sleep at night" he said dramatically, one eye opened he looked at Tommy's angry expression and burst into laughter.

"Yer an asshole dude" said Sapnap smiling.



Some time after Techno and the others came from the school. "Yo we're gonna chill in the Lander cafe, wanna come with?"

Wilbur answered "i can't I need to bring Clay the geography notes i promised" a smile on his face, Schlatt looked at him shaking his head.

Techno looked at his brother "do you now?"

"Mhm, he just texted me"

Niki asked "Technoblade, Tommy you wanna come with?"

Wilbur frowned and held Tommy's hand in a strong grip, almost like threatening him to say yes if he dared to. Techno noticed and pushed his brother off of Tommy.

"Wanna stay Tommy?" Techno said with tired eyes.

Tommy was also pretty tired, his fingers turned icy. "No I'm pretty tired, i think imma pass"

The trio walked to the bus stop riding to the bus stop by the park where they started that day. Tommy looked to it and then at the two taller figures walking in front of him.

"Let's order something to eat and then you can bring Clay the notes or whatever." Techno said unlocking the house door.

"Kay' let me text him"

"Chinese sound good?" Techno questioned as he sat at the couch.

"Yeah" Tommy answered

"Sure" Wilbur said still typing on his phone. A slight pink tint to his cheeks.

After time the food came, they ate before the tv. Wilbur munched it down in record time and hurried out the front door, saying something about being home by 10 pm.

Techno didn't bat an eye as he switched through the channels stopping on Ratatouille, which was just starting.

After Tommy ate he fell asleep on the couch in front of the TV.

## Chapter End Notes

By the way, i don't encourage smoking! I just depicted my experience, and those alike.  
U shouldn't smoke it's not good for u OwO

(Tho I'm still gonna keep doing it akhm akhm, hypocrite)

# Get in, we're going shopping bitches

## Chapter Summary

Sunday!

## Chapter Notes

School started and I won't be able to update as frequently, but i hope to make up for it by making the chapters longer!

If I don't update for a while doesn't mean I've got a writer block, i have the next 4 chapters roughly planned out, and after those many more are to come.

Thank you for sticking with me y'all so kind

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy was woken up by the bang of the front door. A slightly disheveled looking Wilbur walking through the dark hallway. At first Tommy thought someone broke in before hearing the others voice rumble through the house. Tommy hugged the blanket placed over him closer, looking at the clock on the wall. *'its already 00:07?'* The house was dark and quiet, that was until the light in the kitchen turned on.

Tommy rubbed his eyes at the light beam coming from the other room, he sat up and pulled the blanket around his back and frame. He walked to the light source what he saw was Wilbur getting the leftovers from the fridge and heating them up.

"Oh, hey" he said looking at Tommy.

"Where were you" Tommy asked

Wilbur snorted at the fact of how Tommy looked like a little kid right now. The big fluffy blanket enveloping him, hanging almost to his toes. His hair a bed head sticking out in all directions, yawning. "I was at the friends house, what's it to you"

Tommy looked at him a little closer, his hair was almost as equally messed up as Tommy's. Still, he had the same clothes he was wearing earlier that day, if a little more wrinkled. "Just wondering"

He stood for a moment, the silence hanging thick in the air around them.

Tommy was just about to leave when the other began speaking.

"So-" Wilbur started.

"Whot?" Tommy asked in his typical british accent.

"I wanted to-" Wilbur seemed at the loss for words, stuttering and going again. He took a step closer to Tommy, the other following his movement, eyes wide.

"You wanted what big man?" He took a step back, a chill running through his spine.

The brunette took one look at his expression and ran a hand over his face. His phone chimed and he looked away "No- no, nothing nevermind" he shooed Tommy off.

By the time he looked from the screen he was already gone.

—

Wilbur was weird, and Tommy would know, he had met some weird people before. And when he meant weird he meant weird with the capital W. He didn't know what to think of the man, he was mainly annoying.

But he could be unpredictable and that made him scary, because if someone was gonna beat the shit out of him, at least he knew that they were, and knew how to act. But with Wilbur, one moment he was joking with him and the other he was giving him deadly looks, threatening him. Wilbur was by no means a small man, which meant when he wanted to be scary, he was fucking *scary*.

Tommy lay in his bed now, struggling to keep the troubling thoughts away. He was covered in two sets of blankets, and he was quite comfortable. Sleep took over him.

—

Tommy woke up hearing voices talking, sounds coming from the downstairs. It was probably Phil

making food again given from the sweet smell enveloping the house. Although he was comfortable when he fell asleep he was now boiling hot and sweaty. *'God i hate being a teenager'* he thought as he got up to head for the bathroom.

He showered, spending a little more time in the bath, water not running cold by any means. When he got out he watched the steam emit from the remaining water.

He felt a sharp sting from the burn mark on his leg. The red spot looking back at him. *'That- doesn't look good.'* he thought. *'there should be a plaster somewhere around here'* he scavenged the bathroom not finding anything. After a moment of silence he sighed, *'im gonna have ask Phil'* asking for help from the older man was easier than dealing with an infection. *'They hurt like a bitch'* he thought about it.

He reached for his hoodie, smelling it and making a disgusted face. *'Yeah no not wearing that again'* he threw it in what looked like a wash basket. He scrawled remembering he hasn't brought another change of clothes.

He brought the red shower towel around his waist and stepped out. Just before he was to open the doors to his room Wilbur stepped out of his own.

"Hey-" he started speaking, eyes lingering on the others body.

A chill ran down Tommy's spine as he quickly came in and shut the door behind him. The flight or fight kicking in. He felt a terror, like something bad will happen if he stayed there. If that fear was rational or not Tommy didn't know.

A knock came to the door "Hey, Dad-um Phil made pancakes by the smell of it haha" when he didn't get a response from the other he continued, "-anyways, you should come down for breakfast"

"Okay big man be there in a second" he responded, tone loud and strained.

Footsteps led to downstairs, hitting the floor quieter with each step.

—

Wilbur was about to follow the heavenly scent downstairs when he saw the figure in the hallway. It was the gremlin, he just got out of the shower by the looks of it, that wasn't what made him stare through.

"Hey-" he started but the door shut in his face. For a moment he stood frozen also. Tommy was too thin if Wilbur could say. He could see each rib on his pasty chest, and his side profile looked like that of a sheet of paper. And the other thing were boot shaped bruises littering his chest. The ugly assemble of yellow and purple shades.

*'I knew that he was hurt by the previous phone call but i didn't know it was that bad'* he thought as a level of dread and guilt pooled in his stomach. *'And i dragged him around and slammed him to*

*the door.* Wilbur felt like a piece of shit, no wonder the kid hated him.

He tried to regain his composure, calling him for breakfast. He should tell Phil about what he saw.

*The last time Tommy was in a foster home was a month ago* Wilbur remembered being told. The bruises should've already healed by now.

So he went downstairs to talk to his dad.

—

Tommy was wearing sweatpants and the black hoodie when he came downstairs. He tried to forget the encounter with the taller brother which happened minutes ago. He didn't like feeling exposed like that. As he walked he felt the pain on his leg when his pants rubbed the still fresh wound *'right, right a plaster'*

The brunette and Pinkette were already sitting at the table. One was eating the beautiful looking fluffy pancakes seasoned with just a few blueberries and the other, taller fella, was putting what seemed like a pound of nutella on his.

"Morning Tommy!" The blond man, flipping a fluffy pancake, called. Tommy's mouth watered at the sight.

"Morning Phil" Tommy's stomach grumbled, he usually didn't eat breakfast but the pancakes smelled so heavenly.

"Hey do you know where the plasters are" Tommy asked carefully.

"Are you hurt? Are you okay?" He immediately bombarded him with questions.

"Yeah, just a bug bite from yesterday" he laughed it off.

Technoblade snorted "I'm sure Wilbur can tell you where they are"

The said man blushed putting a hand on his neck "oh fuck off Techno" he said sounding embarrassed.

Tommy thought nothing of the interaction as he was instructed where they were "the bottom drawer in the downstairs bathroom" Tommy got up and headed to the bathroom to put one on, nobody needed to know he took a few more *'just in case'*

He came back to the table, a plate of fresh batch pancakes waiting for him.

"So Tommy i thought of going to the mall with you today, to get some more clothes for you?"

Tommy began putting nutella on his pancakes. They were small fluffy and sweet looking, and he had three resting on his plate.

"Sure big W when are we going?" He said energetically. Stuffing a bite in his mouth.

Phil sat at the table eating as well, "as soon as we're finished with breakfast if that's okay with you!"

Tommy finished the one pancake, it was just the size of his palm, not very much but he didn't usually eat breakfast and he already felt full from one. "You tell me when we're going to go Phil I'm gonna be in my room"

Wilbur eyed at Tommy's plate, a concerned look on his face. He had eaten so little no wonder he was a walking skeleton "You're not gonna eat more?" He asked.

The other seemed surprised at the question "Um no I'm feeling full thanks" turning to the blond man, he added" they were really tasty Phil"

"No problem kiddo" he said putting away his plate. "I'll come get you in a few minutes".

Tommy shuffled not hearing the rest of the conversation.

—

"You were right Will he ate too little" Phil said looking at the plate in his hands. "That's not enough for someone to feel full" he put a hand on his face.

"Well I'm gonna go to the mall with him and tonight I'm gonna see if I can do anything about his eating habits"

Wilbur nodded and Techno stayed quiet. "We're gonna go now, anyone want to come with" Phil continued

Wilbur felt bad about his actions. He wanted to apologise last night but couldn't find the words. "I wanna come with"

"That's great! Techno?"

"Have homework" he answered shortly. He was never much of a mall guy, never cared much about clothes and style. As long as they kept him warm, they did their job.

"Will we're going in five minutes you better be ready"

—

A knock on his door was heard before and it opened. "Hey Tommy we're going." Wilbur looked at the boy sitting on his bed, reading out of one of the notebooks.

"You're going too?" he asked eyebrows lifting in confusion.

"Yeah" he said with no bite in his voice.

Tommy looked him from head to toe. He was wearing some light blue jeans, a white turtleneck and a loose beige jumper over it. Golden glass frames resting on the bridge of his nose.

"Yea, you could use some new clothes" Tommy snorted and stood up.

"Oh shut up, it's called having '*style*' you uneducated child" Wilbur posed dramatically.

"You look like an overgrown bean sprout" Tommy said walking down the stairs.

"You're just jealous that I'm taller than you" Wilbur said triumphantly.

Before he knew it they were putting on shoes and jackets.

"You ready to go boys?" Phil was already out the door.

"Coming!" Wilbur said putting on his black coat and a brown beanie. Tommy followed behind him.

"Shotgun!" The brown haired boy yelled as he sat at the front seat, all happy because he got there first.

"Wilbur i love you, but i sometimes can't believe you're eighteen" Phil chuckled.

"Same here old man" Tommy joined in the laughter.

Wilbur fake pouted as they came out of the driveway. It was a 15mn drive but it felt much shorter. Wilbur started singing along this one song. And even though the guy wasn't Tommy's favorite person, he could admit that he had a good voice, even calming somewhat.

"Let's head to h&m and then we can go get something else if you want"

They went in, to the men's section. Tommy picked out two shirts and three warm hoodies. 'Well if the guy was offering to pay, i might as well get something out of this" his favorite pick was the obnoxious red, but basic hoodie. It was a size too big but it was warm and comfy looking. He searched for Phil and the tall guy again, they got sperated looking at some jumpers.

"Hey, i picked out some stuff if that's okay?" Tommy said when he found the man.

"Yes Tommy that's what we're here for!" Phil said in a joking manner.

Wilbur was looking at some beanies when he looked over to the shorter boy and what he picked out. "Those are all you're getting?" He asked.

"Well yea-"

"And so basic too, wait here" Wilbur shuffled beside him, a few minutes pass. Phil was picking out a shawl for Tommy, when the teen came back. In his hands was a black puffer jacket, the same jumper in three different colors, two big sweaters, and some basic Tee's.

"Kay i picked out some stuff for you"  
He said holding the stuff.

"That's too much man, i have like one pair of arms and one pair of legs what the fuck" Tommy said looking at the pile of clothes.

"No Tommy, these are basics and we're getting them."



Phil nodded at his son, glad that he was looking after Tommy. "Come on now we can get the pants somewhere else."

Phil went to the register to pay for the stuff, giving one bag to Wilbur and one for himself to carry. Tommy was surprised at the action, or even more the lack of reaction from Wilbur, not protesting when said to carry his stuff.

They went to a few more stores, getting new jeans, sweatpants and even a few turtlenecks Wilbur picked out for him.

They were in their fourth store, Tommy was getting tired and was itching for a smoke. He was looking at some pants when someone bumped into him.

"Oi watch where you're going!" He was getting a déjà vu.

"Sorry kid didn't see you there" a scratchy voice said. Beside him stood a curly haired man wearing a pair of see through red glasses and a matching black and red shirt, along with leather pants.

"Eret! Buddy!" He heard someone yell.

"Oh Wilbur! What a nice surprise" they clasped hands. Tommy felt very short being caught between the two giants.

"So wacha doing here, i didn't see you in ages where have you been" Will asked the other... boy? Tommy didn't know any boys that dressed like him.

"What a drama queen, you've seen me last Monday." He laughed.

Wilbur looked at Tommy seeming to forget that he was there for a moment. "Oh, this is Tommy, my new foster brother"

The other man put out a hand for him to shake, taking off his glasses. "Hey I'm Eret"

Tommy shook his hand. "So what you doing here?" Wilbur asked again.

"We went to buy Tubbo a winter jacket but i seem to have lost him in the moment." He said looking around. "And sephora was having a sale so I thought to try get that eyeliner i was looking at for a while"

"Nice, anyways good luck with finding Tubbo it was nice seeing you" the curly haired teen said and walked with Tommy to the register.

When they were out of the store Phil spoke "I'm gonna go to look for something in electronics for Techno's pc, you can come with-" he looked at tired looking Tommy and Wilbur who was currently holding 5 bags "-or we can regroup in food court."

"The second one" Wilbur said, putting down the bags and stretching.

"Kay' i won't be long then" He handed them some money and headed the opposite direction. Wilbur's phone chimed, a received message.

### **[The Blade]**

*Did you apologise yet?*  
13:25

*No, i couldn't find the  
right moment... :|*  
13:26

He was struggling to type and walk at the same time.

*The more you wait  
the harder it will be*  
13:26

*I know...*  
13:27

*I have to go ttyl*  
13:27

He put the phone back in his pocket and looked at the food court they were nearing.

"Hungry?" Wilbur asked.

"No, not really"

"Coffee then" he headed for McCafe, it wasn't much of a line.

"Can we sit outside?" Tommy asked looking out.

Wilbur payed for two big coffee's and one McMuffin. He looked outside, the sun was shining and it wasn't as cold as yesterday. "Sure"

They were at the second floor of the mall, and the food court was extending out with tables and

chairs alike to the balcony. When they sat down one across each other, Tommy took out a cigarette.

"So you wanted to go outside just so you can smoke" Wilbur sneered.

"Yeah so?" He said leaning back in his chair.

"Smoking's not good for you, you know" Wilbur scoffed at him

"You do it too" Tommy countered.

"Yeah, but only when I'm out with friends"

"I don't know why you even care, i thought you hated me" Tommy said.

"I dont-" Wilbur sighed "I don't hate you."

"Look, i'm- sorry that I threatened you when you first came in."

"You mean two days ago?" Tommy laughed.

"Yes I mean that time two days ago. I just- get a little defensive when it comes to my family" he took off his beanie rubbing his hair.

"I get it" Tommy said "Don't worry about it, not the worst someone's done"

At this comment Wilbur frowned. He hadn't read Tommy's file, Phil opting to let him keep his privacy. But he knew about the fucked up shit that happened in the system, not wishing that upon anyone. "Here eat a muffin" he pushed it towards Tommy.

"I'm not hungry i told you" Tommy pushed it back at him.

"You are barely anything at breakfast, just eat it before you pass out or something" Wilbur said looking away.

After he finished his smoke he ate the muffin handed to him. They sipped on their coffee's, and Tommy looked at a few pigeons fly over the parking lot and shit on people's cars. He looked at the group of teenage girls coming from the shopping trip, and he looked at the bored child exiting with his mom. Time passed slowly.

"So, do you like the new school" the overgrown bean sprout asked.

Tommy looked at him dumbfounded "I haven't even stepped foot in it"

"I know that dumbass, what do you think by the looks of it?" Wilbur asked again.

"I don't know, when does it start?"

"Depends on your schedule, but usually around 8 am" he pushed the glasses further up his nose.

"I already hate it" Tommy sighed.

"Hagahaha mood little man" Wilbur smiled at him.

A few minutes after Phil came "Let's put the bags in the car, then get done with the grocery shopping and then we can go home yeah?"

Tommy's feet already hurt, he didn't know how the other two still functioned. "Yeah, let's get it over with"

They were walking to the car when someone bumped into him, which made him stumble, and pushed him on the handrail which stood between him and the first floor. He didn't fall but his side pushed against the metal, and his bruised chest did as well. Pain shot through him as he began to cough.

Phil rushed to his side "Are you okay do you need to sit down?" He brought a hand around his shoulders for support. "How's your chest, do you want some water?"

"Cough- no," a few deep breaths "-just -just give me a minute" they continued to walk to the car after Tommy felt ready.

"We can just go home now if you're not feeling well" Phil offered when they came to the car. "I can pick up painkillers if you want"

"No it's fine, I'm feeling better already" he said, then "how did you know my chest was hurt" Tommy said protectively holding himself.

"I uh" Phil wasn't sure if to tell the truth, of what Wilbur saw that morning "Your- social worker told me!" He came up with a believable lie

"Oh" he said looking at his feet, feeling stupid for worrying. "Well gentleman we going to get

those groceries or not?" Tommy said putting on a persona, pushing the tiredness back and hurrying to walk in front of the two.

Wilbur who stayed quiet through the hole ordeal chimed in "Yeah, let's get going"

---

They were in the grocery store on the base level of the mall. The trio had a cart and was searching through the aisles. When they came to the snacks and treats section Wilbur grabbed almost every other thing on the shelf. Putting in the cart two big Milka chocolates and at least 6 bags of chips.

"Tommy you gonna get something?"

"I can?" He asked with the child like wonder in his eyes. It wasn't like he never ate chips, or that other foster parents never let him tag along when grocery shopping. But he was never allowed to take *ANYTHING* he wanted. It was always stepping out of the said budget or asking for too much.

"Sure, pick out anything you like" the older man smiled at him.

Tommy walked over picking out the basic bell pepper flavoured Pringles. They walked to the other aisles, Phil picking up the eggs and milk cartons and all the other stuff. "What's your favorite meal?" Phil asked him.

"Uh I don't know" Tommy said looking around him, careful to not bump into someone again. "I usually cook for myself but I don't know if I'm any good at it" he said distracted.

"There's no way you can cook" Wilbur teased.

"I'd bet, better than you bitch" Tommy responded.

Phil just hummed at the two arguing.

"Can I get coca cola?" Tommy asked phil, stars in his eyes.

"Sure" Phil went around the corner throwing more stuff in the cart. They went to the checkout, walking to the car again, every one of the boys carrying two bags. They gave Tommy the lighter ones, they weren't gonna make him carry anything but he insisted that *'he's not some weak beta male and could carry a few bags'*

Even speaking like that didn't hide the fact that he was tired. He had spent all his energy, his blood pressure lowering. The ride home was short. After they came home he helped to carry the bags with food to the kitchen and the ones with clothes wilbur took to his room. When they were done Phil went to making lunch and he and Wilbur put on some movie on Netflix. Techno joining them soon after.

Tommy was sitting in one of the armchairs, well sitting was a strong word. He WAS sitting, but with time he was sliding down, and was now laying on his side, his head on one of the arm rests, his body shrunk into ball knees drawn close, hugging a pillow to his chest. He didn't know when his eyes started feeling heavy.

---

"He fell asleep" Techno commented.

The movie was nearing its end and they were looking for something else to watch. They had trouble choosing what to watch next when Wilbur was more of a romance and drama kind of guy and Techno was more of an action and triler kind of guy. They chose to finally watch the second season of Stranger things.

"He must've been tired after all that walking" he looked at the boy snoring soundly on the armchair. "I don't blame him, I'm drained too" he stretched and yawned.

"Did you talk to him" Techno said laying beside Wilbur on the sofa, his head in his lap.

"Yes, i apologized to him" Wilbur said running his hands through his locks. He loved his brothers long hair.

"That's good" Techno said humming.

"We're gonna have to dye your hair again soon" the younger boy said making small braids in his pink locks.

Techno looked up at him "if you say so"

The episode was playing in the background, not really paying attention they continued talking.

"What did you do while we were gone?" Wilbur asked.

"Nothing much, some homework, played some minecraft with Skeppy and Bad"  
He responded, "and what were You doing when you came back yesterday at midnight" he asked.

"Oh i was with Dream..." He looked at the screen, pretending to watch the episode.

"Were you now, and what did you do"

"You know, geography project..." Will blushed.

"Didn't know geography could be so hot" He pointed at the hickey sticking out of his turtleneck. He laughed.

"Shut up!" He said putting a hand on his neck.

Before Techno could say another thing Phil called them telling them that dinner was ready.

---

Tommy stirred awake and went to the table along with the two teens in the room. The room smelled amazing just like this morning. Phil made burgers and fries along with some steamed zucchini on the side. Now that nothing happened the first time he ate dinner, he was more eager to dig in.

"So Tommy tomorrow you start school here" Phil said putting more BBQ sauce in his burger.

"Seems like i do" he said taking a big bite of the burger. Amazed at the taste 'damn this man can cook' he thought.

"Wilbur and Techno will lead you there and someone from the staff will give you your schedule and books, i went to talk with them yesterday."

"Mhm" he said eating some more.

"Do you have a phone" Phil asked.

Now that more half of his burger was obliterated he stopped to take a breath. "I do"

Phil was happy to see Tommy eating so well. "I'm gonna give you my number and you can call me when to pick you up after school"

"Can't i just come back with the bus?" He asked trying the zucchini, it was never his favorite but when Phil made it, it was meant to taste better.

"Usually yes, but you're new to the neighborhood and Technoblade has practice and Wilbur has club so they can't bring you home."

"Oh alright then" he continued eating until the plate was empty. "When do we get up for the bus?"

Wilbur who was talking about something with Techno chimed in "Eh, seven-ish, we have to be at the bus stop half past" He told him.

They finished their meals and he was about to retreat back upstairs.

"Tommy" Technoblade stopped him. "Want to watch IT with us?"

He was intending on reading his book, but watching a movie didn't seem so bad. "Sure big T" he said heading over to the living room.

## Chapter End Notes

Some fluffiness and wholesomeness

Ur gonna hate me for what I have planned out :)



# Monday

## Chapter Summary

Mondays am i right?

## Chapter Notes

This was supposed to be the whole Monday one chapter, but it was starting to get long, and i have much more to write in it so I split it off into two chapters.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

A ring of his alarm was heard. It was by no means a pleasant melody. Some people are used to waking up like disney princesses with a gentle tune for good morning going through their room. Tommy was not one of those people, his alarm was the typical annoying rhythm.

He turned it off, reading that it was 6:30. He set it at that time before he knew he was gonna have an avengers movie marathon with the Watson family. They stayed up until around half past two.

The rays coming through his window were of low brightness, the sun barely coming out. Tommy dragged himself out of the bed, head hurting from the lack of sleep. He could hear every bone scraping against the other and it was less than plesat.

Tommy had a messed up sleep schedule, that meant sometimes he was up before six and sometimes that meant that he was out until noon. Be it as it is he still didn't like getting up early if it wasn't a natural waking up, the one along the likes of *'i got drunk and fell asleep at eight pm and at six am i was awake because I had slept for 10 hours at that point'*

He searched for a warm piece of clothing to envelop himself in before he stepped out of his room and into the cold hallway. He had chosen the big obnoxious red hoodie he bought the day before, layering it over a black turtleneck the other teen picked out for him. It provided him with an extra layer on warmth. Next he chose a new pair of hole-less baggy or *flared* jeans as Wilbur called them.

He had stuffed the old, and the new sets of clothes in the closet the night before, and emptied the rest of the junk he had in there in the drawer by his table. Leaving only the pencil case, from which he put the money in the bottom of his drawer, and the 4 or 5 notebooks he brought with him, inside. He left the bag by the door as he went to the bathroom, wanting to get to it before the others got up.

He done his business and was now washing his face in cold water he looked at the white sink under him, watching as droplets of water fell from his face *'you got this'* he said to himself. Using

the stupid self encouragement lines a school counselor once thought him to do to "*better his confidence*" he would put it nicely.

On his way downstairs he picked up his backpack, placing it by the door. Then he reeled to the kitchen. And Phil was already there. "Morning buddy" he said drinking a cup of something.

"Morning Phil" Tommy said sitting on the gray bar stool.

"You hungry? Want me to fix you a sandwich?" Phil said already moving to make one.

"You don't have to, i don't usually eat breakfast" Tommy stood up from his spot walking over to the fridge.

"I'm just gonna have a can of coke if that's alright big man" he said taking one, sizzling when he opened it. He sat back on his spot.

"It's no problem, I'll pack it for you so you can bring it if you feel hungry on your way to school"

He took one big chug of cola, getting his caffeine fix of the morning. "Uh, thanks" Tommy said looking at the man assembling the food.

They small talked about the wether and watched as Wilbur came downstairs. "Where's Techno?" Phil asked him.

"I couldn't wake him up, as usual" Wilbur said pouring milk in his cereal, eating while walking around the kitchen.

Phil went to try and wake him up. Once the pinkette fell asleep he was out like a baby, and he was a hard sleeper, so if he didn't want to wake up it would be pretty hard to make him.

Wilbur walked to turn on the radio on the countertop. *Downhill* from Lincoln was heard playing softly. And Tommy watched as the taller male finished his meal and filled up a bottle of water, for school Tommy would guess. The sun slowly climbed up the cloudy sky.

After a few moments Phil came back, and ten-ish minutes after him so did the Blade. His hair in a low bun. "Mornin' " he said an a low scratchy voice, obvious that he just woke up.

"Morning Techno" Wilbur said finally sitting at the dining table, scrolling through his phone.

Speaking of phones Tommy took out his, looking at the time '7:15' it read. He opened it and looked at the new contacts in his phone.

'Phil Watson'

'The tall motherfucker' and

'The Blade'

Phil gave him phone numbers from the two brothers just in case something happens.

Tommy stretched and felt his back pop with a satisfying crunch "when we're gonna go?" He asked.

"Gimmie a minute" Techno grunted, making himself coffee.

Before Tommy knew it he was walking to the bus stop with the two boys. The sky was gray but it wasn't cold, it was a warm 14 Celsius. Aside from an occasional gust of wind, that blew bangs off his face and blew dirt speckles that made his eyes water, that is. He rubbed away a tear like that, itchy feeling uncomfortable. But he didn't mind too much, it was the first time since coming to this town that he didn't feel that cold outside.

"You know your schedule yet" Will asked the shorter blond.

"I don't" Tommy was climbing on to the bus, trailing behind the others. It was a lot more packed than the other day, meaning that they would have to stand.

"Well that sucks" Wilbur said skipping a song on his phone, the other hand resting on the metal poll above Tommy's head. The earbud wires entangled around the buttons on his black coat, and the beanie he was wearing was a different one than the day before.

"Yeah..." Tommy sighed, he hated crowds. And although Wilbur had apologised about his previous actions he still didn't like the man towering over him. He felt trapped between the taller figure and the glass bus doors, but.

Even when the bus bumped on some hole on the road Tommy could at least take comfort in the fact that he could still distract himself by watching the streets pass by. Trees were turning into a blur and he couldn't see the people walking their dogs. Another bump in the road '*at least it won't be a long ride*' he thought.

—

'*Well i was fucking wrong*' Tommy thought after getting off the bus, the Monday morning traffic has extended their journey, dreadfully so.

'*no wonder we were leaving for school half an hour before*' it was another 10 minutes until class officially started, as Techno had informed him. They were walking to the front of the school now. A significant number of students were in front of it, a shit ton of people if Tommy could name them.

Tommy spotted a group of Wilbur's friends and he was about to walk over when he felt a pulling on his hood, almost choking him.

"Hey! Why'd you do that?" He whined when he stumbled along.

"No time" It was Wilbur pulling him inside the building.

As Tommy had forgotten, he had to pick up his schedule and books and all that crap. The inside of the school wasn't as crowded, only few groups of students littering the halls. But it was still enough people for Tommy having to stick close to Wilbur.

They went into the office on the second floor. And Wilbur soon handed him a shit ton of books, he almost fell forward when the bundle of papers was handed to him. And perfectly on top of the pile a slip of paper with a schedule. '*English?*' he read, it was the first class he had today.

When he looked up from the paper, he noticed that Wilbur had disappeared. Leaving him to find the classroom 142 all on his own.

He walked to the side of one of the less crowded hallways to stuff the books into his bag. He almost couldn't lift the backpack off the ground, but when he did the bell had already rung. And the halls were empty except for a few students late for class, he was now one of them actually.

Tommy stood there looking at the last nervous pupil run buy, he was too lazy to ask for directions, and in all honesty he didn't care that much for the first class. So he took a step forward to check the number, from door to door, to see if he could at least show attendance even if not on time.

From the corner of his eye he could see a figure approaching '*wait it's going kinda fast isn't it?*' he thought as he felt an impact to his side. This time he stumbled to the floor, the weight of his backpack didn't help.

"Yo twat! Watch where you're going!" Tommy yelled at the person on the floor beside him.

"Well maybe you shouldn't have stood in the middle of the hallway idiot!" The boy yelled back to him. Getting up.

"Well maybe YOU shouldn't have **SPRINTED** down the hallway like a headless fly!" Tommy left the bag on the floor, he couldn't bother to pick it up right now. His side hurt from the impact and he was fucking pissed. The blond got up and into the guy's face, pointing an accusing finger at his chest.

Event through the guy was taller and bulkier than the scrawny kid Tommy was, Tommy wouldn't let some '*brainless nimrod*' walk all over him.

Before the argument got out of control one of the teachers came out of the classroom closest to them. "What's all this noise?" She looked annoyed.

"He just fuckin' toppled me onto the ground!" Tommy said pointing to the other boy.

"Language young man! I don't care who started it, go on head to class now you're making too much noise!" She looked at the nameless person accusingly.

The said person wore a frown on his face when he turned around to leave, but before he walked away he said in a tone only Tommy could hear "this isn't over"

"And you? You're just going to keep standing there like a lost puppy?" The teacher turned to speak to the blond, armed crossed on her chest.

"Uh yeah? I don't know where to go?"  
He said picking up the backpack off the ground.

"How do you not know?" She asked in an accusing tone.

"I just transferred." He answered.

The teacher seemed to be thinking as she had stopped talking "Oh, the transfer. I have you 3rd period, Ms. Duncan"

Tommy thought of the chances of the teacher finding him fighting in the hallway to be his teacher. And that same teacher looking like she was born with a stick in her arse. He stayed quiet through, waiting for her to continue speaking.

"What classroom is your class in, I'll help you find it?"

Tommy responded and she led him up the flight of stairs and to the door of the said class. "I have to go back to my class now, you should hurry in"

In all reality he was probably 10 minutes or so late, but it seemed like an hour went by. He knocked on the dark wooden door, full of scratches and parts of chipped wood.

"Sorry I'm late I was lost" he said rubbing his neck and looking at his shoes.

"Don't worry, introduce yourself!" The male teacher in a Metallica shirt and glasses said.

"I'm Tommy, i just moved here." He said looking at the class.

The teacher looked at him, like expecting him to continue "- um well you can take a seat next to... Toby" he said when he saw that Tommy didn't intend to continue.

Tommy looked at the third row table near the window, where a brown haired boy in a black and purple hoodie sat. He was looking at him, but then again, most of the class was. So he went over to sit beside him.

"Let's resume the lesson" the voice of the teacher was heard.

When he sat down the brunette was still looking at him "hi! You can call me Tubbo" he smiled at him

"Hi, uh it's Tommy" Tommy was a little confused by the enthusiasm of the other. 'Who the fuck was that happy in school?'

"So how come you transferred in the middle of the year? School usually doesn't allow that" Toby or Tubbo whatever his name is, starts making small talk.

Tommy wasn't about to spill his whole life story to the guy he just met, so he answers him shortly "just moved here"

" 's that so" Tubbo answers.

"Yup" Tommy nodded and tried to look at the board.

It wasn't that Tommy wasn't friendly, or that Tubbo was annoying '*well he is a little annoying*' it was just that Tommy was tired. His side hurt and his head felt heavy. His eyes were unfocused and time seemed to pass slowly.

"-ey, -Hey" a hand passed in front of his face. Tubbo was calling him, he realised. He must've spaced out, he seemed to do that a lot lately.

"What?" He groaned at the boy, swatting the hand away from his face.

"The class will end soon, what do you have next period?" He whispers to him.

"Eh, i don't know..." He looks at the already rippled paper of his schedule "...history?"

"What teacher?" He asked further

"Johnson?"

Tommy could see Tubbo's mouth moving but all he could hear was the ringing of the bell, signaling the end of the class. "Whot?" Tommy asked him, to repeat himself because all he heard were indistinct sounds from the other.

"I said, we have the next class together!" He smiled packing his stuff "wanna walk to the classroom with me?"

"Sure" He considered his choices of being being lost and angering another teacher and having the shorter boy as his guide, it was clear which was more favorable. He didn't seem the least bit intimidating, and he was actually kinda friendly '*well, a LOT friendly*' but he was seemingly nice, and that was good enough for Tommy.

They walked on the black and white tiled section of the hallway, "so when did you move here?"

"Last Friday" it's been only 3 days since coming to Brighton, but it seemed much longer. Lot of things had happened in the past few days.

"Do you have any siblings?" Tubbo questioned, continuing to make small talk.

Tommy thought about that question, '*are we siblings, you could say so... But then again, not really*' "you could say so" he kept his answers vague.

"I have a sibling too! They're called Eret!"

'*Eret, Eret, Eret... That name sounds familiar*' Tommy has never had good memory, often forgetting names and events. '*oh he was that guy, at the mall, Wilbur's friend...*'

"Oh i did meet him! He's friends with Wilbur"

"You know Wilbur?"

"Um yeah, I've seen him around. Well anyways Eret's your brother?" He asked surprised, they seemed nothing alike.

"Well Eret's my sibling actually not brother, they're non binary, go by they/their" Tubbo explained to the other.

"Okay, so your sibling. I can't believe you're related!" He didn't really understand they/them stuff but he rolled with it.

They came to the classroom, and sat down to their resigned seats. Tubbo was surprisingly easy to talk to, he didn't speak short one word sentences like Techno. And he didn't glare at him like Wilbur did sometimes. Aside from the shorter stumbling over his words a few times over he

seemed like a pretty chill guy.

"Why? Don't the good looks run in the family?" He struck a pose, one hand under his chin in a finger gun motion, eyes closed.

"Oh my God shut up dude" Tommy laughed and lightly pushed the other one.

"What? Aren't i just dashing?" He continued with the bit, making Tommy laugh harder.

When he finally took in a breath he said "No i didn't recognize you're siblings because you're just-" he laughed once more

"Just what?" Tubbo laughed.

"-just so INCREDIBLY SHORT dude, like how even???" He laughed in in high pitch.

Tubbo pretended like he was pouting pushed him too "shut up, I'm not THAT short"

"You definitely are, have you seen yourself in the mirror?" then he stopped for a moment looking serious

"oh wait I forgot-" he said in that exact tone, then-

"-you can't REACH IT!" he started another fit of laughter, even louder than the last one

Even if the joke was on Tubbo's account, he started giggling at the taller ones antics.

"BOYS!" an unfamiliar voice said.

"The class has started! If you'd like to continue chatting I'll gladly send you outside" the angry looking teacher said.

"Sorry" Tubbo apologised for both of them.

Tommy didn't even realize when the classroom filled up and the teacher started preaching in front of the whiteboard. And that the lesson started.

So they continued speaking, but in a much lower tone. "Can you give me your schedule? So we can see how many classes we have together" the brunette whispered.

"Yeah sure let me get it" along with it out of the bag he pulled out the books needed for this class, but as it seemed he wouldn't be needing much of them this period as he wouldn't be working much of the classwork. He would much rather be chatting with the round faced teen sitting beside him.



He handed him the paper "Oh dude you're fucked, you have Ms. Duncan in Chemistry next period, she's such a bitch" he described.

"I did get that feeling from her you know"

"Don't even get me started, i had her last year" he sighed.

And then continued "we have like, 8ish? Classes together, which is quite a lot! And what's even better we have the same homeroom! That teacher's the best! He's called Mr. Becker, and has a beard and a shaved head, and..." Tubbo rambled on. It seemed like it was a tendency of his.

They continued chatting, and the class soon came to a pass. Tubbo roughly explained to him how to find his next class and where everything was, some of his explaining made Tommy even more confused but he didn't tell that to the other.

"Hey so I have a block of P.E. now but imma pick you up after and we can head to the cafeteria together yeah?" Tubbo said as he hurried down the hallway.

Tommy was left looking as the boy disappeared into the crowd. He looked once again on his schedule *'Block of Chemistry and then a break, i can do this! Right?'*

## Chapter End Notes

Things aren't always what they seem so keep reading!

Again I'm sorry for the late update, school's really beating me into the point the last week.

Running like a headless fly is running recklessly and not looking where you're going, idk if a saying like this exist in english language but it was the comparison that spoke to me lol

# Monday still

## Chapter Summary

Tommy, tubbo, lunch, what is more to say.

## Chapter Notes

Saw the 1s in the comments, hope the longer chapter helps!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy dreaded Chemistry, he didn't know if he just had bad teachers or shit but he didn't understand one bit of the subject. The class went by slow and seemed to last much more than the 90 minutes it was. She took away their break between classes in a false promise of letting them off earlier. His stomach started rumbling and his whole upper body was glued on the table, his cheek resting on the smooth surface.

The clock ticked and he stretched, his arms going off the table. Tommy lifted his head and looked at the board filled with formulas he had already written down. His books lay beside him, as he was sitting alone he had more than enough space to extend his mess onto the doubled space.

He tried to focus further on the subject but failed as soon as Ms. Duncan continued speaking. Each sentence, more confusing than the last. *'At least I wrote it all down'* Tommy tried thinking of positives.

He was bored to death by the time the lesson was over. He felt as if, if he looked at any sort of written language in that moment he wouldn't be able to process it, which would leave him just staring blankly at the page like a mindless idiot. The ring of the bell signaling the end of the class was music to his ears. The happiness for the sound was stronger than the pain of ringing causing his headache to pulsate.

He hurried to get out when someone stopped him "Thomas, a word?" The teacher gestured for him to come closer. He sighed and gave in.

"I have some papers and tasks for you to finish by the next lesson, to help you catch up to the rest of the class" she smiled as if she was doing him a favor when she handed him a bundle of 30 or so papers 'is she fucking serious'

"All of this?! By next week???" He said his tone rising an octave.

"Is that going to be a problem?" She asked giving him a sharp look.

Tommy knew better than to fight with a teacher "no ma'am" he sighed again and took the bundle in his hands.

"Solve the tasks and copy it in your notebook, it's the work we have gone through since the year started." She explained.

"I will" he said and walked out the classroom.

Out of the door he spotted a short brunette boy looking around, his plain black backpack hanging over one shoulder in a casual manner. When their eyes met, the boy was already walking to him.

"You look like you've been run over by a bus" the brown haired boy noted.

"I might as well have" Tommy showed the bundle of papers in his hands.

"Typical Ms. Duncan" he laughed.

"I'm glad my misery is amusing to you" he sighed for the third time in the last five minutes.

"Aw it's not that bad, let's go get lunch" Tubbo said gesturing down the hallway as he started walking.

"Are we allowed to go outside during the lunch break?" He asked reaching for the pack.

"I mean we are, but my friends saved us the seats in the cafeteria, why?" They pushed by the herds of students heading in the same direction.

*'later then'* Tommy dropped his hand "no reason, just curious"

Soon enough they saw the double doors that were wide open, and the other side a tremendous cafeteria *'i knew this school was big but fuck me'*

They walked to one of the round gray tables that already had four other people sitting at it. "Hey guys!" Tubbo said sitting down, Tommy following.

"This is the Tommy!" He said making hand gestures.

"Hi" Tommy said with a small wave.

The people around the table then began introducing themselves. He found that the blond wearing sunglasses and gloves inside, was called Ranboo. And that the plain looking boy sitting on his right side, eating a cupcake, was called Jack Manifold.

The person wearing a hoodie of similar colour as Tubbo's was named Grayson but liked to be called Purpled as *'it sounds way cooler'*, his words. And beside him sat a girl with long tan hair and cute eyeliner, called Alyssa.

"I'm gonna go get food, you want anything?" Tubbo said getting up again.

Tommy looked at him, considering between going with him and staying put "No i got a sandwich, thanks" he was tired and didn't want to get up and stand in line for who knows how much time.

"Okay then, be back in a minute" Tubbo then left Tommy alone with the others.

"So Tommy, do you know which club you're gonna join?" Alyssa asked taking a bite of the pasta they were serving in the cafeteria that day.

"I donno, is it mandatory?" His stomach hurt, growling but Tommy wasn't feeling hunger. And overall he didn't feel up to chewing and swallowing mushy food and feeling bloated after.

"Unfortunately" said the Purpled guy.

"Well what clubs do you lot go to?" He said, feeling a little out of place without Tubbo. Which was a little bit ironic given that he had only met him about two hours prior than the rest of his friends.

The indoor sunglasses guy started speaking "Well Tubbo, Alyssa and me are going to the superior athletics and gymnastics club! And those two dweebs-"

he pointed to the guy Tommy already forgot the name of and the one named Purpled "-are in the debate club"

*'huh didn't take Tubbo for the sports-type of person'*

"You wouldn't think so on the first look would you hahaha" said a voice behind him.

*'did i say that out loud?'* he thought, this time taking a hand to his face checking that no words were leaving his mouth.

The voice behind him turned out to be Tubbo, he was carrying a tray with a portion of pasta with salsa, a portion of salad on the side along with an orange and a juice box. And was now again sitting beside him.

"You HAVE to see him on the trampoline! He is probably going to be entering professional competitions this spring!" The sunglasses guy continued speaking, and trailed off with another story on the same topic with the people beside him.

Tubbo started eating and saw Tommy empty handed still "where's your sandwich" he asked him.

Tommy did not want to explain his bullshit reasoning to this happy-go-lucky trampoline boy and ruin his day, because *'oh yeah I'm too lazy to chew food also i feel like food is a waste of time and I don't even like eating on most of the days because it makes me feel shitty, which doesn't make sense but I'm not crazy i swear'*

"I um" *'am i crazy?'* he wondered "already ate it" the rest of the group was busy with their own conversations to contradict his statement.

"Already?" Tubbo asked surprised, he wasn't gone for that long, five minutes at most.

"Yup, was super hungry after that fucking chemistry" Tommy said "speaking of, are you any good at it?"

"At chemistry?" Tubbo laughed as he munched on his lunch.

"Yea" Tommy said, a hint of hope in his voice.

"I'm jack shit at it dude, the only reason I'm passing is because of Karl"

"Who's that?" Tommy said fiddling with his fingers.

"Karl is an upperclassmen that tutors me and some of his classmates from time to time, but he's hella funny and actually a good friend of mine" Tubbo was peeling an orange and rambling at the same time.

"Lucky you i guess, i don't know how the fuck am i going to do the shit load of papers that brain dead teacher gave me" he groaned.

"Well if you want I can call Karl and see if he's free one day of the week and us two can help you go over the paperwork together" Tubbo smiled at him and Tommy couldn't help but to smile as well. Yeah, it was just a small favour, it was not a concrete promise. But it was an *'i will try'* and that's what made Tommy smile.

Tommy wasn't very trusting and although he didn't like to admit it he wasn't the best at connecting with the people. It comes with being in the sistem for as long as Tommy has been, not trusting people was the best option to stay alive and stay sane. Because, one thing worse than people

hurting you, was people you trusted hurting you. Not only physically, that shit fucks you up mentally.

So when Tommy felt so connected to one person in that short amount of time he didn't know whether to be happy or scared. Happy because of the obvious reasons, and scared for the less obvious, but still clear reasons.

"You'd do that?" Tommy asked, a little part of him was expecting Tubbo to say *'lol just kidding do it yourself pussy'*

"Yeah, let me text him right now" he took out his phone and began typing, and typing, and typing. *'what is he writing? His will?'* Tommy thought.

"You sure are typing there big guy" Tommy remarked.

"Oh i forgot, you don't know, i have like really bad dyslexia. So I'm a really shit reader and speller and all"

"Really? How does that look?" Tommy said, intrigued.

"Like all the letters look jumbled and out of place, or when I read a block of text i loose sight of what sentence i was reading really easily and stuff" Tubbo explained still typing. "Does this look okay?" He showed the screen to Tommy.

Tommy looked at the message app and the text that was sent, with several speaking mistakes. "It's readable yeah" he nodded.

"Great then!" He said putting the phone facing up on the table "now that we are at it, can you give me your number?" He put his head in his hands looking at the blue eyed boy.

Tommy thought about it, and went to type in his number. They wouldn't be able to meet up and take care of Chemistry if they couldn't get in touch with him "here" He handed Tubbo his phone back, "I'm sorry my phone's a little pre-historic and glitches sometimes, so if you can't phone me, it's probably that"

"It's fine, don't worry" Tubbo said.

Tommy saw Minx heading out of the cafeteria with Schlatt, and he decided to follow. The third head of brown curls was lost in the crowd.

"Hey i gotta go to the bathroom but see you next class yeah?" He got up grabbing his backpack with him.

"Hope you don't get lost haha, see you" Tubbo and Ranboo waved him off.

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It was lunch and Wilbur was sitting with his friends. And was once again texting. Before long a trio entered the cafeteria, and Wilbur waved them down. Sapnap quickly ran over and the other two were pushing each other and came over slower, tripping over their feet.

Sapnap adjusted his bandana and squished himself in-between a boy wearing a beanie and the boy named Karl, putting both arms around their shoulders "sup mamas"

The group went on to greet each other and Wilbur continued to look at the other two boys who were yet to sit down. One had dark brown hair and big white framed sunglasses atop his head, he was sporting a gray supreme hoodie and plain black sweats, his blue and brown eyes looking up at the taller figure

The other boy was the cause of the reddening on Wilbur's face. He was wearing a dark green nike sweatshirt with a small black nike logo placed where his heart was, making it match with his plain looking pair of black Air force sneakers. Half of his face was covered with a black face mask but anyone with a gift of sight could tell that he was handsome, the green eyes and the blond hair would make anyone fall head over heels for him.

The shorter boy broke off to stand in line and the football quarterback came to sit beside Wilbur, leaving space for the other boy when he came back. "Hey guys" he spoke.

"So why'd George look like he was about to bite your head off when he went to stand in line" Minx asked, cutting right to the chase.

"Oh we flipped a coin who's gonna stand in the line to get us food and he lost, again." Dream chuckled.

"How's he even gonna hold three trays, that idiot can't balance if his life depended on it" Quackity asked showing off Sapnap's arm off of him.

"I'm sure our gogy will manage" Dream said loudly, looking over to the said man standing in line, currently flipping him off.

Wilbur watched the interaction, with longing eyes. He tapped the blond on the shoulder. And even though he wasn't being quiet the background noise of the rowdy cafeteria was enough to cover the ears of others, only being heard by those closest to him "so what's up"

Dream averted his stare and looked at the brunette. "Oh nothing, just looking at the idiot making a fool out of himself" he chuckled his head pointing to the figure in line.

"Oh, he's the fool now" Wilbur teased as he shuffled closer, shoulder to shoulder, almost whispering in his ear.

Dream put a hand on his ear, blushing under his mask "*WILBUR!*" He said a little louder than wanted. But no body really turned to check out their bickering.

Wilbur stretched across the table, turning to face the boy, one elbow on the table and his head in it. Looking at him mischievously "I'm just teasing" he laughed.

"Also, i was wondering if you're free this Sunday, i need help with geography homework" Wilbur and Dream both knew this wasn't about geography, as Wilbur was on top of their class when it came to it.

"You? Geography?" Dream coughed, trying to regain his composure.

"And my house is empty" he added with his signature smile that made the coldest hearts warm.

"How so, your house is never empty? Also I thought you got a new foster brother" he said placing his forearms on the table, and leaning forward a bit, closer to Wilbur.

"It never is, but Techno is having a movie marathon with Bad and Skeppy and Phil needs to go to do some errands with the gremlin child so they're going to be outside almost all day" he said not taking his brown eyes off the green ones.

"You can sleep over, and we can go to school together on Monday?" He added "if you want"

"Well how can I refuse when you're being so adorable?" He poked the middle of his forehead in a pushing motion "now eat your lunch, you can't survive on sugar packets alone you know" Wilbur grumbled but finished off what was left on his plate.

Dream then looked to the side and stood abruptly. Rushing to help George with all the trays, for all his talk he didn't favour the outcome where boy ended up falling face first into their food. He took two of the trays and they went back to the table.

"You guys are assholes" George said sitting down with the rest of the people at the table.

"Shut up you love us" Dream laughed at him.

Only Wilbur would notice the slightest bit of redness on George's face when he said that "You



wish" he tried laughing it off.

George took the spot where Dream was previously sitting and sat beside Wilbur, the curly haired giant on his left side and the blond now sitting on his right. It wasn't the most favourable sitting arrangement if you asked Wilbur.

The round table they chose was pretty big and even with that factor, it was now getting pretty tight and stuffy at it. It now had Wilbur, Schlatt, Minx, Quackity, Sapnap, Karl, George and Dream sitting at it in that exact order going clockwise. So some of the members were about to go and make some room at it.

They were 20 minutes in their 40 minute lunch break and most of them were done with their food, which meant that Wilbur had nothing to distract himself with. Leaving him trying to not notice the heart eyes Dream was making at George. He tried tuning in Quackity's conversation about a new fnaf release, but he had no real interest in the topic and his eyes settled on George.

Wilbur didn't necessarily hate the shorter male, he wasn't a bad person. Although he could be annoying sometimes Wilbur didn't hate him. He was just *envious* of him, needless to say that his heart ached every time Dream looked at him with those love filled eyes. And what was worse, was that he knew that George looked at him with the same type of stare. The two idiots were too stupid to realise it and Wilbur was too selfish to tell them.

He loved Dream, and he wanted him to be happy, but it just hurt too much for him to let go of something he wanted to have so bad.

He was snapped out of his thoughts by Schlatt who was now standing. He had put a hand on his shoulder to get his attention "hey, me and the wicked witch of the west over here-" he pointed to the girl standing beside him,

who kicked him below the knee after she heard the nickname "-are gonna go out for a smoke, you coming with us?"

Wilbur was looking where Dream had wrapped his hand around George's waist, and felt himself sink just a little bit deeper "no, you guys go without me"

Schlatt followed his gaze and sat down beside him again, legs facing outwards this time making it easier for just Wilbur to hear him "come on Will, you'll feel better if you go outside and get some fresh air yeah?" He knew the expression on Wilbur's face, and knew that nothing good was going on in his head.

"No, Jay i don't wanna get up" he buried his face in his hands, trying to rub out a few tears that were gathering in his eyes.

"You okay Wilby?" Dream asked seeing the behaviour of the other.

And upon hearing the voice, Wilbur put what Schlatt knew was, a fake smile and said "yeah, yeah

I'm just tired"

his voice trembled a little and he coughed, looking at Schlatt "I'm gonna go get some coffee"

He got up, along with the other boy and started walking out of the cafeteria. Dream didn't need to know he wasn't planning on going back to that table.

—

Tommy ran to catch up with what he thought were two, were now three figures walking out of the cafeteria.

"Hey guys" he said in that energetic tone to catch attention of the group.

"Oh great you were just what was missing on top of the perfect day" Wilbur said when he saw the mess of blond hair running behind them.

"Well you aren't exactly easy on the eyes either Wilbur" Tommy retorted.

"Sup kiddo, how's your first day going so far?" Minx said before Wilbur could say another thing.

Tommy walked along with them "just fucking terrible let me tell you Minx" he felt proud that he had remembered her name, as those weren't exactly his strong suit. "I'm itching for a smoke already"

"Well you're in luck as we were just about to go out for the same reason" Schlatt tuned in the conversation.

They walked outside and he continued walking, "as I'm sure you know, smoking in school grounds is prohibited, but here's the catch"

he walked over to the end of the cement path in front of the scho and stood on the line where pavement stopped and a line of trees began

"this is where the school ends and the street begins, so this is considered public property and we aren't going to get in trouble for smoking beyond this line" Schlatt explained thoroughly, laughing amused at he loop in law.

"Poggers man" Tommy said and went to sit on the dry patch of leaves, not caring if his pants got a

little dirty.

The others followed, Wilbur caring a bit more and putting on his coat under him to not mess up his pants, Minx taking advantage of this and sitting on the coat also.

"What does that mean" she asked.

"What does what mean?" Tommy said searching for his pack of smokes.

"Poggers, i think i heard you use that word before" she explained.

"Well in literal *POG* means '*play of game*' and from that comes poggers which means" he light up the cigarette and took a drag "something by the sorts of cool or great" he explained.

"Oh, pog then" Minx laughed and Wilbur just sighed.

"*Play of game*? Does that mean you're some kind game nerd?" Schlatt asked.

"No, i wish. I haven't got a computer in my last home so I didn't have chances to become a beloved dweeb" Tommy sighed dramatically.

"Well if yer interested we have the informatics club here at school, it is counted as a class because it's led by a teacher so you get extra points for being in it" Minx mentioned.

"Ah i do have to join a club don't i?" He whined.

"Oh i forgot to tell you that" Wilbur said putting his head on Minx's shoulder. But she didn't seem to mind.

"Yeah the fuck you did! You fucking disappeared on me this morning!" He would have yelled if he didn't feel the nicotine kick in and his head sway. He put one hand on the ground behind him, as he was sitting in a cross-leg position he leaned on the hand and his head tilted upwards.

'but man does it hit nicely on an empty stomach' he thought and swayed further, taking a moment to appreciate before taking another breathful.

"Sorry i had biology test and needed to hurry" Wilbur responded, not seeming a other least bit sorry.

"And then after that, i got fucking lost and got yelled at by the teacher!" he made hand gestures, smoke dancing around his fingertips.

"Well my day's not going so fucking great either buddy, so shut the fuck up and stop whining, you're giving me a headache!" He said trying to sound louder and more intimidating than he actually was in that moment. He buried his head further into Minx's shoulder, taking a hand to hide his face.

From which Minx responded by rubbing circles on his back.

"Can you give me a smoke?" Wilbur asked in a small defeated voice.

She handed him one and the conversation changed topic as they spent the rest of their break outside.

—

When Tommy returned to class he was more relaxed than when he was at the cafeteria table. He was almost late again, for which he could only blame the black spots in his vision when he climbed began climbing the stairs. However hopeless his life had seemed, when he stepped into the dusty student-filled classroom, it didn't seem so bad when he remembered that he had only three hours of school and he could go home. *'and maybe nap'*

Tommy's next period was geography and it was one of the classes he shared with Tubbo. And he should've guessed that the dyslexic boy had as much talent in reading navigation charts as he had typing texts. Surprisingly, the forty five class minutes, spent in little to no silence filled moments, flew by pretty quickly.

After the bell rung, Tubbo pointed him to the gymnasium and walked off to his last class. *'lucky bastard'* Tommy thought as he saw him the brown haired boy walk with a bounce in his step.

He walked by the changing room, his eyebrow furrowing at the mere thought of the room. He entered the open door next to it, a large gymnasium with a few students in it. The teacher still nowhere to be found, Tommy sat down on one of the benches *'i don't have the proper sportswear anyway'* what's the point in standing up when he's not even going to play.

A beanie crossed his vision and before he knew it a short, black haired boy, with a blue beanie was sitting, a little too close for comfort, beside him.

"¿que pasa, carne fresca?" He said with a smile. His black eyes darted to Tommy, who was currently trying to shuffle some distance between him and the unknown person.

"¿Quién eres y qué estás haciendo?" His words slurred a bit as Spanish was a little rusty. But if you asked Tommy it was his second language.

The boy looked at him surprised, obviously not expecting the other to respond in Spanish or even to understand him. "Wow your Spanish is really good man, I'm Quackity!" He outstretched his hand to Tommy.

Tommy looked the boy over one more time and took the hand in his "Tommy" he said shortly.

"I haven't seen you before in this class, you new?" He asked, as if genuinely curious.

"Yeah-"

He was about to continue when he was interrupted by the gym teacher yelling for all of them to line up. The boy, 'Quackity' he tried to remember, stood up straight and ran over to his place near the back of the line.

The P.E. teacher had salt and pepper colored hair, and more than a few smile lines. You could see he was nearing fifty but he was of great shape. His tone and the fearful faces of his students reminded Tommy of a military man he once saw on the street.

Tommy explained to his teacher that his gym uniform was yet to arrive as it was his first day there, and the teacher was somewhat understanding. When they were led to run laps outside he made Tommy join the rest of the class, in a promise that it would be the only exercise he would have to do that day "it will be good for you to stretch your legs and move a little kiddo" he said.

So when they were outside and running, Tommy was one of the first ones to finish running all the six laps. He was mighty fast when he wanted to be, and when he wanted to be over with this and sit for the rest of the class.

The first three laps were easy and he was fastest, on the fourth and fifth he heard Quackity yelling something along the lines "bastardo rápido" and grasping for air.

And by the sixth lap he was in the same state as him, his head was feeling dizzy and his lungs began to give out. When he stopped he almost collapsed to the ground, coughing wet coughs.

He felt as if his turtleneck was choking him, and his throat was dry. He could run fast, but his durability was shit *'the smoking probably didn't help'*.

"That was good uh-" teacher searched for words.

"-Tommy" he added.

"Right, that was good Tommy, you can go sit down now"

"Can I go drink some water?" Tommy asked, and looked at the rest of the class still running.

"Sure" he was writing something in a notebook, already distracted with something else.

Tommy picked up his backpack and headed to the toilets he saw on the way there. He stopped only because of another fit of coughs. When he finally got to where he was heading, he was breathing heavily. He quickly got in one of the stalls and took off the red hoodie, swiping the sweat that formed on his forehead. And after it, followed the black turtleneck.

He felt himself finally breathe, with his bare back against the cold stall door he brought up his shaky hands to his elbows, scratching. It was concerning how easily Tommy spiraled into panic when he had no control over his own body.

*'first day's are always hard'* he told himself *'just take a deep breath'* he instructed himself. A deep shaky inhale, and exhale followed. After a few more repeated motions, he stuffed the turtleneck in his bag. When he did so he noticed the unopened sandwich he had in the bottom of the bag, he looked at it and took it out. Before he exited the stall he pulled over the hoodie over his head again.

He threw up the sandwich in the trash and splashed his face with cold water. Then he came back to the gym. Feeling tiredness deep in his legs.

He was soon back to sitting on the bench. Class soon came to a close and all but one of the boys headed to the changing room. Quackity approached him, the look of *i-am-so-done-with-this-shit* plastered on his face.

"Hey man, did you notice how much of a bitch that teacher was, or was it just me?" He said with a sigh.

"Nope just you" Tommy said picking up his backpack off of the floor.

"Really? Well, anyways. You seem like a pretty chill dude, hope I see you around tío" Quackity waved and went his way.

—

By the time the last period was over Tommy was ready to pass out. He was somewhat happy that it was Phil picking him up and that he didn't have to ride that God awful bus again, especially during rush hour.

He sent Phil a text an hour prior, telling him when his classes ended. And an hour after he got a

I'm in front of the school

Text from Phil. He spotted the what he was almost sure was Phil's car, and started walking to it. When he saw the blond man in the driver's seat he entered the seat beside him, this time sitting in

the front.

"hey buddy" Phil said with a smile. Driving out of the schools pick up spot.

"Hi Phil" He was dressed differently than usual. He had a pale blue blouse and what Tommy would call '*serious pants*' and the same jacket he wore the day before.

"How was your day?" Phil asked.

"Eh it was okay" Tommy looked out the window, not feeling up to talking.

"What about your teachers? You like them?" The car had stopped moving as the traffic light was shining red.

"They were okay, except that chemistry bitch that gave me thirty pages of homework, and the gym teacher that made me run even though I didn't have a PE uniform" he said absent mindedly.

"They made you run?" Phil asked a little concerned.

"Yeah" Tommy said.

Phil made a mental note to himself to call the school and excuse Tommy from exercise until his ribs healed.

They arrived home in under 15 minutes. Tommy rushed to his room and plopped on his bed. Sleep coming easily.

## Chapter End Notes

Sorry for not updating for the past week. My phone broke and I was in the process of getting a new one, and mix that with the full swing of my mental health deteriorating last two weeks it took me a little more to get the chapter out.

Good thing about it is that I write the best chapters when I'm depressed, when I bring myself to write that is, lol.

# Wednesday, and just Wednesday

## Chapter Summary

It's Wednesday my dudes. Time for chemistry

## Chapter Notes

God this is a long one ain't it folks

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tuesday went pretty same as Monday, the only blessing being he had significantly less classes than the day before. Only four in fact. He hanged with Tubbo most of the day, Tommy thought he was a little oblivious at first but he found that he was actually pretty observant. Not that he told Tommy everything he figured out about him, but enough for Tommy to notice to keep some distance between the two.

For an example he knew just from the way Tommy held stuff in his left hand that two of his fingers had been broken in the past. On first glance you couldn't tell but on closer inspection you could see that the thumb on his left hand had less of a reach than the one on his right, or how his index finger was just slightly more curled inwards than it was supposed to. It had happened in one of his previous foster homes when one of the other foster boys slammed his hand in-between the door and its frame. It hurt *'like a bitch'* if he could add, but it wasn't anything Tommy hadn't felt before, it was fractured and the tissue around it swelled up so he couldn't feel the damaged bone. And he could still move the two fingers, not as much as he could've had they not been damaged, but he could still move them. He thought they were fine so he didn't get it checked and so he didn't get a cast, and the healing process hurt more than it should've. And when they did heal, they didn't heal in the right way, leaving them a little crooked.

*(Based on a true story, me accidentally breaking my finger I'm sorry)*

Tobbo noticed stuff even Tommy didn't notice about himself, he noticed the slight shift in his demeanour when food was mentioned. He noticed Tommy couldn't sit still for the life of him, always fidgeting and so on. And those were all the stuff Tubbo told him, what he noticed and didn't tell him were the ones that worried Tommy. As much as Tubbos chocolate eyes looked warm and comforting they had the same look of a radiologist searching for a tumor on an x-ray picture, the person like the picture had little signs that were for the naked eye unnoticeable. Tommy was glad Tubbo seemed like a good person because if he decided to use the information he gathered in a malicious intent, he was sure he could bring social ruin on anyone he wanted to.

But Tubbo was nice, and he scheduled for him, Tommy and the Karl person to try and solve the mess that was his Chemistry homework. They were supposed to meet at Tubbos after school on a



Wednesday as Karl was free that day.

Phil gave him permission to go when Tommy asked, and assured him that he didn't have to ask as long as he sent him a message of where he was going and picked up the phone if Phil called. Phil was yet to set a strict curfew, seeing as his son came home in all hours of the night. *'But then again Wilbur was eighteen'* Tommy thought when he was packing his bag for school the third time that week.

He wondered downstairs, he felt a heaviness in his back and painful jabs hit his stomach. He had eaten an apple the day before, and nothing the day before that so he was light on his feet. Phil had been making him breakfast every morning but Tommy couldn't bring himself to eat anything. The first one he threw away, the second he gave to one of Tubbo's friends he now remembered the name of *'Ramboo, the tall motherfucker'*

When he sat at the table this morning Phil wasn't downstairs yet, he had stayed up working late yesterday so he presumed that was it. He found a yellow square piece of paper that stuck out on the clean surface of the counter. It read, in dark blue messy text,

"made you all breakfast burritos, they're in the fridge!" And signed *-dad* at the end. *'Dad? That's new'* Tommy thought as he left the note where he saw it first, untouched for the next person to find it. He went to making himself a coffee, noises of the low rumbling of the boiling water and warmth of the flame beneath it Tommy ignored.

Not so soon after, a second person was looking at the same brightly coloured square. Wilbur was up and rummaging through the fridge, reaching for the food covered in the silver tin foil "want a burrito Tommy?" He asked not looking at him.

"Nah, I'm good" Tommy reached for a mug on the high shelf, it was a plain white with an avengers logo in it. Stretching his hand and standing on his toes, he could still barely graze the cup.

"Need help shorty?" Wilbur asked already reaching for the said cup, for a second his palm reached Tommy's exposed wrist and Tommy quickly retreated it, pushing the sleeves of a gray sweatshirt down to his fingertips.

"I am not short, you are just freakishly tall" he muttered, voice scratchy from sleep.

Wilbur gave him a weird look because of the sudden motion, but didn't say anything. He passed him the mug "here"

Tommy took it hesitantly from his hands "thanks" he began pouring the dark brown liquid until three quarters of the cup were full, and he filled the rest with milk.

"Where's that pink haired brother of yours?" Tommy asked noticing the lack of people in the room.

Wilbur turned around with a plate and a burrito in hand and began walking to the living room, and Tommy followed. "He doesn't have first two periods today, lucky bastard" Wilbur said turning on the TV.

Tommy was holding a cup, with both hands catching the warmth it admitted, he was always cold, cold hands, cold feet, cold everything. A little bit of warmth it gave him made him feel grounded and alert. He looked at the big round clock that hung on the wall above Wilbur's head, it read

07:23

"Hey shouldn't we get going to school?" Tommy asked, sitting in the armchair closest to the hallway.

Wilbur waved him off "yeah yeah, let me just finish the episode" he said looking at some random cartoon playing on the TV.

Tommy nodded at him, the action going unnoticed from the other.

—

It was 08:13 and class started in two minutes, and they were fucking late. It was them two running from the bus stop to the school. Tommy may have been faster but Wilbur had longer legs, by the time they spilt off and rushed into class they were both red and out of breath.

Tommy plopped down into the seat next to Tubbo "Morning" he said when Tommy put his head on to the desk, breathing heavy breaths.

"You... okay?" He asked putting his head on the table as well trying to look at Tommy's face.

"I- I- just" he took a few more breaths, and then coughed "-ran, I ran here-" he had stopped a few times during that sentence.

"Want water?" Brunette boy asked.

Tommy still heaved, he had no food in his system, he didn't get any rest, nightmares haunting his dreams and he had yet to drink water today, so he could check the dehydration box in his notes to top it all off "yes please" he said making grabby hands at the other.

Tubbo headed him his clear plastic, gray water bottle and Tommy chugged it so fast a few drops escaped the edges of his mouth. When the bottle was half empty he stopped. He could feel the liquid moving in his stomach, churning and splashing. He felt nauseous when he sat down the bottle on the desk, still feeling thirsty. Then he saw that more than half of the bottle was empty he looked at Tubbo with apologetic eyes "I'm sorry, I drank all of yer' water"

"It's okay don't worry!" Tubbo whispered, the class has already started at that point and the teacher gave them the task of each studying quietly on their own.

"No, I'll just go and fill it now" Tommy said raising a hand and asking to be excused.

He was in the bathroom, and he was still thirsty and hungry. To stop the hunger he always drank water, and like an idiot he drank some more from the water bottle.

Then, rushed to a bathroom stall to puke. Even if he had nothing except liquid.

His stomach contorted and caused the boy to whimper in pain, as brown liquid came out of his mouth. Leaving an acidic taste in his mouth. He stood there with his hands against the dirty white porcelain until there was nothing left. He dry heaved a few more times and flushed "fucking hell" he said quietly, throat scratchy.

Then a stall beside him flushed, and the beanie headed boy come out. "Tommy?"

Tommy had walked to the sinks and was splashing his face with cold water. And drinking some spitting it out, to wash out the the taste of bile. Ends of his cotton sweatshirt sleeves becoming a wet, darker gray.

Tommy finnaly looked at the mirror, reflection of Quackity looking back to him "hi" he said, washing his face once more.

"Hey? You okay man?" He said stepping closer to him.

Tommy turned, his back to the mirror, looking directly at him *'has he been here the whole time? Think fast, uh- play dumb, yeah let's try that'* he thought "What are you talking about Big Q?" He said wiping his mouth.

"I'm talking about how you were throwing up your guts seconds before" he looked at him with a raised eyebrow.

"Oh that, I think I ate something bad for breakfast" he said chuckling awkwardly.

"You sure your fine man? I could bring you to the nurse?" Quackity asked taking a step forward.

Tommy took a step backward and looked around for some kind of escape, he saw the bottle grabbing it and remembering why he came here in the first place "No, no, i already feel better amigo, besides I have to bring Tubbo his water bottle back" he turned around once again and began filling the bottle.

"Whatever you say then..." The other boy washed his hands and stepped out.

And with that Tommy returned to his classroom as well.

—

Quackity came back to his classroom. He had maths with Sapnap that period, in the back of his

mind he was still worried about his new friend.

When lunch came he sat down at his usual table with the rest of the Sleepy gang. He had been unusually quiet, eating what they were having for lunch that day slower than usual.

Sapnap noticed this and asked "hey, what's the matter, you don't like the tacos?" Seeing that he had barely touched his food.

"I mean yeah, they're kind of shitty but that isn't it?" Quackity sighed.

"What is it then mate?" Wilbur asked curious about what made Quackity lose his appetite.

"Well I met this new friend, and first period I was going to take a shit-" he was interrupted by Minx

"-gross dude, we're eating here" she yelled.

Quackity ignored her and continued "-and I heard someone throwing up in the stall next to me and I saw Tommy there with his head in the toilet bowl" he sighed

"He said he ate something bad but he didn't go see the nurse and I'm just a little worried about him, food poisoning is rough, wouldn't wish that on my worst enemy" he continued.

"Wait, wait, wait, did you say Tommy? Tommy with the blond hair Tommy?" Wilbur asked making hand gestures. Schlatt looked at him worried.

"Yeah, you know him?" Quackity asked, surprised, he had not been there when they introduced Tommy.

"He's um, he's my new foster brother" Wilbur said worried Tommy had not eaten anything that morning or the evening before, he couldn't think of what made him throw up. He was in bad shape weight-wise when he saw him the weekend prior, so this couldn't be good for him.

"I'll-" he said standing up "I'll be back in a minute" he walked off spotting a blond patch of hair in the crowd.

—

The rest of the classes passed by quickly he and Tubbo had almost every class together that day. And lunch came sooner than later.

And together they walked to the cafeteria, Tommy this time stood in the line with Tubbo. He only

took a zero sugar cola, as he learned that school lunches were pre payed by Phil.

He sat down with Tubbo, Ramboo and Alyssa and her friend Puffy. Jack and Purpled needing to leave to do something for their club.

Speaking of, Tommy joined the Informatics and coding club slash class, they had two classes a week, on Fridays, sadly, but still, it wasn't like Tommy had anyone to hang out with that day.

He drank his sugary soda, from which he didn't feel sick '*thank god*' and stole a few fries off of Tubbos plate. He saw a shadow hanging over him, when he turned he saw that it was Wilbur. Looking worried but at the same time pissed.

"Hey Will!"

"Hey Tubbo" he said glaring at Tommy, as if expecting him to say something.

Tommy was looking lost, confused at the sudden interruption. "What?" He asked looking him in the eye.

Wilbur wrapped his hand around Tommy's wrist pulling him "come on I have to talk with you"

Tommy tried to pull his hand away, failing "about what?" He said accusingly.

Wilbur looked at the table, all of them looking at the two, he decided his next words carefully "Phil called about schools paperwork, you have to fill something out, come on now" he lied smoothly

Tommy thought Phil had already settled his school stuff "okay" he said. Following quickly after The other tightened his hold on the other.

"I'll be back in a minute okay tubbo?" He yelled walking away.

—

"I thought Phil said he sorted everything with paperwork?" He questioned turning his head slightly.

They were by some lockers outside of cafeteria, Wilbur still somewhat glared at him. "This isn't about school" he held his wrist as if thinking he was going to run away.

"What the fuck is it about then" Tommy wasn't happy to be dragged away from his friends. "Also

do you mind" he shook the hand being held.

"I do actually" Wilbur want letting go. "I heard from Quackity that you threw up this morning, what was that about" he asked interrogating the smaller.

Tommy looked to the side "I think I ate something bad for breakfast" he tried to make some space between the two, his heartbeat quickening.

"But you didn't eat anything for breakfast through" Wilbur was not letting him run away, stepping a bit closer.

"I, i think i have a stomach bug or something" he was sweating and stumbling over his words, looking fanatically anywhere but Wilbur.

Wilbur seemed to notice this and let his hand go, stepping back "okay, here then" he handed him a breakfast buritto and an apple. "I saw you didn't take anything in the cafeteria so I got this for you"

Tommy started fidgeting with his fingers, scratching at the dry skin near his fingertips "you uh- you didn't have to"

Wilbur frowned and showed the items in his hands "eat it" he said tone threatening "or I'm telling Phil you threw up" he said and then walked away.

Tommy came back to his table with items in hand, others asking what was the matter "oh it's nothing guys, he was just assigned as my guide" and they seemed satisfied with that answer.

"Off topic, he gave me a buritto anyone want it?"

"You're not gonna eat it?" Tubbo asked

"I have an apple, the best fruit to exist! Superior to all the others!" he held the green apple above his head, like you would when you found an item in game.

"Don't mind me" Jack said reaching for the buritto.

Tubbo looked at Tommy and then whispered "Wilbur isn't your guide is he?"

"Haha why would you say that Tubbs?" He said taking a bite out of his apple, noticing Wilbur staring from the other side of the room.

"Because if he was then you wouldn't have been lost the first day of school" Tubbo said.

"Well, he's a shit guide, what can I say?"

Tommy tried again, he wasn't a big fan of people knowing that he was in the foster system. When some kids found out before they exploited the fact that everything could always be blamed on him.

But Tubbo didn't seem the type to do that. When he saw the unamused expression his lie courses the other to have he spoke again "Okay, well that wasn't completely a lie, Wilbur was my guide, but not because the school assigned him to me but because his dad, Phil, is fostering me" he whispered to Tubbo, not wanting the others to hear.

"Oh, OH" Tubbo said, everything in his head clicked. Tommy's sudden transfer, the vagueness about where he came from and so on...

Wilbur's friends already knew, but it wasn't by Tommy's choice "but please don't spread it around okay?" Tommy said voice pleading

"Don't worry, I won't." Tubbo smiled at him and Tommy smiled back.

He continued eating his apple until he was sure Wilbur wasn't staring anymore. He drank the rest of his coke. And excused himself to Tubbo saying he was going to hurry to his next class.

"See you in front of the school yeah?" Tubbo called

"Yeah see you"

—

Wilbur was texting Techno about what had happened. He had a separate lunch period from the two, and Wilbur envied him because he got to eat with Clay most of the days. On rare occasions he hand his gang ditched and ate with Wilbur but the accessions were rare.

**[The Blade]**

*Hey*  
*11:43*

*What's up*  
*11:46*

*So something happened*  
*with Tommy this morning*  
*11:46*

*Something good*  
*or something bad?*  
*11:47*

*Bad*  
*11:49*

*What happened, get to*  
*the point already*  
*11:49*

Wilbur explained him the situation that had unfolded and what he tried to do about it.

*I don't know what to do*  
*11:55*

*Do we tell Phil?*  
*11:55*

*No, he's already stressed*  
*enough with all that's going on*  
*12:00*

*I'll make sure he eats*  
*something when we get*  
*home*  
*12:01*

*I can make something!*  
*12:03*

*I don't know how to tell*  
*you this Will...*  
*12:03*

*What? Tell me what?!*  
*12:04*

*...but you're so*  
*shit at cooking*  
*12:04*

*Oh my god shut up*



12:05

*You almost gave  
me a heart attack*

12:06

*Gtg, teacher almost  
took my phone away*

*12:07 Read*

—

The school day was coming to a close and Tommy was sitting on the pavement outside the school, smoking and waiting for Tubbo's class to finish. Tommy's teacher let them go a little early as it was the last class and they were done with the lesson.

He checked the time on his phone '*any minute now*' he thought. As if on cue the school bell rang, and not five minutes after a happy Tubbo came out of the school yelling, "FREEDOM! AT LAST!" Tommy chuckled and extinguished the cigarette under his converse.

"So where's Karl" Tommy asked putting his hands in his jacket's pockets

"Oh I forgot to tell you, his classes are over longer than ours today so he's gonna meet us back at my place" Tubbo said "so let's go yeah?" He started walking to the bus stop, Tommy following.

"So, where do you live Big guy?" Tommy asked running in front of his friend, walking backwards facing him excited. He was actually happy for once, he was going to a friend's house and God knows he hasn't done that in forever.

"Stopppp you're gonna fall Tommy" Tubbo laughed and walked across the street with Tommy now facing the correct direction, walking forwards and not backwards.

They went to the bus stop on the opposite side Tommy took yesterday to get back home, which meant Tubbo lived in the other direction from him. "-eh I don't live too far, it's a five to ten minute drive" he gestured.

They talked and a few minutes, as the bus came quickly they went in. Finding two empty seats

next to one and another. Tubbo suddenly turned his head from the window and to Tommy "you smell like smoke." He said bluntly

"I uh-" Tommy was once again caught at the loss for words with the other boy.

"Do you smoke?" He asked before Tommy could muster a response.

"I do..." Tommy answered, he felt like a child being told off.

"You know that's bad for you, it worsens blood flow problems, and causes lung cancer and teeth rotting and respiratory problems and-" Tubbo ranted

"-You sound like those stupid pamphlets they used to give us in the elementary school" Tommy rolled his eyes.

"I'm just telling you it's bad for you, you shouldn't do it" Tubbo said.

"Okay mom" Tommy responded "I'm still gonna do it and you can't do Jack shit about it" he said, smirk on his face, and hands folded in a dramatic manner, he was doing a bit trying to make the situation lighter.

"Well don't go crying to me when you get lung cancer in thirty years" Tubbo responded.

"I don't think I'm gonna be here in thirty years for you to tell me off" Tommy said it in a joking tone. But that sentence definitely didn't sit right with Tubbo.

—

When they came to the house they were greeted by Tubbo's mom and sister, they were both baking something in the kitchen.

Tommy introduced himself and after they both went to Tubbo's room "I'm not bothering your family by being here right?" Tommy asked because of how some parents acted when their children had friends over.

"No, not at all, they're going to Lani's dance practice soon anyways, don't worry." He waved him off.

Tommy noticed a few bottles of the same orange soda next to the two monitor computer Tubbo

seemed to have. Opposite it by the wall stood a black, plain looking synthesizer. It hadn't had a thick layer of dust like the piano at Phil's, meaning that it was somewhat played regularly or recently. He must've stared at it for a moment too long when Tubbo said.

"Do you play?" pointing an extended hand to the music instrument.

Tommy traces fingers over the dark plastic surface "I used to." He said and left it with that.

He turned around to look at the other boy. Expecting him to say something, but not saying anything himself.

"Okay... So anyways" he said searching for words. Sudden heaviness in the air.

"We um- got around an hour until Karl comes, want to play Mario cart until then?" Tubbo asked already getting the controller's.

"I've never played" Tommy answered shortly.

"It's really easy, you'll like it"

And before Tommy knew it an hour passed and he was screaming at Tubbo for sabotaging him with a banana peel, and making him steel off the track. The noise was interrupted by the doorbell.

"It must be Karl, let me shut this off" the boy exclaimed and they both went downstairs. The house was empty like Tubbo said it would be, Tommy noticed.

He opened the door and let in a brown haired boy wearing a big purple hoodie with teal sleeves and hood, it also had a teal sewn on spiral on the front of the thing. He wore plain black denim jeans and some retro purple Jordans. " 'ello Tubbo" he looked at Tommy and extended his hand, "Hey I'm Karl"

Tommy shook his hand "Tommy" he said

"Tommy? As in Wilbur's foster brother?" He asked surprised.

"Yeah, have we met before?" He let go of the hand shaking his.

"No, no, it's just that Wilbur was freaking out about you earlier today, you doing good?" Karl looked at him with his green gray eyes, from top to bottom.

*'god how many people does Wilbur know, what the fuck'* Tommy felt as if his every move was

monitored "Ye-yeah I am"

Tubbo looked at him, confused about the situation. Oblivious to what they were taking about.

"Well anyways, we better get to work now. The sooner we start the sooner we will finish!" He clapped his hands together.

"I'm going to go get my bag" Tommy said and rushed upstairs to retrieve it.

"Karl, what were you talking about just now?" Tubbo asked confused.

"Talking about what?" Karl already seemed to forget the conversation that happened a minute ago.

"About Tommy?" Tubbo asked again.

Karl thought about it, if Tommy didn't tell him he probably didn't want him to know, no need to tell him something that was supposedly personal.

"Oh, it's nothing important" Karl knew better than to share personal details, unlike his big mouthed friend Quackity

"Are you sur-" he didn't get to finish his sentence when the blond patch of hair was rushing back down the stairs.

"Alright, let's get on with this now ladies" Tommy said still somewhat ecstatic, oozing good energy from beating Tubbo in Mario cart that one round.

"Sure let's go to the dining room, the desk should be big enough there" Tubbo pointed them to the room on the left.

When they sat down Tommy took out his chemistry notes and books along with the 30 page nightmare they were about to face "holy shit" Karl said

"It's bad huh" Tommy looked at the pile

"Sure is, well let's distribute the work. How are you with chemistry?" Karl asked not knowing what he was working with.

"Not all that good my guy" Tommy said.

"Oh, okay okay let's see, we're going to work ten pages at the time" Karl took the pile sitting in front of Tommy making three piles of papers. "I'm going to solve the tasks of the first pile, showing you how to do the work. As I solve the first ten you're going to be copying it all down okay?" He asked.

"Okay" Tommy said opening his notebook.

"Then you're going to solve the next ten and write it down while me and Tubbo work on the last ten as those are the most difficult. After that you'll have most of it written and solved and we would be over okay?" Tubbo nodded

"So I'd have all 30 pages solved, 20 written down and 10 pages to write down at home so we'll be over quicker?" Tommy asked checking if he understood it correctly.

"Exactly" Karl said.

"Sounds like a plan, let's get to it then" Tommy clapped his hands and he shuffled his chair closer when Karl began solving and explaining the tasks. He was in the middle with both boys on either side listening closely.

It was a lot of text about the class and the topic they were studying and not that many of the tasks. So Tommy wrote the text down as Karl was reading it, tasks following.

They worked for about two hours and they were almost through 25 pages, Tommy still solving his part of 10 pages independently and Tubbo and Karl almost finishing the third pile of tasks. "My brain is rotting" Tommy sighed and slammed his head on the table.

"Maybe it's time we take a break?" The older boy suggested, stretching his hands over his head.

Tommy muttered a tired *'please'* his head still on the table, and Tubbo stood up "anyone want coffee?" Tommy lifted his head finally and said a more enthusiastic *'please!'*

Tommy stood up about to follow Tubbo to the kitchen, he stood up too quickly and swayed a little, gripping his chair like his life depended on it. *'Low iron fucks ass'* he put a hand over his eyes trying to rub away the dark spots.

"You good?" He felt a hand on his back, a sound of Karl's voice near his ears.

He quickly shifted out of his touch, too fast it seemed as spots formed in his vision once again "Just fine Big K, just maybe personal space okay" he tried to make his tone light, taking a step back and away from Karl. The warm touch burned hot on his back, tickling away at his skin.

Karl didn't seem to mind the comment, he was told by friends before that he was a little more touchy than most people. Rarely anyone minded but if they did he tried to respect that. He made a note in his head for Tommy.

Tommy saw Karl staring, he didn't *owe* him an explanation but seeing as he backed up and was not questioning him about it Tommy thought he'd be nice and give some sort of excuse "it's just' my blood pressure acting up" he waved him off and headed to the kitchen with Tubbo.

They drank their coffee and ate some biscuits Lori and Tubbo's mom made, Tommy as well, he was surprisingly, actually hungry. And the food settled in his stomach with a warm feeling.

—

Wilbur came home and was surprised to find the house empty, not a living soul. It wouldn't be weird if he came home last week to this, he was always the first one home, he and Techno had different schedules and Phil worked until late. But he didn't mind as he found comfort in the silence of the empty house.

Or at least that's what he thought. With the younger moving in he saw that not one moment with him was filled with silence. Tommy was hesitant to start talking at first but when he started *'boy he didn't shut off did he'* Wilbur thought.

But there he was, the house empty. *'Maybe he just has a longer schedule today'* he didn't dwell much on it as he headed to the kitchen and grab a bottle of water from the fridge.

An hour passed and the front door opened "Tommy?" Wilbur yelled.

Pink locks of hair made themselves shown at the door of the living room "Do I look like Tommy." Technoblade gestured to himself.

"What would you do if I said yes?" Wilbur asked a shit eating grin on his face.

"Shut up before I obliterate you guitar boy" Techno said throwing one of his beanies at him.

Wilbur shut up after that and Techno continued to speak "So Tommy hadn't come home yet I could guess" he said in a questioning manner

"No, I don't know where he is" Wilbur started fidget, Phil was again working late and Tommy was no where to be found so his mind started wondering to not the best places.

"Well I'm sure he'll come home soon, let's make something to eat alright?" Techno went to the

kitchen and started

—

After an hour more they were finally done with all the pages and it's tasks. Tommy didn't want to leave yet and be back at that strange house which he couldn't yet call home '*couldn't yet*' he surprised himself with that comment.

So he stayed, and Karl stayed, and they were having fun and playing Mario cart until the sun dipped below the horizon and the sky shined an azure blue colour Tommy never thought fit the space above their heads. It was beautiful because you didn't get to see it every day, that colour showed itself only when all the clouds had cleared in the sky and the temperature was one on the colder side. Tommy didn't know why it did, but it did, it was like a sunset for depressed people. An assuring blue as long as the eye can see.

He took the bus from Tubbos house to his neighbourhood. The bus was emptier and the streets it passed moved slower.

Tommy sent a quick text to Phil that he was on his way home as he exited onto the pavement. He looked at his wet shoes and then at the peaceful looking park. He finally got a chance to sit down in it and take a breather. A thick fog gathered in his head as he light up a smoke and stared at the dirt covered ground.

Tommy liked being alone, but he also didn't. When he found people he could hang with he felt happy, or he pretended to be happy.

He always put on a front for people, and for himself, his usual act of confidence and dramatic endeavours. It was easy '*well not easy, easier was a better word*' it made living easier, but problem with doing that was that when he laughed or smiled he couldn't tell if he was actually happy or just pretending. As the two seemed to have blended together, and he couldn't find where one ended and the other began.

*'Is that normal? Do other people do that?'* he found himself asking those questions to himself more than not.

*'If you were to strip that act off me, what would be left? My skin? My bones? An empty shell?'* his hands trembled from the cold '*or anxiety*' he couldn't tell, and he got a strong urge to hurt himself. To punish himself for pretending for not succeeding, in what he didn't know, '*home, when I get home*' he thought and got up.

So he got "*home*" and he said hi to Phil, and he said hi to the brothers. And he ate dinner, and when they asked him how his day was he responded with a '*fine*'. And no body asked for him when he went upstairs, and he didn't say to no one when he took the blade in his hands and locked the bathroom door.

"Did he seem off to you?" Wilbur asked his older brother.

Techno looked at him, shrugging. And they left it at that.

## Chapter End Notes

Real life school started again no more online, which sucks for me but it's good for the story as I can give more vivid descriptions of the dread that is school lol.

Also thank you all for the kind comments I am doing better I love you all 😊❤



# Friday

## Chapter Summary

Chill chapter, sorry for the wait

## Chapter Notes

Thank you for all the support and sorry for the wait, started using grammarly so there won't be any spelling mistakes from now on hopefully :D

<3

TW IMPLIED SELF HARM

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy went to school in one of his moods. He called them gray moods, like when he gazed at the cloudy skies. He was sure he would see the blue sky again but he didn't know if he could make it through all the rain and all the storms to see it.

So now he felt numb. And if you asked him, numb was a good thing, better than feeling anxious at least.

The somewhat calming presence of Tubbo was nowhere to be seen as he was out of school. He said, over text, that he caught a cold. He presumed he wouldn't be going today as well. It was a Friday thank God, a two-day break from the mental institution some call school.

*'Tubbo probably over exhausted himself Wednesday night'* Tommy thought during lunch break, which he spent alone outside the back entrance of the school. Burning through his pack of cigarettes like a chimney.

That day when he came home from school the house was empty. Which he didn't mind but still found quite odd. He bent over to untie his shoe laces, as soon as he crunched down he hissed. The rough denim of his pants brushed the now exposed wounds on his thighs. The plasters must've peeled off or something because he could now see darker patches of wetness emerging to the surface of his bottoms.

The jeans were colored black so he didn't mind the stains, but what he did mind was a stinging pain in his legs and fear of infection. He rushed into the downstairs bathroom to re-apply plasters. No matter how much he liked to use his body like a cutting board and bring pain to himself, he didn't want to get an infection, *'again.'*

Infections, like most stuff in his life, he couldn't control, and he found that out the hard way.

Once, he ran away from the couple adopting him and ended up living on the streets. In hindsight, it was a dumb decision. No matter how much the fighting couple would bring him mental suffering with yelling sessions almost every day, no matter how much they neglected him besides those times, it was probably better than what he experienced as an 11-year-old in the streets.

Where he slept on a cardboard box on a filthy street and cut himself with a pencil sharpener from his book bag, where he cleaned his wounds with the same old bloody t-shirt every time.

It was not worth all the suffering he brought upon himself. And it was definitely not worth the blood poisoning he got from the infected wounds, which made him pass out in the middle of the street. A normal person would be grateful that they passed out on such a busy street where they brought him to the hospital right away, and back into the foster system. A normal person probably would be grateful.

But not Tommy. At that moment where he woke up on a clean sterile bed in the hospital, he cried. And he cried, and cried, and cursed God which decided he was not to die yet. He cursed God and himself all night, begging to be free of his suffering.

The wish was not granted. And when he tried to grant it himself they locked him in the hospital under suicide watch until he pretended like he wasn't going to split his wrists open the moment he got out. So they let him out, and into the new home.

Tommy shook his head from the memory, the long, thick risen line of scar tissue on his left wrist ached. He grabbed it and squeezed it, wishing the pain away. Tommy didn't believe in God after that, if he even existed at all he was one cruel bastard for giving him the life he has now.

He gave up trying to win his favor, and he gave up trying to end his suffering through means of suicide. *'At least for now'*

Some part of him really did want to live, just to spite those people who hated him and wanted him to die oh so much.

He was lost in his thoughts until the red liquid began to actively seep out of the fabric and taint his fingers red. When he took them off cleaned the scrambled mess of his thighs and put new plasters on. He even found a sterile gaze this time, which made dressing his wounds easier.

He then went upstairs to change into some not-bloody pair of pants and throw the jeans into washing. When he was done he went to lock his door and take a nap. He reached for the key to lock the door, Phil had given it to him the second day of his stay there with a speech "I trust you to have this key and I trust you to trust us blah blah blah..." Whilst locking the door he thought about it a little.

Tommy had a lock on the door, and he had a key. And that didn't add up, usually, his foster room didn't have a key or there were... *two keys*.

He thought as he unlocked the door and stepped out and went downstairs. In search of the second key.

*'As long as they had another key to his bedroom the lock by itself was useless.'*

He searched through tens of little cabinets and drawers in the main rooms on the first floor of the house. The bedrooms were next in line to be searched. He tried knobs in order. Technoblade's and Wilbur's rooms were locked *'No surprise there'*, but Phil's bedroom was unlocked *'Now that's surprising'* he thought as he entered.

Even if it wasn't unlocked Tommy was gonna come in one way or the other, this just made things easier.

He spotted a work table littered with papers and ink stains, and below it two cabinets "jackpot" he said out loud and went to work rummaging through them. The far bottom left drawer was locked. But Tommy took two of Techno's hairpins *'from which I had to take out long pink strands of hair from ew'* and went to work on the lock.

He sat cross-legged on the floor fiddling with the pins, it took about ten minutes and one broken pin to unlock it, the little locks were the most pain in the ass. But finally when the lock, and the drawer, submitted and opened he let out a small happy noise of triumph.

The drawer was full of notebooks, stamps, and what he was searching for *'keys'*. He found the key that looked identical to his own. He was about to reach for the notebooks and folded papers to see what they were about when he heard the front door opening.

His heartbeat quickened and he sprung to his feet. Quickly closing all the drawers and running out of the room. He was closing the door, his hand on the silver doorknob when a large figure appeared merging from the stairs.

"What are you doing?"

It was Technoblade approaching him, Tommy tried to seem casual "Oh hey Big T how's it going, didn't know you were home" he said putting on a big grin, hoping Techno couldn't hear the pounding in his chest, or the shaking of his hands.

"I am now, what are you doing at Phil's bedroom" he asked grimly, a frown on his face.

*'think fast, think fast, think fast'* he spoke "I was-" then coughed, hoping to stop his voice from quivering "-going to ask him if he has a charger I could borrow" *'idiot, idiot such a dumb lie, stupid'*

"He's not home yet" Techno crossed his arms and stood in his way of escape.

"Oh, he's not?" Tommy asked, gulping.

"No." Techno squinted his eyes and stared at the boy in front of him.

"Well then, I guess I'll ask him later then." Tommy maneuvered around the tall Pinkette and reared into his room "lovely talking to you, I'm gonna take a nap" he said and shut the door before the other could respond.

-

Tommy shut the door and slid down it, the trembling hand reaching for the pocket of his sweats to fish out the other key. Which, when he finally found it in himself to stand up, hid below the mattress. His chest burned and weight heavy even after stilling his breath to a normal rate.

In the next few hours the sun had set and he heard all the house's members coming home one by one. He just stayed in bed lying on his side, staring at his phone but not really processing anything.

Every time steps were heard outside his door he froze up, he locked it he was sure but his heart still went to his throat non the less.

At some point, he didn't know when he situated himself under his desk, in a space covered by the closet, making a small dark corner in which to hide. If you entered the room, at first sight you couldn't see him. Only on closer inspection you could catch sight of a small balled-up boy hiding under there.

He was smoking a cigarette and flicking off the ash into a half-full glass of water by his side. His knees were drawn up to his chest, his head laying limply on them.

The blond heard another pair of approaching footsteps at his door, and then a knock. He didn't flinch and drop his burning stick of nicotine on his leg this time, he stayed absolutely still when the familiar voice echoed through the room.

"Hey Tommy, dinners ready" Phil called out.

Tommy stayed quiet, the only sound being his heart and the sizzling of the cigarette being dropped into the water.

"Tommy?" Phil tried coming in but the lock stopped him. "I-uh, I'm going to leave your plate on the counter okay?" And then he walked off.

Tommy wasn't in the mood to talk or eat for that matter right now. He moved to the window to let some air in, his eyes began to inch and turn red from the smoke. He once again swung his legs across the building and lit up another one, he inhaled it wrong and his throat was already sore from the small cold he developing and abusing his lungs with the nicotine substance.

So he coughed and tasted blood on his tongue, but he didn't mind it so much it was only the sign of a sore throat.

He could practically feel his tongue scraping against the back of his throat.

He could feel the cold air running fingers through his blond locks, and the chill running down his exposed arms. Tommy could hear the chatter coming from the downstairs dining table, the loud talking of the second eldest, and the grim voice of the oldest adding snarky remarks.

It was only when he heard the chatter quiet and footsteps coming back upstairs that he shut the window and returned to his place underneath the desk. The sounds of doors shutting the next room over he didn't pay much attention to.

In contrast to the cold weather, his head was hot and the chattered skin on his hands and fingers burned. He shuffled himself closer to the cold wall, resting his boiling forehead on it.

And he slowed his breathing and enjoyed the silence surrounding him. Or he thought.

After not 3 minutes of silence he heard a murmur. A sound, accompanied by a quiet melody.

He couldn't put a name on the voice right away, his head was filled with mist and it was hard to see. Upon listening to the voice a few more moments he could put a name on it.

*'Wilbur'*

His voice was smooth and not as deep as some residents of the household, and had a noticeable, distinct, British accent in his speech. And was accompanied with gentle strums of some kind of a guitar.

Tommy didn't know Wilbur knew how to play, much less how to sing. The static in his ears was overshadowed by the melody.

He heard Wilbur tuning in the guitar, and after few moments start to resume playing the song of the melody. The song started with the switching of the strings and repeating the same strumming pattern, the curly-haired demon Tommy knew as Wilbur soon started singing.

*"You know it takes a lot to move me  
So if you figure it out  
Tell me~"*

The soothing voice overfilled the static in his ears completely, leaving only the words to echo through.

*"I'll trace figures on your smile lines  
Work out formulae to cure me  
And I'm lonely~"*

It was weird hearing such words come out of the other's mouth, as Tommy only known him as a lively lanky character who made his days here only a little bit more difficult.

*"Nine million people  
I always seem to add them up  
I could go away~"*

Tommy started humming along, what he could hum along through his stuffy nose at least.

*"I could pack my things and be gone before you wake~"*

Memories of late nights and early mornings where his skin was the same color of the rising sun sky. Memories of his sprained ankles jumping out of the window and landing on muddy ground. Tommy stopped humming, eyes wide and staring at the wall in front of him.

*"You know I've tried hard to love me too  
It always seems to fall in, through~"*

*'i've tried hard to love me too'*

-a lump formed in his throat, but Wilbur kept strumming.

*"Maybe one day I'll live in La Jolla~  
Drinking cocktails out over the water  
My own personal sunset~"*

*"To give each day its own diploma  
But you know it's funny?~"*

Tommy didn't find this song the least bit funny. He found it especially sad, knowing that Wilbur,

too, came from the foster system.

*"In midnight backseat taxi jaunts  
I'm trying to ignore the skyline  
So I don't figure out where you-"*

And then he stopped singing with ragged breath and soft melodies continuing. Tommy listened and waited for the rest, but the rest didn't come. The song sounded almost unfinished, the unfinished symphony the boy thought of, a title that suited it well.

Once the strumming of the 'acoustic?' guitar vanished Tommy lifted his cramped feet from the ground and walked, or more stumbled, to his bed. Hearing not whatever song Will was playing next.

He threw himself on the bed. With eyes heavy, he tried to swallow the rock that formed itself in his throat, unbeknownst to why.

The feeling of wanting to cry formed itself stronger than before. But none the less only a tear dropped down his cheek and onto the blue sheets before the tired blue-eyed teen fell asleep.

-

Techno changed and came about to the living room, he wasn't the first one home as he thought. He found his interaction with Tommy weird, but then again he found most of the interactions with the younger weird.

Tommy wasn't someone Phil had taken in on a whim. Techno knew that he was looking in to foster another kid months before the blond arrived at their household. Other than having a spare bedroom Techno didn't know the reasons for fostering, much less adopting another child.

He thought their family was perfect as it is. One single father, who worked a little too much for his liking, but knew he loved them to bits. And one younger brother for who he was sure would be the end of him, but still found his presence comforting. And with him as the oldest child, the family was whole, he didn't mind that he didn't have a mother, as long as he had the other two. That was enough for him.

So why Tommy, did they really need the loud, annoying, child with a nicotine addiction? He couldn't find a reason for another family member, much less why that member couldn't have been a dog, or a cat, and not someone along the lines of Tommy. The two were polar opposites in everything from personality to look. Thoughts of

*'Weren't Will and I enough for Phil?'*

and, *'Wasn't I enough for him, for them?'*

and most importantly *'Am I not enough?'*

He was too lost in thought to hear the door opening and the tall figure appearing. A hand was thrown around his shoulders and he was snapped out of it.

"Ayup mate," the person said

"What you do staring at the turned-off telly like that?"

Techno looked to his surroundings and found himself holding a remote and staring at the black, dead screen. Then he looked over his shoulder and found his brother looking back at him, a faint smell of smoke and coffee coming from him.

Techno didn't particularly like that his brother was smoking, but if it made him calm down when he needed he couldn't do anything about him. He wasn't going to tell Phil like he wanted to the first time he caught him doing it as it would ruin the trust established between them.

"No reason" he shook him off his back "you smell like smoke" Techno continued.

Wilbur grabbed a handful of his sweater and brought it to his face "I do?" he questioned.

"Nice to know that not only your sense of taste is fucked but your sense of smell is too" Techno laughed when the other flipped him off.

Wilbur turned around and started taking his black coat off "Dad home?" he questioned and walked around to the hanger in the hall.

"No, just Tommy and me" Techno huffed, turning on the tv.

Wilbur peered his head into the kitchen and then back to the living room "Where is the little gremlin?"

"Napping or something," Techno said putting on the Doctor Who episode which was running on one of the channels.

"I didn't see him almost at all last two days" Wilbur hummed and plopped down on the sofa next to Techno.



"Who knows, maybe he's on his period or something," Techno remarked, and Wilbur laughed

"Don't tell me we'll have to lure him out of the room with promises of chocolates and foot massages" Wilbur added to the bit.

"God I hope not." The pink-haired teen said shockingly "but all jokes aside he did act a bit weird when I saw him earlier."

"Weird how?"

"He was standing in front of dad's room and when I asked him what he was doing there he made put on this big smile and said that he was looking for a charger" Techno gestured with his hands. "And when I said that Phil wasn't home he fled to his room."

Wilbur's face pulled into a slight frown, remembering past experiences with fosters "You're right that is weird" he sighed and rubbed his eyes "We'll talk to Phil about it when he comes home okay?"

"M-kay" Techno said, arms crossed and eyes glued to the screen.

Wilbur then stretched his legs, like an ostrich would, and threw his hands in the air hearing his back pop. And then got up with a huff "Imma go shower then" and with that left the room.

-

When he came out of the shower, fully clothed in his gray jumper and sweats, Phil was home and dinner was almost ready. He passed Tommy's room, it was just as quiet as it was an hour ago when he came upstairs. He rubbed clean his glasses with whom, he replaced the scratchy lenses he had been wearing the whole day. Ans then descended down the stairs.

A wonderful smell of fish and chips Phil made every Friday filled his nostrils. And he almost began drooling right then and there "Eloo" he said to the older man, looking over his shoulder.

"Hi Will, how was school mate?" Phil questioned his son.

"It was alright, I got an A from my geography essay on *Principality of Sealand* and a B from maths test" Wilbur took out the plates and began to set the table.

"That's wonderful Will, good job!" Phil said "Well dinner's almost ready, I'm going to go get Tommy"

"I think he's asleep," Wilbur told him

"I'm going to go check anyway, you call your brother alright?" Phil said and went to the second floor.

-

"He's asleep" Phil said sitting down at the table.

"Told ya" Will replied to his father, and began to put fish, salad, and fries on his plate.

Phil took the plate that was supposed to be Tommy's and put a portion of the food on it, for when he woke up. And when he finished wrapping it in the see-through plastic wrap he began putting his own share and chatting with the boys.

Techno liked the atmosphere, Phil being home and talking with them. In the last week, the only things he was focusing on were work and Tommy. Now, Technoblade wouldn't say that he was jealous, not at all.

*An obvious lie if you asked Wilbur,*

But he was glad that he had some of the man's attention to himself. He liked spending time with his dad and he didn't want things to change, not one bit. So he savored the moment spent with his family, they could talk about the gremlin child tomorrow.

## Chapter End Notes

Hello dear readers, I wanted to say, I know most of the people reading this fic (fics like this) are often the ones dealing with: self harm, depression and suicidal thoughts and read the fics like a coping mechanism. I started writing to express those thoughts and cope in a better way. With this work i do not mean to glorify the unhealthy coping mechanisms, rather to try to deal with them and write characters who overcome them. I'm really sorry if you're dealing with some of the mentioned themes and hope you seek professional help, and if not i hope that this fic brings you at least a little bit of comfort.

# Saturdays are fun

## Chapter Summary

It gets interesting from here on out

## Chapter Notes

### TW WARNING FOR DISSORDERED EATING

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy woke up with a headache and a soreness in his throat, which was worsened by the nasty taste of cigarette smoke on his tongue *'i should stop smoking before bed'* he thought as he got up.

His vision swayed and he almost fell back to the mattress *'what day is it, what time?'* he ran a hand through his greasy hair *'ew I should really shower'*

He took a change of clothes and headed for the bathroom, passing the clock which read *12:14*

Once he got inside he was too tired to actually take a shower opting to do it later. He brushed his face and teeth and headed downstairs hoping to make himself a cup of tea for his sore throat.

When he got downstairs Phil was drinking a cup of joe in the yard and reading a thick work of literature. *'I wonder what kind of books does Phil read'* Tommy thought when he got over to the glass door.

"Morning Phil," he said, voice scratchy and hoarse.

The man looked over his shoulder and shut the book *'The Teenage brain'*, its hard blue cover made a plop sound. On closer inspection, the man was wearing a pair of comfortable blue pants and a dark green cardigan over a gray shirt.

"Oh hey morning champ, you skipped breakfast this morning want me to make you something?" Phil said getting up and entering the house.

"No thanks, I'll just make some tea if I can" Tommy stood crossing his hands over his middle part, head hung low, a muted-red, zip-up hoodie covering his hair.

"Okay well lunch is in a few hours anyway, the tea's in that cabinet over there" he pointed to the polished overhead cabinet to his right.

"Thanks," Tommy said, heating the water. Debating over a green or a black tea. Choosing Earl Gray, black tea in the end. He opened the cardboard box and smelled the aroma, although he could sense barely anything. *'Did it expire?'* he wondered when he searching for the expiration date *'oh whatever'* he thought as he poured the boiling hot water into the cup.

He took the cup in his hands and went over to sit at the bar stool, he took notice of the lack of noise "where's everyone?" He asked Phil who was rinsing his cup.

"Oh, the boys went to buy hair dye" he hummed and looked at the teen who was sitting on the bar stool, one leg drawn to his chest.

"Hair dye? For who?" he looked up from the penny brown liquid in the porcelain mug.

"For Techno?" Phil said it like it was something obvious.

Well, to be fair, pink wasn't a natural hair color if you ask Tommy, or anybody for that matter "oh, right" he said like an afterthought.

"So Tommy," Phil spoke again

"Yeah?"

"I have to settle some things with your previous foster home so I'll be making a trip there tomorrow" he stopped and took a sip of the now cold coffee "Would you fancy accompanying me? See your friends?"

Tommy had been there for little over a week in the Watson residence, but it felt like it had been forever. "Yeah, of course!" He said, tone more energetic than he expected.

"Great! We'll be going somewhere around noon? More or less"

"Okay, I'll be ready then!" He said and took few big gulps of tea.

Soon he came to rest in his room, getting started on the homework now, feeling more energized.

—

Wilbur and Techno colonized the bathroom. Loud singing of the band "*Los Campesinos*" could be heard from the speakers, the song currently playing was '*There are listed buildings*' or Tommy would guess from the loud shouting from the speakers.

"What. The. Fuck." He said when he witnessed the scene: Techno was in an old green shirt colored with splotches of pink, as was his hair and neck.

Wilbur, on the other hand, was elbow-deep colored in an almost neon pink hair color. Patches of paint on his face and eyebrow.

"What? Never seen a guy coloring his hair?" Wilbur put one pink hand on his hip, posing dramatically.

"Coloring hair? It looks like you killed a unicorn in here" Tommy laughed

Techno looked from his brother to himself, then to Tommy, and then back to Wilbur "The guys right" he finally said.

Wilbur picked up the paintbrush again "practice makes perfect" he said nonchalantly

"Well it's been three years since you started to color my hair, I think you're just a lost cause at this point." Techno got up from his spot on the floor and started washing off any stray patches of dye

that made it on his forehead.

"Hey! Well- um- *you're PINK*" Wilbur stuttered.

"Yeah, it's almost like that's the whole point" Techno laughed.

Tommy watched the interaction, it was as domestic as one's hair coloring could get. He looked at the two brothers joking around and immediately felt like an outsider, like he often did in new households. He, then soon snapped out of it, and was reminded of why he had come here in the first place

"Well, I have to take a piss, so unless you fuckers want to watch..." He pointed to the hallway.

Wilbur looked at the pink stained bathroom, dirty towels on the floor, and toxic dye in the sink "yeah, you're gonna have to wait a little" he began dying another lock of hair.

"Use the downstairs" Techno huffed, sitting on the floor once again.

"Fine" Tommy did through clenched teeth and did as he had been instructed so.

When he came out he saw Phil preparing lunch, when he spotted him also he called out "Get the boys, dinner will be in a few" he was taking a turkey out of the oven and it smelled heavenly. But it shined with turkey grease and made his stomach churn all the more.

"Dinner or whatever" Tommy announced and went to sit on his bed, the door open so he could hear Phil when he called for them.

Soon they all came down. Tommy could barely stomach some white breast and salad, leaving most of his plate full. Feeling nauseous and sick. While he pushed the greasy food on his plate around the family chatted.

And while they did Tommy was once again lost in thought *'I wonder how everyone's doing back at home'* and *'i'm going to find out soon anyway'* he grimly took another big gulp of water from his glass.

His head was covered in a cold sweat when his stomach started genuinely hurting. He got up and asked, "can I be excused?" And was already getting up.

"No you may not," Phil said firmly.

"What? Why?" He asked surprised, the man hadn't spoken to him in that tone before. Not that Tommy didn't already know, it was going to happen.

"You barely touched your food" Phil pointed to his plate

"I'm not hungry." Tommy said equally firm.

"I don't care, you're not leaving until you eat half of it at least"

Tommy was about to review the man once again but he got another sharp strike of pain in his stomach. He didn't think he would make it far up the stairs now even if he got up.

So they sat there, the brothers slowly leaving the table as they finished their meals. Sensing the tension in the air, every so often after they would peer their head out of the kitchen door to check on the situation.

And Phil and Tommy sat there until the food went cold, Tommy did eat a few more bites than he wanted to, getting through about a third of his meal until he felt his insides bark in protest. "I can't"

He put down the fork in his hand "I can't anymore." He said voice wobbly.

Phil stared at him and his plate "Come on mate just a little more"

Tommy gulped and said, tone even more insecure "Phil, please."

That comment seemed to get to the man as he sighed and picked up the plate "Okay Tommy, you can go now"

Just as he was about to walk out Phil added "I'll need to talk to you when you have time okay?" He was looking with his blue orbs to Tommy's own, seeing as it was not a question but a command, he



answered.

"Okay"

Tommy headed for the stairs and to the bathroom when he saw Will at the bottom of them staring up at him. "What?" He asked tone angry.

"I was um-" Will stuttered clearly not expecting to be caught.

"You were what? Eavesdropping?" He said accusingly.

It was 100% what Wilbur was doing but he wasn't about to tell Tommy that. "I was just wondering if you were doing okay," he asked standing up. Holding his hands open as expecting Tommy to hug him.

"I *would* be fine, if you people stayed *out* of my *fucking business!*" He threw his hands in the air, shouting.

Not surprisingly, Phil appeared at the door "Everything okay here?"

Tommy suddenly felt cornered "Everything's *just fine*" he glared at Wilbur, eyebrows furrowed deeply as he pushed him out of the way and rushed upstairs.

—

Wilbur had been listening in on the interaction. Although so had Techno, but to be fair, he did give

up about 20 minutes in. Opting it more interesting to play Minecraft. Will, on the other hand, was noisier than his older brother and more curious of the outcome.

He was wondering when Phil would finally have this conversation with him, seeing as the subtle approach didn't work. Just when Wil thought things were gonna escalate Phil let him go and Tommy ran into him.

The blond had an angry but hurt look on his face, resembling the one of a child throwing a temper tantrum. Apart from his angry expression, the other's appearance bothered him more: Tommy's hair was a real mess, not brushed and dirty, his skin was pale and clammy in contrast to the bluish eye bags extending to half of his cheeks. His hands were shaking although Wilbur didn't know if it was from tiredness or anger.

He was looking at him, and everything happened fast from that point "What" Tommy barked at him.

"I was um-" taken back by the tone Wilbur lost his words.

"You were what? Eavesdropping?" Tommy continued crossing his arms and standing straight.

Wil took another look at the boy's appearance as he stood up, and opened up his arms. "I was just wondering if you were doing okay" he said. He knew how hard it was talking about one's feelings and how frustrating it can be.

"I would be fine, if you people stayed out of my fucking business!" Tommy shouted and Wilbur was sure he wasn't going to accept the hug. Phil looked out the door at the two and asked if everything was alright.

Tommy then begrudgingly answered and showed Wilbur out of his way. Leaving the two Watson's standing there.

"Sooo-" Wilbur started, not knowing what to say. "What a coincidence meeting you here" he said standing on the end of his heels.

"Wilbur, you know you're not supposed to eavesdrop." Phil said crossing his arms.

"Whaaaat? ME?! No, I wouldn't" he said, voice laced with sarcasm.

Phil gave him *'the look'* he got when he was bullshitting. "Okay sorry sorry, I was just curious"

The blond man sighed and said "I know son, I'm curious too, but things like this take time" he rubbed his forehead.

"I-.." he continued not knowing if he should say. "I'm actually going to his old foster with him tomorrow so I can get his file.."

He looked away feeling guilty "I wasn't going to previously, but some events led me to believe it's better to know what I'm dealing with-"

He paused, searching for the words "-or better, what's he been dealing with."

"Oh," Will said feeling awkward. "Can't they just e-mail it to you or something?" He asked pointing out the obvious

"They can, but I wanted to have a word with the social worker and ask about some things" he explained.

"Makes sense I guess" Wilbur said.

Tommy ran upstairs leaving the two men behind. He threw open the bathroom door, seeing no one else inside *'thank fuck'* the house was a little bit too cramped at times if you asked Tommy.

His stomach grumbled another hard shake and made Tommy fall to his knees. He was laying in the fetal position on the bathroom floor, a second more and his hands were on the white porcelain toilet. His bangs sticking to his forehead as he threw up his dinner inside the white bowl.

He was ugly crying in the toilet water. He didn't want to throw it up, he really didn't, but his body just rejected it. He felt awful and angry at Phil for making him eat more than he could handle. The day was already awful as it was, he had a splitting headache since morning and was feeling all sweaty and cold at the same time.

Soon when he was just dry heaving in the toilet, the contents of his stomach empty. He spat some dripping saliva inside of it, trying to get rid of the acidic taste in his mouth. He looked at the few green leaves of salad floating in the dirty water and he almost began dry heaving again. He flushed the john and lay on the blue-tiled floor once more.

He lay there for what seemed like an eternity, but in reality, couldn't have been more than a few minutes. He was seeing spots in his vision and small sparkles of white, passing like glitter in the air.

*'i should probably shower now'* he shed all of his clothing in the puddle on the floor *'disgusting'* he thought. Unsure if he was talking to the clothes on the floor or his reflection in the mirror.

He sat crouched in the bath, feeling too weak to stand. When he finally turned on the lukewarm water he already felt better. It was the first shower he took in three days, being holed up in his room and all.

Small droplets of water hit his sweaty forehead and brushed off his bangs to his side. His crying had wound down, leaving him only with a sore throat and regret in his gut. He showered, feeling a little less mistake the more water dripped down his skin.

Cuts on his thighs ached but he didn't mind them, what was done was done now *'fuck it'* he brushed his hands over his eyes and face, trying to relieve some stress before he got out.

When he stepped out of the steam-filled bathroom and to his bedroom it didn't feel like he was there. He knew what happened and how it felt but it didn't feel like it had happened to him. The already distant memory remained.

He didn't know how much time passed before someone knocked on his door. Forgetting to lock it the person came inside before Tommy could respond.

Tommy was doing his chemistry homework when Phil came inside with a serious look on his face

"Tommy can you come with me, we have to talk" Phil gestured and Tommy reluctantly followed.

They walked to Phil's bedroom slash office. The bedroom part of it made Tommy squirm a little.

The room was just as Tommy had left it a previous day, except a gray folding chair. Which reminded Tommy of those in Sunday mass when they didn't have enough chairs for old people.

Phil didn't invite him to sit through, behind one cabinet he pulled out a weight scale, placing it on the floor

"Can you please stand on it"

Tommy looked at him, offended by the notion. "Look Phil, I don't know what you're trying to pull here but I'm not some depressed anorexic teen girl you have to take care of okay? I'm fine!"

He stood there arms crossed and unmoving. "I can take care of myself" he added, but was quickly shut up by Phil's expression.

"Okay, please sit down then" the scale remained on the floor beside him, he refused to look at it, not liking the memories it brought back to him.

"Tommy, I'm just worried." Phil explained, arms clasped and turning white, he was looking him straight in the eyes.

"You have nothing to worry about. I don't know why we're even having this conversation!" Tommy turned his head away from his gaze.

"If there's nothing wrong then you won't mind standing on it, right?" Phil pointed to the digital scale.

Tommy gulped and got up, gingerly he took

one finger,

then a foot,

and then another.

Until he was standing on it with his full weight. The scale turned on and began flying over numbers.

Tommy's eyes were focused on the numbers registering and passing '*30,40,45,50 oh god*' it finally stopped on 55.1 kilograms. He shook his head out of the daze.

"There, no problem, can I go now?" Phil was stood up and watching over his shoulder.

"Not yet, how tall are you?" Tommy was getting off the scale not looking at the numbers

"I uh donno, about 176 centimetres " Phil sighed in obvious frustration and what Tommy could tell was '*worry?*' '*no, I must be mistaken, he'll probably call me fat just like-*'

"Tommy" Phil continued speaking, stopping his train of thought "you are severely underweight, I don't know how you can call that fine?"

Tommy didn't see anything wrong with that, the scale was surely lying. Or Phil calculated it wrong, Tommy was *okay*. Needless to say, he stayed quiet, not looking in Phil's direction.

"Eating disorder isn't something that affects only females but it can affect males too, Tommy it's okay to admit that you're not okay-"

Tommy snapped at that term '*Eating disorder*', a *disorder*? he was perfectly fine he didn't have any disorder.

"I do not have a fuckin- fucking- *EATING DISORDER* PHIL!" He screamed, nothing was wrong with him he was okay, they're lying.

"WHY DON'T YOU STAY OF MY FUCKING BUSINESS FOR ONE FUCKING MINUTE OKAY?!" he continued. He was sure the whole neighborhood could hear him but he didn't care,

"I'M *FINE*, YOU DON'T KNOW A *FUCKING THING* OKAY? SO DON'T **PRETEND** LIKE YOU *CARE*!" Phil stood up, and Tommy was fully expecting the older to hit him, so he voiced his concerns "what are you gonna do? **Hit me?**" He growled, his face close to Phil's.

Phil wore a calm expression on his face, he tried reaching his hand to Tommy's shoulder but he moved out of the way. So it stood limp by his side

"No, no Tommy I am not going to hit you." he assured in a calm tone.

Which made Tommy stop in surprise and take another step back as Phil continued to speak "Did-  
did any of the other fosters hit you before?" He asked cautiously.

Tommy huffed and sat in the seat once again "No." both of them knew it was a lie, especially when they were aware of the bruises that still reminded on Tommy's chest.

Phil sat down in front of him again "Tommy, let's try this again. I'm worried you aren't eating enough as it is."

Tommy scoffed in disapproval "I can-"

"-take care of yourself, I know." Phil cut him off, " But do you think you could work with me for a little while until you gain some weight? Hm, what do you think about that."

Phil began writing something on a piece of paper, showing it off to Tommy. "We could make a meal plan together" he pointed.

Tommy thought about it for a little while, if it would get the old man off his back... "Okay," he said and got on his feet. "I'm going to go now, I'm tired" he reached for the door.

"-Just one more thing Tommy" The older put the pen and paper on his desk, one hand remaining there when he got up. The second extending towards Tommy "You can always talk to me, okay?"

Tommy nodded weakly and went out, shutting the door to the man's bedroom.

*'like hell I will'*

## Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the wait, spring break is here so next ch might be sooner than you think.

Also happy Easter for all of you who are celebrating it!

Also thank you all dear readers for kind comments and kudos ur all so kind <3





# Coffee and waffles

## Chapter Summary

Morning after

## Chapter Notes

I intended to fit the road trip in this chapter but it was getting too long, also i just like Tommy playing the piano sorry if it was too descriptive for nothing

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy went to bed earlier than he intended to that morning, although he expected to be tired all day he didn't expect to be emotionally drained as he was when he went to sleep that Saturday evening.

He was to prepare to go on the three-hour trip with Phil the next day, but he dreaded the thought of being cramped in the car with the man for a long amount of time. Especially after what went down yesterday, or '*the dinner fiasco*', the name that suited it well. He was debating calling it the dinner '*fiasco*' or '*incident*' when he began drifting into sleep.

—

Phil woke up with a familiar headache he felt creeping on him from last night. He had hoped the talk to go better, and to do it in different circumstances. But he was reaching the max capacity of Tommy's bullshitting.

He thought that he learned some stuff when Wilbur was having self-image problems. But those skills seemed to disappear when push came to shove. He was sitting with his head in his hands on the sofa in the Living room when Techno came downstairs, rummaging through the fridge.

It was about 5.a.m. and Phil was sure he didn't just '*get up early*' from the prominent bags underneath his eyes, which resembled his own. When the two pairs of eyes met Techno spoke "-

good morning?"

"You didn't sleep did you?" Phil said shuffling out a chuckle.

"Well you don't look so fancy yourself Phil," Techno said in a sassy tone getting chips from the cabinet.

The blond rubbed the back of his head "I know" he sighed heavier.

Techno went over to sit beside him when the green-robed man began to speak. "Techno?"

"Hm?"

"Do you- do you think I'm a good dad?" His voice wobbled a little at the end. And the sound made Techno's heartbreak.

"Of course I do Phil" he put a hand on the back of his hunched-over father.

"I just, I just feel like I'm not doing *enough*" he stuttered like he often did when he wasn't sure of himself.

Techno rubbed circles on his back letting the man continue "I feel like I could be doing more...

...like I could be a better dad" he shielded his eyes with the heels of his palms. Stopping any threatening tears from pouring out.

Techno stopped at that. Sure, he's seen Phil cry before, but it didn't hurt him any less to see it happening again. He resented Tommy a little more for making his father fall apart like this "No Phil, stop." He took hold of his shoulders and made him look him in the eye "Listen, you're the best dad I could've ever wished for, and then more"

Phil smiled at that, he was about to respond when Techno hugged him and continued, "Tommy well, he just needs a little bit more time okay? Remember what it was like when Wilbur joined us?"

Phil hugged his son back "I do remember" he remembered every second of shouting matches where neither of them had won, he remembered when Wilbur told him his first, and last, *'I hate you'* which was full of venom and hurt. He remembered many sleepless nights where he spent staring at his ceiling, wondering what he had done wrong. Wondering how he could help the boy, to understand him better, to love him better.

And, in the end, with lots of time, and care. They became a family, and they stayed that way, and will for a long time. Until they have no time left, that is.

Phil sniffled one last time and put a caring hand on his son's head "Thank you Techno" he laughed "I really needed to hear that" he let go of the hug

"My boy, all grown up, mature n'shit" he pinched his cheek.

"Daaaaadd" Techno swatted him away.

"Okay okay, well I think I'm going to catch a few more hours of sleep, and I think that you should also" he pointed a finger at his son. It was still very dark outside and was not the time to be awake.

"Kay dad" they both went upstairs and to their resigned rooms.

—

The sun shined bright, and as much as Tommy liked to see it usually, this time it only seemed cruel. Like it was mocking him, saying how a wonderful day it was and how shitty he was feeling nonetheless. The house was quiet once again, he couldn't even hear Phil cooking downstairs. Which was very unusual.

The clock read 07:12 and Tommy knew it was way too early to be awake. The only reason he was awake was because a stuffy nose had left him unable to breathe laying down. The headache, although better, didn't go away. He groaned and ran a hand through his gold locks.

But he remembered what day it was and soon dragged himself out of bed, regardless of how much his muscles screamed in protest. He wanted nothing more than to lay in bed the whole day, doing nothing.

It was Sunday and it was the day when he went back to the group home. Yeah, Phil had said they were only visiting but you can never know with fosters. They tell one thing and do another.

He wasn't sure he was leaving, it would be a very short time, not the shortest he'd been in a home, but still short. He really shouldn't be that surprised, after the fiasco last evening, it was sure to happen sooner or later.

Tommy was actually a little sad. He didn't get to say goodbye to Tubbo, or to hand in the homework he and Karl had worked so hard on. As he packed his books and all the clothes he could fit in the run-down backpack.

But it was probably for the better, leaving before stuff got complicated. And complicated usually meant worse in his case.

Then again maybe he was getting ahead of himself, maybe Phil wasn't going to throw him out just yet. His consciousness was running in circles of *'i want to go, it'll be better if I go'* and *'they're already sending me away, nothing I can do now'* and *'maybe I don't want to go, maybe Phil wasn't lying, maybe they're not sending me away'*

He was spiraling pretty badly and his heart was speeding up. He felt like his skin was peeling from his body like old wallpaper peeled from the wall. A pricking beneath muscles worsened until he slammed his hand against the floor with a loud bang.

He snapped out of it, instead, focusing on the pain. He did it a few more times until he feared he was becoming too loud for other household members to hear.

When he first started doing this, hitting his fist against any hard surface, his knuckles became blue and sometimes bloodied. Most times they would be swollen and hurt to the touch. Now, over time, they just hurt the moment he hit them, they wouldn't be swollen or blue anymore. Over time, the skin over them hardened and became tough. So almost no effect could be seen. It was also a very good method for Tommy to sober up when he started spiraling.

He looked at his hand, chipped white skin looked the same as it was before, maybe if a little redder. It ached slightly when he moved, but the feeling quickly numbed.

He shook his hand and went to get up, and got ready for the day. Showered once again, shaved for the first time in a week. Which left his neck sensitive and pink because he sucks at shaving. And at last, went downstairs.

Seeing as no one was awake once again, not even Phil, which was quite unusual. Tommy went to the back yard to light one, as to replace the meal he disposed of yesterday. His stomach began growling loudly and his headache became worse.

He didn't care if the ground was damp, he stepped out with socked feet, which quickly became damp as well. He sat on the patio with his feet on the ground, little out of the view of the sliding glass doors of the back yard. Just so he can see if anyone came into the kitchen and so they couldn't see him.

He opened up the box of Marlboro reds and took one cigarette out *'just three left... I'm gonna have to buy new ones soon'* he thought as he searched for a lighter. He sat there for about 20 minutes, smoking the rest of the pack.

Around half-past seven Tommy got up in a search for something for his headache. Rummaging the bathroom cabinets he found an aspirin *'better something than nothing'* he thought and dropped it in a glass of water.

After he drank it he made himself a cup of instant coffee and went to the living room. He turned on the TV, with low volume, and watched some nature documentary.

The teen wrapped himself in the already familiar blanket and sipped on the beverage.

Over the next hour the documentary grew boring, and so Tommy grew more bored as well. He looked around the living room and observed the space some more, but even that was done with little interest. His eyes landed on the upright wooden piano and held their daze.

He was feeling quite down and bored, and the piano looked like an excellent distraction from his mind and ongoing situation. The telly stayed turned on in the background as he situated himself in front of the piano.

Like once before he pulled the muffler pedal on the instrument, quieting it. He hadn't noticed that any of the household members minded noise but it was still relevantly early in the morning, and he didn't want to risk it.

He thought of a tune that was cheerful enough to lift his mood, and not cheerful enough to be annoying. As one came to mind, he pulled out his phone to search for piano notes online. As it was, a pretty known song.

A quiet tune of '*Piano man*' by Billy Joel started, and then stopped, and then started again as Tommy tried to get the rhythm and the notes right. As doing so he slowed down his beat quite a bit. Soon through, the tune ran smoothly enough and the first lyrics could be heard out of the blond boy.

*"It's nine o'clock on a Saturday  
Regular crowd shuffles in~"*

His voice was unsure, and his throat dry from his bad habit. The words rang out in a whisper.

*"There's an old man sittin' next to me  
Makin' love to his tonic and gin~"*

A note or two played beneath the fingers that smelled of smoke and ash. Hands of, played gracefully, the missed note he forgot to play going unnoticed.

*"He says: 'Son can you play me a memory?'  
I'm not really sure how it goes~"*

His singing was a bit more stable. Seeing that the boy would've shut his eyes to focus on it if he'd had the notes memorized.

*"But it's sad and it's sweet and I knew it complete~  
When I wore a younger man's clothes"*

The next singing part he missed opting to focus on the instrument instead. He had again stopped a few times to perfect it but didn't lose his temper or give up on the song like he often did when first learning how to play.

He took a deep breath and sang the chorus the loudest out of the words sang before. He wasn't yelling, but he wasn't whispering anymore either.

*"Sing us a song you're the piano man~"*

*"Sing us a song tonight~"*

His fingers crossed the black and white tiles of the piano, not missing a sound. The boy lifted his head from the notes and up in the air as he sang out the next.

*"Well we're all in the mood for a melody~  
And you've got us feelin' alright"*

His voice cracked on the shift between high and low notes, which made him a bit annoyed but he sang the song until the end.

And then he played it again, and again, and then some more, until he was satisfied with the finished melody. He looked at the clock and almost an hour passed by. His fingers and wrists ached but he felt a whole lot better than when he first started playing, so he considered it a win. And went back to the sofa and the cold coffee on the table facing it.

—

It was nearing 10 a.m. when Phil emerged from the upstairs. Dark under bags decorating his face. It seemed like he didn't notice him on his way to the kitchen, a yawn clouding his vision.

Tommy stood a reasonable distance when he freezes the man, rather cheerfully

" 'Ello Phil!"

Seeing as he almost dropped the glass in his hands, the little 'too' cheerful greeting, took him by surprise. And when he turned Tommy flinched.

"Oh Tommy-" He sighed relieved, putting a hand over his heart "-it's just you"

"Did I scare you?" Tommy stepped a bit closer, feeling quite chatty after his mood had been lifted.

"God yes! I thought someone was out to get me!" He shuffled around, Tommy would assume, preparing to make breakfast. "I'm usually the first one up"

The older pulled milk and eggs along with some sugar and other ingredients. "How'd you like your waffle?" He asked whipping up the batter "sweet or salty?"

Tommy didn't react like he did last night "I don't mind anything, can I help?" He gestured to the batter Phil was whisking up.

"You can slice up some tomatoes from the fridge if you want" Phil took the whipped batter in his hands and separated about a half of it into another bowl, in which he added cinnamon and sugar, and into the other, he added a pinch more of salt.

Tommy went over to the fridge and retrieved the tomatoes and while Phil took the blueberries from the same fridge and put them into one of the batters.

He washed and sliced the food while Phil began cooking up the waffles. Soon enough he was done with his task "I'm done"

The older man looked over to the porcelain bowl of sliced tomatoes that stood before him "That's great, thank you Tommy" he said taking out a pan from the cabinet heating it, the kitchen smelled of vanilla and fresh morning. "If you could do me a favor and go wake up Wil and Techno? I'll finish up here soon enough"

"You want me to wake up two sleeping giants?" He asked mortified at the request.

"Aw come on mate, they're not that bad" he looked at the microwave clock and then back at Tommy "we're gonna have to go soon, I thought we'd have breakfast together before" he explained and threw bacon into the heated pan, making it sizzle loudly.

"Okay, okay," Tommy said and retrieved to the upstairs.

The first thought of having to wake up the brothers gave Tommy shivers down his spine, but on second, the thought of taking sweet revenge for the rude waking up he got all the mornings of the past week made him smile.

He went to the door next to his and knocked. When hearing no signs of life from the other side he tried the doorknob.

He stepped inside, the room was dark despite the sun being high up in the sky. The things stopping the almighty sunshine were the blinds being shut almost completely along with the gray see-through curtains covering it.

Watching his step he walked over to the window which was on the wall opposite him and lifted the

blinds. The room now bathed in light was visible to the teen and he was able to search for a person in question.

This room was a little bigger than Tommy's, the wall the two shared was a smoke-gray color, and the rest were white. The room would've seemed black and white if not for the abundance of colorful posters decorating the walls and the closet. On the same gray wall were hung two guitars, one classic wooden acoustic guitar, and one blue and different shape, looking like an electric guitar.

On the floor beneath them lay two bean bags, one gray the other yellow, and beside them a school backpack. *'So it was an acoustic guitar he was playing'*

Tommy thought while standing on a salt-colored Berber carpet covering most of the floor. He looked up at the big bunk bed, wondering where he'll find the person he was looking for. The bed, Tommy observed, was a bunk bed with a bed on top and space on the bottom, with a work desk and chair beneath of it all.

Tommy saw a sleeping figure on top, though he couldn't reach it. The problem being his height or the bed's height he didn't know. He drew the chair from under the bed and placed it on the side, making it easier for him to climb and face the person.

"Eyup dipshit wake up" he yelled in his ear.

Wilbur shuffled deeper in his blanket "Mh" and made it clear he had no intention of getting up "5 more minutes dad" he mumbled

A Brown mess of curls was the only thing Tommy saw when he climbed up, he was curled up in a blanket and scrunched up like an armadillo, his back turned to Tommy. He sleeps with more than 3 pillows surrounding him, A small one laying by his side caught Tommy's eye.

He took the small pillow and smacked Wilbur on the head with it "Do I look like your dad? Wake up bitch!" He hit him once again until the older shook awake.

"What the- what the fuck!" He tried to stop the attacks extending one hand to shield his head, turning towards Tommy "Stop, STOP! I'm awake now piss off" he sat himself up on the bed as Tommy climbed down off of the chair.

The teen rubbed his eyes and stretched, he was wearing a Bordo red loose tee and was searching for his glasses on the shelf above his head.

"Breakfast's soon, get up slow-ass" Tommy crossed his hands and stood his spot.

Wilbur clasped the glasses, putting them on his face, and looking at the boy "You're still here?"



Tommy looked at the ground "Well you see-"

"Ugh, spit it out, what do you need?" Wilbur unbundled himself from the blankets and went down the ladder

"Can you go wake up Techno?" Tommy turned his head, Wilbur was wearing just a tee and boxers and that was not a sight he wanted to see.

"...depends, what do I get?" He put on a pair of gray sweatpants and was now the one to stand cross-armed.

"What do you want?" He grumbled

The tall brunette bent down to his level with a cheeky smile and made a smoking gesture. Moving two fingers from his mouth, exhaling clear air.

Tommy would've traded a cigarette for a favor. Judging by how he was in the morning, Technoblade didn't seem like someone who took kindly to being woken up.

But it was all useless after all "Don't have any, smoked the last this morning"

Wilbur passed by him putting a hand on his shoulder "You're all on your own then buddy" he laughed and headed towards the bathroom.

"Fucking bitch" Tommy muttered before looking at the room once more and exiting.

He walked to the next door and knocked, again no response was heard so he let himself in.

Just like the previous room the blinds were shut, but not all the way. So Tommy could just see the soft light making room visible.

Techno's bedroom was the same size as Wilbur's, the difference being that the off-centered window which was on the right wall, facing the front yard.

All the walls were colored in a gray shade, resembling the clouds that were almost always apparent in the sky. Tommy noticed, that it was the same color as Wilbur's one wall, the rooms looked completely different though.

Where Wilbur had colorful posters plastered on every wall Techno had the one wall, opposite the door, where stood the framed certificates and medals, the only color coming the most from the sticky notes covering the wall to the right of it. Where Wilbur had Polaroid photos of his friends and family, techno had little framed pictures on the shelf circling the room.

While Wilbur's room screamed eccentric and in your face, Techno's was more modern and minimalistic. All of the room was in shades of gray and black certain accents like the carpet and

the sheets were a striking red color.

What caught Tommy's eye was the computer setup. Over the whole right wall extended a black table from wall to wall, beneath it where the wall met wall were two drawer cabinets on either side. The off-centered window was a little to the right and the computer body was on the table, and man did it look cool. On the rest was a professional microphone and three monitors beside it, surrounding the keyboard which light up neon red around the edges of all the keys.

And even though they weren't on, Tommy could see the led lights extending around every wall beneath white shelves which were situated on every wall, its height being a little lower than the ceiling.

After he was done drooling about the setup he was reminded why he came here for.

On the left side stood a closet-bed combo. Matching the table there stood two big black closets touching either side of the wall between them was a queen bed with a sleeping Technoblade in it. Over his head, connecting two closets was a kind of shelf, the whole closet looked like upside letter U with a bed in-between. If you looked a little closer you could see that the edges of the closet over Techno's head had plastered led lights on.

Tommy stood at the door, not liking the idea of getting close to Techno. He would probably get a mouthful of fist if he shouted in his ear like he did Wilbur's.

"Technoblade, wake up" he tried softly

The pink strands of hair sprawled across his pillow stayed unmoving. He tried again, a little louder

"Wake up punk"

Nothing still, he slept like a log. So the blond stepped closer, daring to shake the man "Technooo get uuuuup!"

At that Techno made a deep troubling sound, turning suddenly.

Tommy jumped away and stayed still for a moment. Soft snores could be heard from the other again "Ah *fucking hell*" Tommy swore, getting close again shaking him thoroughly this time.

"Wake *uppp!*"

**"What"**

Tommy thought he heard a demon speaking to him, and then realized that it was Techno. His voice was tired and deep from sleep, so deep in fact that it almost scared the younger, who removed his arms from the other's shoulder.

"Uh, um- Will, no Phil wants you to come for breakfast yes," Tommy said pointing to the door with his thumb.

"I'll be down, now **get out**," he said in the same voice, which made Tommy scurry out of the room in seconds.

After he was out through he took a deep breath and went downstairs. Phil was still in the kitchen cooking and sizzling, so Tommy stepped into the living room again.

A different type of nature documentary was playing, this one was about anteaters. *'They sure are mean looking'* he thought

"Damn I hate those things" Wilbur emerged from behind him with a cup of something that was not coffee in his hand.

Tommy was surprised by the sentence *'how does he not make any sound when he walks?'*, but still answered "I know right? They just look so evil!"

"They're like the most putrid, unequivocally worst animal I mean like. Imagine being named after a thing you eat!" He gestured with his hands to the telly.

Tommy laughed at his antics as the taller sat beside him on the sofa and continued "I mean, that's so unoriginal! And, and they just look so WEIRD!"

He took a breath and made a face "They're wrong, they're long... And just"

Tommy wheezed "have you seen their tails?"

"Yeah?! God o hate them I hate them" The brunette sighed frustratingly

"Careful, you're gonna pop a vein if you continue like that" Tommy mocked

Wilbur just shook his head "They just piss me off, bad animal! Bad animal-"

A video of a baby anteater came into the screen, now Tommy started.

"He looks like- he looks like he's thinking about all the tragedies of history with those eyes-"

"-he is and he's enjoying them-" Wilbur interjected

"-Yeah, yeah, he's enjoying them, isn't he? He's there thinking "*Yeah and I hope it happens again!*"

Phil stepped into the room "I don't know what the fuck you two are doing but breakfast's ready"

—

The table was set, numerous plates of food decorating it. Techno was sitting by Phil's side like usual and Wilbur was drooling beside him.

There were two plates of waffles, one sweet with blueberries and the other salty. A cup of cream as well as maple syrup rest beside the sweet ones, and beside the salty ones were bacon and eggs. Along with the cup of tomatoes Tommy sliced up it all came together with a glass jug of orange juice, which Tommy would say was store-bought.

He looked at the food thinking of what he should put on the plate. He still didn't have much of an appetite but this time his stomach growled at him to eat something. Seeing as he threw up last night's dinner, he might as well eat something.

And he deemed that if he didn't take anything on his plate soon Phil would've burned holes in his head. He took one sweet waffle and some cream as well as a slice or two of tomatoes.

They conversed a little, and Wilbur once again started the topic of anteaters. After that died down through Techno started another topic.

"I'm going to Bad's soon, I'll be home after practice tomorrow" he stuffed a piece of bacon in his mouth and washed it down with black coffee. Judging by those deep dark under bags that's mirrored Tommy's own, it didn't look like he slept a wink.

Phil looked at the clock and it was already noon. "Tommy and I are gonna get going after breakfast, so Wil, I'll leave you money for lunch okay?"

"Okay, when will you be back?" Wilbur asked drinking for what Tommy now knew was hot cocoa.

"Past dark probably, so Tommy could spend some time with his friends, right Tommy?" Attention was now back to him

"What? Uh, yeah sure" he was finishing his waffle, and pushing the last bite around his plate.

While each of them had eaten two or more, Tommy was barely finishing his Phil noticed. The food plan they agreed to make wasn't discussed yet, but they will deal with it after they get back, given that they weren't too tired by then.

"Dad?" Wilbur asked

"Yeah mate?" Phil answered and went to clear the table.

"Can a friend come over?" At this Techno looked at his brother, he knew what kind of 'friend' was coming.

"As long as you don't throw a party like last time I was gone..." He looked at his son accusingly

Wil blushed, embarrassed, and looked away "I already said I was sorry..."

"Sure then" Phil ruffled his hair. Even though he was eighteen and taller than him, Wilbur was still his adorable son.

"Tommy?" The older continued when he looked at him. "You ready to go?"

Tommy nodded and went to grab his bag from the upstairs. The room was as clean as it could be, no essential personal possessions left at least. Only clothes that he couldn't fit in his backpack.

Now wearing a red and blue long-sleeved shirt, a red hoodie over it, and blue jeans. He put on his converse which had holes in the soles, patched up with duct tape. And exited the front door with a heavy thud.

## Chapter End Notes

I sketch the arhitecture/rooms and some scenes from the comic and post them on my instagram art account sometimes, also fanart so u can go catch me there ;)  
U can find it on story highlits under 'fic stuf'

Insta: @alien\_simp

Also a dear reader sent me fanart they did on it so check out their acc @vxnniee\_ <3

# Tommy Pov

## Chapter Summary

### Road trip and Milkshakes

## Chapter Notes

Sorry for not posting in like, three weeks. My motivation go brr brr downhill. Writing slum i guess, I don't really like this chapter honestly but next one is gonna be fun to write so fuck it.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy unloaded his heavy backpack into the back seat along with him. His muscles shook a little at the sudden unloading of the weight.

The little stale air of the car overwhelms him and he wishes he didn't come all of his sticks that morning. A shaky hand puts his seatbelt on when Phil starts speaking.

"You ready bud?" Phil asks turning on the car.

Tommy made eye contact with the blond man, the mirror in the front reflecting eyes looking into his. He quickly put his head down "sure, big guy" he stuffed his hands into his pockets, searching for his phone.

The car starts to descent down the driveway and Tommy fishes out the phone. A soft tune plays on the car radio and the teen ignores it, opting to get out his headphones.

It was a pair he had snatched off the shelf in a mall when he was fourteen. Over time, one of the earbuds buzzed and the overall pair was a really shitty quality. But, Tommy didn't mind as it was his one and only pair.

"Is it okay if I listen to some music?" He asks waving his electronics.

"Um, sure..." but before he could finish that sentence the teen had already put on the buds in his ears. Putting on some khai dreams songs playlist he had downloaded on his phone in informatics class.

Streets pass by and the sky seemed a brighter color than it really was. All of the city going by in the blur, a little blue-gray provided by the ocean Tommy catches sight of. A cold beach with a few patrons passing by quickly.

The lyrics sing in his ears and sixty minutes in they were out of the town. The teen was hugging himself with his hands and zipping up his jacket, which the older noticed.

"Are you cold?"

Tommy pressed his left temple to the cold window, cooling it. "... a little"

"I'll turn up the heat then, it's been getting a little chilly these days," Phil said and shuffled in the front seat

"Yeah," Tommy said absent-mindedly, his cheek leaned on his hand.

The car ride was faster than the last, more so because Phil wasn't stopping or talking to him, for which he was grateful. *'At least he knows how to read the room'*

That thought didn't last long as Phil began to speak again. "So I heard you were in front of my room the other day"

Tommy tensed at that, not looking outside anymore *'did he know I was in his room?'* and *'did he notice that the drawer was unlocked, no, I locked it behind me, right? I did, I did.'*

*'Did I?'*

"Tommy?" Phil repeated

"Uh, what?" He tried acting dumb.

"You were searching for a charger or something of the sort?" Phil said, forming the sentence like a question

"Yeah I did, I borrowed one from Wilbur through." *Lie*

"Oh that's good then, you didn't go into my room right?"

Phil had nothing to hide in his room seemingly *'except the notebooks in the drawer'* but Tommy got it if he didn't want some random kid snooping through his stuff.

"Nope," he said nonchalantly. He could lie, he wasn't stupid.

"Okay then." The older paused and then continued "Just for the record I don't mind if you go in just ask first. It's one of the rules, like respect privacy" pause again,

"Shit"

Tommy looked at him surprised, he didn't know Phil swore *'what the fuck made this man swear'* "what, what's wrong Big Guy?" He chuckled trying to put a light spin on the others wording.

"Oh nothing I just realized I'm a fucking idiot," Phil said laughing "I just realized I didn't tell you the household rules"

*'Oh, OH okay'* the teen said to himself, no words escaping his mouth *'Well it was a bit unusual to not hear the rules the second I get into a house. I'd hear them then or the moment I fuck something up...'*

Tommy's expression soured *'I did through, fuck up.'* he thought of the night before yesterday. He



then realized he hadn't said anything for a hot minute.

"Say the rules Big man, I'm all ears"

"Well it's nothing big, probably should've mentioned them earlier but oh well. The first one's respecting privacy, like knocking before coming into another's room and of the sort. Curfew is midnight, if you're staying later you have to tell me..." He trailed off, as if trying to remember "oh, and no drugs, alcohol, or violence in the house okay?"

*'No violence? That was new'* Tommy thought as he hummed at the rules *'especially knowing what happened the first day when he came in'*

"And-" Phil interrupted his train of thought "if you need anything, like allowance or a new book or just to talk, ask."

"Cheers" he put his earbuds back in and listened to the music thinking of *'no drugs and alcohol rule'* and the sentence ending *'in the house'*

*'He didn't say nothing about outside the house through'*

—

Tommy zoned out and before he had time to prepare himself they were entering the town of the group home. He sat upright and rubbed his eyes off black spots that formed themselves in his vision.

A screech was emitted from the vehicle and the dirty driveway, which screamed for attention from its owner, came into view.

"We're here mate"

*'I know'* he thinks, but doesn't say out loud. He loaded the heavy backpack onto his shoulders. Phil looked at him weirdly but didn't comment.

Even if Phil told him about household rules and how to act in the future, it was still bold to assume that he's not leaving him in the home. Like, who would be stupid enough to travel a three-hour drive to middle of nowhere shit home town if not dropping the problem child off. If not to get rid of *the problem*.

The two walked to the front door and The taller rang the bell. Running could be heard and soon the front door opened. A head of light brown hair was seen, the figure a head shorter than Tommy looked at them and yelled to the apartment behind her "PATRICIAAAA THEY'RE HEREEEE!!"

She then looked at Tommy, and then at the man beside him, and then again to Tommy "Didn't

take you long to come back huh?" She said with a teasing smirk.

Just as Tommy was about to agree Phil interjected "We're only visiting little miss" and chuckled.

She seemed surprised, yet not as surprised as Tommy. They came inside just about as Patricia was coming to greet them. "Hello Mr. Watson, Tommy." She said happily, and sluggishly added Tommy's name at the end.

"Hello, Ms. Richter" he greeted, and they began chatting as Tommy faced the little girl.

"Sup Lily" he put a hand on her head ruffling it.

She swatted at it and answered "same old dipshit, what's it to you"

"Just wondering" he looked at the house which seemed if a little quieter than the week before. "Where is everyone, anyone take my place while I was gone?" He placed his backpack in the hallway behind some jackets as Phil began shrugging off his.

Lilly fiddled with a lock of hair as she spoke "hmmm... Well twins went to another foster home somewhere upper north. And we got another foster, Diana, she's 10 and real sweet" she rambled "oh, and this other foster, he's called Sid I think"

"Oh, and what's he like" they walked to the living room with the adults "gay and baked all the time, he was like disowned or something," she said, not a hint of sympathy in her voice

"That sucks dude"

"I know! The whole upstairs smells like weed, Patricia's going crazy it's so funny" She laughed and snorted a little.

Their talk was cut short by Patricia "I'm guessing you're all hungry right?" Both of the teens replied with an unenthusiastic no but she continued "We'll eat then talk okay Mr. Watson? Lilian go get the children down" she waved her off

The girl huffed "It's Lily" but got up and ran up the stairs, despite what she said she was actually a little hungry, but Patricia's food tasted terrible and bland.

Tommy, in his usual fashion, began setting the table without being told. Phil coming to help him,

"Mr. Watson please sit down and relax," Patricia said to him and began bringing food to the table.

The rest of the children begin rolling in each sitting down at the big ass table in the kitchen. Lily sitting on Tommy's right and Phil on his left. A faint aroma of food was in the air, steamed peas, mashed potatoes, and tasteless chicken were on the menu.

Tommy took the small portion after everyone else. Phil following his lead clearly prioritizing the children's meals over his own.

All of the children chatted and Tommy looked over the table, bored. He saw the girl Lily was talking about previously, and the new foster '*Sid*'

From what Tommy could tell he was about his age. His hair hidden beneath a beanie, something

resembling a mullet sticking out of the back. His head hung low but he could see the redness in his eyes *'high'* Tommy almost laughed at how poorly he was hiding it. At least when Tommy smoked it he knew how to hide it from the fosters. *'God the last time I light up was almost two months ago'* he thought and got an idea.

Their eyes met, his muddy green meeting Tommy's blue ones. Sid winked at him and Tommy almost gagged at the action *'what the fuck was that'*

The rest of the lunch went by with no commotion, *'minus one spilled glass of water'*

When it was all done, two of the kids which were on chore duty that week began tidying the table.

"Tommy, Patricia and I are gonna go sort some paperwork it might take a while so if you need me for anything we're in the office okay?" Phil said and gestured to the stairs.

" 'Kay" He was looking at his phone and texting someone

[...]

*Hey*  
15:37

*Sup Toms,*  
*I thought you died*  
15:38

*You wish*  
15:38

*Anyway, you in town?*  
15:38

*Yeah, what you need*  
15:40

*You have like 3.5 grams for me*  
*And can we meet up like soon,*  
*I'm not staying for long*  
15:41

*Sure, text me when*  
*ur near the spot*  
15:42

Tommy took his bag from the hallway and headed to the room Lily had scuffled off to. He knocked and came in once he got permission. He found Lily laying on her bed, reading a book. The teen sat beside the smaller and looked over her shoulder "whatcha doing?"

"English, we have to read the book and answer the stupid questions" she shook a white slip of

paper

"How's that going?" His eyes scanned over the paper in question.

Tommy could say that he was in a slump the last few days, and many '*accidents*' and '*fiascos*' happened. And yes, his head was still hurting. But Tommy would be damned if he wasn't a good actor. Because even though his day was going shit he wasn't about to make everyone's day go shit.

"Shit, I can't get myself to read the text it's so boringggg"

"What text are you supposed to be reading?" He asked and took a slip of paper in his hands

"Catcher in the Rye" she responded sighing

"Aw com'on I know it's American literature but it's not that boring, what part are you on?" He looked from the paper to her, taking a pen from the floor.

"Like, the one they tell him he's expelled or something" she gestured, leaning her head to the pillow as Tommy began scribbling on the paper.

"Well you haven't gotten to the exciting part yet, where he runs away and stuff" he finishes writing on the paper, handing it to her "here, read the book yeah?"

She looked at the paper, all of the questions filled "I didn't know you could read dimwit" she snarked at him

"Ha ha very funny, now look I brought you something" he reached for his bag. It was now her turn to look over his shoulder.

"What is it? A knife? Drugs? A cat?" She began listing off things.

"Dogs are way better...But no" He said pulling out one of the many jumpers Wilbur had picked out for him. This one a navy blue color with a small sewn-in orca over the heart. "A big, warm jumper for a small, cold hearted you" he threw it over his shoulder and in her face.

"Oi! Fuck you!" She took the jumper and looked it over, she wouldn't admit the smile that had grown on her face, and then "thank you"

"No problem, anyway wanna go out or something Phil said they're gonna be a while we can go for milkshakes or something they're on me"

"Already stolen the poor man's money huh Tommy" she shook her head in fake disappointment

"Ah, he didn't notice a few bills here and there, and don't say it like you don't do it too"

She laughed at him "oh! Can Diana come too?"

"I thought you hated children," Tommy remarked

"Well yeah, but Diana's funny" Lily explained putting on a thick sweater and another pair of socks. "Ready?"

Tommy looked at his phone "Yeah yeah, you go get Diana while I go tell Patricia"

Tommy turned to the office on one end of the hallway while Lily turned to the other. He knocked again and came in "Phil? Patricia?"

"What is it, Tommy?" She looked from the papers to the boy.

"Is it alright if I take Lily and Diana for milkshakes?"

"Sure, if Mr. Watson approves that is" she pushed the glasses she rarely wore, upper on her nose.

Tommy looked at the said man "Fine by me" he said putting the papers from his hands to the desk and reached for his pocket. He pulled out his wallet and took out a 20-pound bill "Here, order the tastiest milkshakes" Phil smiled at him kindly

Tommy knew Phil was well off but 20 pounds for a couple of milkshakes, he didn't know he was *that* well off "really? Thanks!" The teen said and then added, "I'll give you back the change..."

"No need mate, order fries or something too"

"Okay, thank you. We'll be back soon"  
And with that Tommy left.

He was putting on shoes when Lily came back with a girl mentioned before. She had dark curly hair that gif her face. "Hi"

"Hi, I'm Diana!" She waved to the blond as they put their shoes on.

"Like the princess?" He asked the girl

"Princess?" A high-pitched voice asked.

They were exiting when Tommy spoke again "Yeah Princess Diana of Wales, she was a part of the royal family way back in the 90s"

"Wow, that's so cool! I knew it, I'm special" Diana said with a satisfied nod.

"That you are" Lily affected as she and Tommy laughed.

Soon they arrived at the milkshake spot. And they sat inside the mostly empty cafe. A familiar waitress came by and took their orders. They ordered two milkshakes for Diana and Lily.

He shoot a quick text to the person and the milkshakes arrived. Tommy paid and they sat inside chatting. A ding from his phone,

[...]

*I'm here*  
16:02

*Kay, I'll be right there*  
16:03

"Hey Lily I gotta go take care of something, you'll be okay for like 5 minutes yeah?" He said looking at his phone, getting up.

"Yup man" she slurped her milkshake loudly as he exited through the door.

The cafe was located a corner away from the park he was supposed to meet up with the guy. The park came into view and he spotted a Dave. Dave, was a guy two classes older than him, a smart lad, real popular. Only his close friends knew he sold drugs for his cousin, usually at house parties. Once Tommy asked him why he started doing what he did, and the only answer he got was *"it's good money"* and he couldn't really argue with that.

He greeted him with the usual handshake. They sat at the first free park bench. The park was usually more crowded at this time of day but it looked like it was going to rain soon so not many people showed up.

Dave light a cigarette with a match, offering Tommy one. Tommy, of course, took him up on the offer and spoke "You got the eighth?"

"No shit, I wouldn't be here if I didn't"

"Here, it's 30 right?" Tommy usually saved his money. But he took little of his savings along with the loose change he found about the house he had enough for a little something.

"It's 50," Dave said casually

"What?! From when?!" Tommy said surprised looking at the guy.

"Since last month, Noah almost got busted and lost a lot of his stuff"

*'well shit'*

Tommy sighed and took a big drag "Goddammit, I don't have 50"

Dave looked Tommy over and said "Okay, well. You know I don't usually discuss the price but I know you won't bust my balls so, 40?" He offered

Tommy touched the crumpled 10-pound bill in his pocket. The one Phil had given him. *'that plus his 30, technically I have enough'*

"Deal" they shook hands, Tommy handing him the money and Dave handing him a little paper bag which Tommy snuck into his pocket quickly.

As soon as he got the jacket he tore one of the stitches in his pocket so he had double storage in there, double the space no one knew about. He usually put his smokes there but it served a great purpose for this too.

They parted ways, as soon as Tommy stood up from the bench he knew he made a mistake.

*Not for buying the weed he needed that,*

But for smoking the bitter brand of cigarettes Dave offered him. He was already feeling lightheaded and this had only worsened his condition.

He came back to the cafe, Dana and Lily already finished their milkshakes. He sat back down at their table "Hey Lily I'm not feeling so hot, ready to go back?" he pointed to the exit.

"Oh, okay," she said, voice a little concerned, watching as a drop of sweat rolled down Tommy's temple.

They came outside and the air seemed colder than it was a second ago. The wall back to the home wasn't long but Tommy's legs trembled as they came back.

He put the jacket back to the rack and took off his shoes. They situated themselves to the living room, Diana running back to her shared room.

Lily put turned on the telly as Tommy threw himself on the couch, his stomach began twisting and turning and it felt like someone was stabbing him from the inside.

He shut his eyes putting a hand over them as he lay on his back. Low volume of some old-timey movie was heard.

His breath came out ragged and he could hear Lily ask him something, he couldn't decipher what through. As everything became black.

—

Phil did want to know more about Tommy's file yes, but to be honest he still did have a shit ton of paperwork they had to go over through.

Phil was planning to foster another child for months now yes, but when he heard about Tommy or more a past colleague complained about Tommy to him he kinda rushed the process. The only way Tommy was allowed to be fostered by Phil that fast was the fact that he had fostered before.

"I'm sorry for the mess" Patricia gestured to her table. The big wooden table was opposite the door, behind it a big chair where Patricia sat, and two chairs opposite her for any visitors.

The big deal was full of papers "It has been a little bit of a hassle since Tommy's caseworker quit half a year ago." She sighed and turned on her computer. A few seconds later a printer behind her began to spit out papers.

"You just have to fill a few things out and then we can talk about the file situation"

Only a few minutes passed by when Tommy came by and asked to take the girls for ice cream. They continued for some more time until the important fact of the paperwork was done.

"So, can we talk about Tommy now Miss?" Phil asked her politely "I mean, not to be rude or anything but it's kind of urgent" he explained.

"Okay then" she turned and took out a brown folder from the drawer behind her. You'd think after all these years they'd make it all digital.

While that is true for some cases, they did put the information into the system. But for some kids,

they never took the effort to make them exist in the digital files.

"Here," she handed him the said bundle which Phil could've sworn should've been thicker. He opened it and started listing

"This just dates back to 2019," he said, only a year or so back. "I was told he had been in the system longer"

"He was, I'm not sure how long exactly since his file was lost in the last household." She sighed rubbing her temple.

He read over the lines with titles

'...*The Wrights* - ***eighth*** '

*The Hughes* - ***ninth***...'

And his '*The Watsons* - ***tenth*** '

"And his caseworker?" He asked

"As I said, he quit after what he said was family number seven. And The boy skipped a few group homes too so even then the caseworker wasn't working with him for long."

Patricia gestured "I'm the replacement until they send someone new, and well. As you can see that's taking a while"

"Well shit." The blond man spoke, he saw Patricia's eye twitch still she didn't say anything. "Do you have a copy of this one? Can I take it?"

"I guess so-" she started saying when she was interrupted by the door opening loudly. A panicked Lily opening the door.

"Haven I thought you to knock Lily?!" Patricia said annoyed.

"This is **urgent**!" She said, tone wobbly. "Tommy passed out! He's breathing funny and really warm!" she looked at Phil, distrust clear on her face.

Phil quickly jumped to his feet and went downstairs.

## Chapter End Notes

Grammarly: reading level - 6th grade (11yo)

Me: Ha ha okay :')



# Wilbur Pov

## Chapter Summary

Wilby pov, a lazy Sunday no drama or incidents at all. None at all ;)

## Chapter Notes

TW: disordered eating, unrequited love. LIGHT SMUT no like no read okay?

Kay, here u go: pls be kind

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur was having a great dream. He couldn't recall what exactly it was about, just that it was nonsensical and fun. That was until one annoying voice pulled him out of it "...it... ke up"

He hummed in annoyance and retrieved deeper in the warmth of his bed. "5 more minutes dad" he spoke without thinking. Wishing he could go back to his blissful dream. He couldn't remember what it was about he just knew he wanted to see how it would play out. He thought that he was safe until a soft yet hard object collided with the back of his head.

"Do I look like your dad? Wake up bitch"

That was *not* the voice he wanted to hear this early in the morning. It also put him in a state of temporary panic. "What the- what the fuck!" the teen questioned, extending one arm in an attempt to shield himself from the oncoming attacks. The oncoming attacks, Wilbur found out, were coming from a pillow held by a certain blond gremlin.

"Stop, STOP! I'm awake now piss off" he stated and reached for his glasses on the stand above his head. His eyes weren't as shit some would like to think, so he wasn't completely blind. But his head hurt and his eyes itched from the lack of sleep, so glasses helped. Sneaking out and staying up until 3 am just so he could vent to his friends about his meaningless problems wasn't one of his best decisions. The brunette could hear his bones scraping against each other, so he stretched until his shoulders popped.

"Breakfast's soon, get up slow-ass" the blond twat called out

"You're still here?" He hugged himself one last time in the warmth of his blanket. Looking at the child that was quickly getting on his nerves, he was fast to forget the events of last night.

"Well, you see-"

Wil sighed one last time "Ugh, spit it out, what do you need?" before climbing out of bed. His red *'Los Campesinos'* shirt hung loosely around his frame, stopping at his hips and exposing a pair of black short-like boxers. He felt comfortable in his PJ-s, although he could've done without the other avoiding his gaze out of embarrassment.

"Can you go wake up Techno?"

The other teen thought about it for a second while pulling on a pair of gray sweats. The pair being the one he had been wearing for about a week now because he felt like the other pairs made him look big, or were uncomfortable.

He turned his gaze back to Tommy "...depends, what do I get?" it wasn't any fun if there was no fair exchange going on. That and he really wasn't in the mood for Techno to be pissed off at 'him' for the rest of the day.

"What do you want?" Tommy asked in an aggravated tone

Wilbur could go for a smoke, he felt like he was going to be tense and nervous all day, given he knew what day it was. Or better, who was coming over today. He found himself making the motion to the younger foster, for whom he was sure to have a nicotine reliever for his worries.

"Don't have any, smoked the last this morning" in a way Wilbur hoped the blue-eyed gremlin was lying and he would give in to pressure. Because if not that would mean he would have to get his own pack, which wouldn't result well given his lack of self-control.

But as it seemed, it didn't look like he was bluffing about not having any. So he deemed his conversation useless and headed to the bathroom. But before he made his exit he lay his hand on Tommy's shoulder to express his feelings involved in helping the other boy on the matter "You're all on your own then buddy"

Wilbur almost chuckled hearing the comment of the younger as he closed the bathroom doors

"Fucking bitch"

---

Wilbur did his usual weekend morning routine. Almost usual morning routine. Given that this Sunday was something he was looking forward to all week he took extra steps to make himself extra lovely. He was about to hop in the shower when he realized that they were out of his favorite shampoo. *'Guess I'll have to head to the store first'* thought along with a silent curse.

The teen took his razor and shaved whatever stubble was beginning to grow, it wasn't like there was much to shave but he just liked to be sure. Next, he reached for the aftershave, after which he applied face cream which stayed untouched for most of the year. Wilbur was the one to pamper, but himself despite that, he was usually too lazy to stay on par with his skincare routine. The water-based lotion smelled faintly of chamomile and made his face but a little bit softer.

The curly-haired teen was drawn to the smell of breakfast and *'pancakes?'* from the downstairs. Before he could discover what was producing the sweet aroma he saw Tommy watching tv.

And when he saw what was on it he couldn't help commenting on it. The rant about anteaters ensued.

---

Not that long after they were called for breakfast. Wilbur finally looking at his phone for the first time that morning, opening Instagram. He saw few messages from Schlatt asking about his weekend plans, and a meme or two from the group chat. He ignored them for now opening the account DreamWasTaken, looking through 'no new messages' he pouted slightly and typed out a text.

> DreamWasTaken

*See ya then*

*00:12*

*Sweet dreams <3*

*2:30*

*'New messages'*

*Hey pissbaby, when are coming over today?*

*11:43*

He stared at the screen as if expecting the other to answer right away. Still, it was no good as the younger was probably still asleep. He put away the phone and got up to retrieve a jar of Nutella from the pantry. He was wrong in his guess of pancakes seeing the variety of waffles on the table. But he liked waffles more anyway so he didn't mind.

Breakfast was eaten, and Phil and the child had left. Techno following soon behind. Wilbur was left alone in the big house, so he went upstairs and got properly dressed for the outside weather. He threw on a darker green hoodie he stole from Dream during one of his and Techno's games. It still smelled of him and made him feel safe. Speak of the devil and he will appear the teen thought as he felt his phone buzz in his pocket.

> DreamWasTaken

*Hey pissbaby, when  
are coming over today?*

*11:43*

*I am not a pissbaby stfu*

*12:30*

*And I was thinking three...ish? Is that fine?*

*12:30*

'Ah shit' Wilbur would have to hurry up if that was the case, he pulled quickly pulled on his shoes and exited the house before typing out a response.

*Safe*

*12:32*

*Safe?*

*12:33*

*You've been living here for  
how long and u still don't  
know the basic slangs?*

*12:34*

*I expected better of you :(*

*12:34*

*Typing...*

Wilbur laughed to himself as he saw the icon pop up, as he did so he almost tripped on a rock, catching himself and the phone before it was too late.

*I'll never understand you british boys*

*12:35*

*So three fine or not?*

*12:35*

Wilbur again found himself daydreaming '*pun not intended*' about the American that plagued his mind. Clay, or better known as Dream, moved here two years ago. Half a semester later it was summer and they were all hanging out as such and Wilbur had realized one grave mistake. He found himself staring at the shorter boy's eyes, stealing glances where he could get them. Wishing to hear more of his laughs and more of his voice. Wilbur had realized that his feelings towards the boy became more than strictly platonic.

Before he knew it he wanted to hold his hand, wanted to run fingers through his beach blond locks. He wanted the lingering touches to last longer, he wanted everything that he couldn't have. Because, through lenses of his round glasses, he saw how Dream's eyes followed someone else. How he looked at someone else with such love and adoration Wilbur was sure came straight out of a romance novel.

He saw the way Dream looked at George. It showed, it showed how much he loved the older boy. And every time he saw him, *them*, laughing together, talking together, anything together... his heart ached. It ached and pulled for the warmth of the other, the other who pulled for someone else.

At first, he tried to ignore the feelings, to save himself from the pain of heartbreak. Thinking that it was a crush that will soon pass. This action of shutting himself off and avoiding the other days on end didn't work, however, because, as soon as he saw the fabric of the green lime hoodie Dream usually sported, his heart began beating again. The butterflies in his stomach never leaving him. For months he stood by his side, the other finally telling him something Wilbur had already known. He confessed his feelings for George to Wilbur, even before he told him it had been obvious. But some part of him had still hoped he was wrong.

From that point on Wilbur had had enough of waiting and suffering by himself and took the chance to "educate" dream about relationships. Since the other boy had never dated a guy before. It started with talks of dates, then it became practicing kissing, then it became something more. Wilbur blushed at the memory.

And when Dream confronted Wilbur about his feelings towards him, apologizing that they couldn't be together as he was in love with another. Wilbur shrugged him off with a convincing smile, denying the existence of romantic feelings and reassuring him there was nothing of the sort between them. He could've confessed, he could've said the truth, but what good would it do? He would've lost the closest thing he had to a relationship with Dream. Even if that relationship wore a title of '*friends with benefits*'.

Wil knew what he was doing was cruel, he saw Gorge's adoration-filled glances at Dream becoming more frequent, he saw him responding more to Dream's playful flirting. Even if the blond didn't recognize them for what they were, he knew sooner or later they were going to get

together. He *knew* that, but he still didn't want to let go.

He knew that one sentence along the lines of '*shoot your shot*' to Dream, and Dream growing some balls, were all it would take to get them together. By how the situation was unfolding it didn't seem like Wil had a lot of time left, so he will...

*'.. savor it while I can'* he said to himself as he entered the store at the end of the street.

He cornered the colorful aisles one by one, an abundance of colors from the many crisps and sweets clouded his vision. He searched for the item, the sweet-smelling coconut shower lotion that Wilbur knew dream liked. He picked up a couple of other things they were missing around the house, nobody needed to know what he picked up from the '*for the bedroom*' section.

Hey, you couldn't really blame him, he was a teenager whose house was empty and whose crush was coming over to spend a few hours with. You can't blame him for being a little enthusiastic. Quickly he was at the register and the cashier was giving him weird looks, and he could've sworn he saw the girl behind him raise an eyebrow before looking him up and down. He chanted to himself '*if you want to get laid you have to endure it, this is a small price to pay*'

His next stop was a kiosk near the park, he pulled his beanie off and shifted his hair out of his face, wishing to appear older. His heart started beating faster at the thought of buying the cigarettes, Wilbur knew that it was a dumb thing to be scared about. He knew and dealt with stuff far worse than buying cigarettes, but non the less anxiety in his heart and mind grew. He stepped to the said store and asked for a brand that didn't bite at his throat harshly how Minx's cigarettes sometimes do.

On the walk home the earbuds in his ears played '*fine. great.*' from *Modern Baseball*, last few weeks he found himself more and more in some of the lyrics.

He burned one end of the stick that made his fingers yellow, as he hummed the chorus "*I hate worrying~ about the future~ cuz' all my fucking problems are based around the past*" no one was around to pester him about smoking, or judging him about the situation 'man Techno really loved doing that huh' he somewhat happily stepped on rhythm with the song, loving the feeling of the cold-ish air on his face.

He couldn't find it in himself to care when he walked in the house with the smoke still in his mouth, he had lots of time until anyone was back and he could filter out the smell before anyone found out.

*13:24 pm*

His phone read out as he checked his messages for the umpteenth time that day. Schlatt was spamming him

**Goat man**

*hey*

*13:20*

*eyo*

*13:21*

*wilbur*

*13:21*

*wil*

*13:22*

*hey wil*

*13:22*

*wilster*

*13:23*

*for fuck's sake, what?!*

*13:25*



*I'm bored*

*13:25*

*what are you doing rn,*

*want to go out later?*

*13:26*

*Can't, have plans w Dream*

*13:27*

*Oh so you'll choose a booty*

*call before ur best friend :'(*

*13:28*

*I most definitely will*

*13:29*

*Ho*

*13:30*

*Well either way u know where to*

*find me if you change your mind*

*13:30*

*Read*

Wilbur jumped into the bath and took a long warm shower, trying to wash the tiredness off of his body. When he came out it was already past two, and he had less than an hour to dry his hair, find an outfit, and tidy the house. That and *calm the fuck down*.

He styled his hair extra curly and cussed out loud when he hit his hand against the sink, reaching for the hairbrush. He sprayed the neutral scented deodorant, and put on a little of his signature cologne. His sense of taste was weaker than most so he relished in his sense of smell, long story short, he liked to smell good.

He put on some playlist to sing in the background while he decided what to wear *'something casual, but not like a slob'* he ran his hand through several jumpers *'something that looks good, but not like I tried too hard'*

In the end, he picked out some loose and comfortable dark brown plaid pants that made his legs look even longer, showing his bare ankles. He didn't bother looking for a t-shirt and just threw an oversized beige sweater on. Folding the sleeves to his forearms, the teen looked at the mirror hanging on one of his walls. Giving himself a small smile and fixing his hair some more.

His eyes dart to the digital alarm clock on the shelf.

*14:30 pm*

*'shit, shit, crap, fuck'* the brunette began frantically cleaning his room. Moving the countless glasses by his bed to the kitchen, along with a few rouge pop cans. The floor became clearer and clearer as the discarded clothes began dispersing.

When he was done with the cleaning he opened the window, airing out and gross teenage smells he had welled up in there. And much like Tommy had once Wilbur climbed out to sit on the big ass window and light another one of his cancer sticks. The music still playing in the background, slower tracks making themselves known.

He stood there and smoked until he saw a particular silver car drive down the street. He jumped down to the bedroom floor and rushed to the door, cigarette still in hand. He was just opening the door as the car was being parked, a blond man exiting it. A smile spread across Wilbur's face, as soon as those bright green eyes met is.

"Dream!" he waved to the person "Hurry inside it's fucking cold"

The clouds had moved and it now looked like it was going to rain sometime soon. The wind picking up the pace it didn't have an hour or two ago.

"Okay okay, just wait a second," The anticipated man said upon locking the old tin can he called a car.

Wilbur twiddled a strand of stray thread from the fabric of his sweater. He always did this when he didn't know what to do with his hands. He just had to fiddle with something, he refused to drop the thread from his hands even when welcoming the blond inside. Putting out the cigarette on the pavement outside his home.

They exchanged their greetings and headed to Wilbur's room when the blond man spoke "smoking huh?"

He was sporting a pair of casual black jeans, a loose t-shirt, and a unique green jacket. Soon as he came inside he took off his signature green face mask. He wore it more times than not, usually in public but not around his friends and close one's.

"You want one?" The brunette took out a box from his pocket of Sterling blue cigarettes

*(That's the light kind, Tommy smokes red which has more nicotine and tar. Also, don't smoke kids)*

"No thanks, I can't stand the smell" he waved his hand and plopped down on one of the bean bags.

"But you'll stand it for me right?" Wilbur said and began lighting a new one like he said: *no* self-control.

The blond chuckled that smile which made Wilbur's heartache, where the dimples on his face made an appearance already well-known to Wil. "-I guess I will"

"Want to play Knockout city? We got the new beta version from some sponsorship Techno made, even Phil likes it"

"Sure, he won't mind right?" Dream asked getting up

"Nahh" *'he most definitely will but he didn't particularly care, scratch that i definitely care. But that's a problem for future Wilbur'*

They continued to relocate and play the game for an hour. Lots of playful pushes smiles and, of course cursing, were exchanged. During times like this Wilbur was sure he knew the meaning and full extent of 'living in the moment' the moment being playing stupid video games with his crush, slash fwb.

It was nearing five pm when Dream lost another game to Who was already familiar with the game, "You hungry?"

Wilbur was actually kind of hungry but refused to admit it "Kinda, what do you wanna eat?" he asked already knowing the answer.

"Pizza from Pizza Hut!" the green man said excitedly. The depictions of Mutant Teenage Ninja Turtles weren't far from real teenagers, more times than not living in a stench-filled environment - school, eating pizza because it was the easiest, and occasionally smelling like sewer water. Luckily, Dream was only performing one of these behaviors.

"Got it, what do you want on it?" Wilbur asked already picking up the phone.

"Everything except the jalapeno or any other type of spicy pepper" he made a disgusted face.

It was true, the younger couldn't stomach anything spicy. This hypothesis was made a fact after they tried the hot wings challenge with Bad, Puffy, Skeppy, and Karl. After losing a bet he and Skeppy were forced to join the spicy loving group in the challenge, he heard from the younger himself that he drank a gallon of milk and continued to throw up for the rest of the night. In memory of the incident, Wilbur commented.

"Yeah I'm not really in the mood of taking care of pissbaby dream while he gets sick in my toilet"

"Shut up! That was one time!" the blond exclaimed and added "Or two, three" he seemed lost in thought as Wilbur held the phone over his ear and placed the order.

He hung up quickly "We should go downstairs so we can hear the doorbell" The pair then proceeded to shut off the game and exit Techno's room, the brunette fixing everything so it seemed untouched.

"Something to drink?" Wilbur asked opening the fridge already taking Dream's drink of choice from inside.

"Orange juice?" He asked when a blue Ikea glass filled with unidentified liquid was handed to him.

Wilbur only gave him a nod, holding an orange-flavored zero sugar pop in his hands. He wasn't prone to cola or coffee, like the rest of the household, due to his low tolerance to caffeine. If he drank anything of the sort he was sure to not sleep the rest of the night. Which was, in itself, very

anxiety-inducing.

The pale lanky teen pointed to the glass, yard doors behind him "Veranda?"

The other agreed and they sat down to the elevated wooden patio section of the yard. Soon dream was sitting pushing his weight to his hands which rested behind him, with Wilbur's head in his lap. A cigarette in the other's mouth while they exchanged conversations about teachers, tests, and the plans for the Winter vacation which was due a few months.

Dream was absent-mindedly running fingers through the other's hair as low volume *Crywank* album played in the background. Smell of smoke and cold wind itched at his eyes, although he didn't mind. It was accompanied by few ease-filled minutes of silence where Wilbur just closed his eyes and relished in the presence of the other when he opened them. The green eyes, which had blond eyelashes dressing them, looked at him in adoration.

The peace was interrupted by the doorbell, breaking the silence. The two stood up, Wilbur taking the cash off the counter before answering the ringing.

A warm smell of pizza replaced the smoke that clung to the other's sweater. They bid the man goodbye and sat on the large sofa in the living room, turning on a 2014 movie called Whiplash, on Wilbur's command of course.

The plates and the drinks were there, Dream began eating as Wil turned on the movie. Even when it started Wilbur was still just sipping on his pop. He was eyeing the pizza and his mouth was watering but he still refused to take a piece.

Wilbur, just like Tommy, in the past, developed a disrupted eating pattern that manifested because of his self-image. It started many fights with Phil and was a disturbance in his life for many years, but after a long time, he finally learned how to be better. How to eat and nature oneself better, it was never truly gone but it was brought to the minimum. Only bringing sizable significance when under stress. This time, stress being in tune with his self-image once again.

Somewhere in his mind he still thought if he was just thinner, *smaller*, '*more like George*' Dream would choose him. He wasn't eating because he just wanted to look lovely for Dream, hoping to accomplish a goal he knew was unaccomplishable.

He shifted distancing himself from the pizza, focusing on the movie. This however drew Dream's attention "You gonna eat?"

Despite Wilbur's hopes, the dirty blond wasn't blind to his actions. And wasn't unfamiliar with his behavior. Although he had been one of the later arrivals of their group he has been told about Wilbur's and many of the other's life stories and struggles. Over the late-night evenings where they'd bring blankets, and stare at the stars on some private beach they snuck into. When many

cried and comforted each other as splashing of the waves filled the silence.

It saddened to see Wilbur refusing to eat as a coping mechanism, be it a week long fast or skipping one meal it broke his heart. He knew that this past week was stressful for him, he didn't know the full story as the brunette was hesitant to share his problems with anyone other than Schlatt, Nikki, or Technoblade, but he knew that having to deal with a new foster was weighing on his mind.

"Not hungry" The serious gaze was focused on the screen.

"When'd you eat?" Dream asked still careful not to sound hostile.

Wilbur paused for a minute, as if debating what to say "around... 11?"

"Then you must be hungry" The green man began scooping a few slices on his plate, while the other ignored his comment. Seeing the reaction he put one hand on his shoulder, the other holding the plate "Please? For me?" He gave him his best puppy eyes until he relented.

"Ugh, fine" Dream smiled and hung an arm around him. When the taller leaned in a little he began brushing his fingertips through a brown mess of curls once again, as the action seemed to calm the older.

The movie finished and most of the pizza was too. Wilbur falling asleep on Dreams shoulder, bags prominent and puffy beneath his eyes. Dream didn't mean to wake him but as if on cue on the tune of the closing credits the man woke up, rubbing his eyes and looking around "Oh, it's over... Did I fall asleep?"

"Yeah, you left a drool stain on my shoulder" The teen half-joked, laughing as he saw a blush appear on Wil's cheeks.

"Uh sorry, wanna go to my room?" Dream was about to say something as he added "To uh, to-show you a new song I wrote!"

---

Calloused fingertips reached for the cedar-lined acoustic guitar that hung on the gray-colored wall of his bedroom. Muted light emitting from the colored fairy lights that decorated his bed. Two persons sat to the black and red bean bags in the corner of the room.

Wilbur tuned on his guitar and spoke "It's called '*Your sister was right*' "

Dream only nodded looking at the man before him. Soft melody began playing from the instrument and Dream could see red and blue light reflecting on the glass frames of the musician's glasses.

*"I thought I couldn't love anymore*

*Turns out I can't, but not for the same reasons as before*

*I use everyone I ever meet*

*I can't find the perfect match*

*Abuse those I love*

*While I ostracize the ones who love me*

*Back"*

A pained expression grew on his face, although Dream wasn't able to catch it.

*"On the path of least resistance, I find myself salting the Earth*

*Every time that I miss you*

*I feel the way you hurt*

*And I don't deserve you*

*You deserve the world*

*Though it feels like we were built*

*From the same dirt"*

He didn't miss a note despite how much his fingers were shaking. A faster verse came and he was singing louder.

*"I hate to say it*

*But your sister was right*

*Don't trust English boys*

*With far too much free time~"*

Over the like his gaze flickered to the boy beside him, staring at him intently.

*"And I hate to say it*

*But your sister was right*

*I'm nothing but a problem*

*Leave you crying overnight"*

Even if it wasn't the other crying overnight. The musician wasn't about to discover himself more than he already was.

*"And I hate to say it*

*But your sister was right*

*I can't focus on the future only my short sight"*

A lyric much too true, much to the other's obliviousness.

*"I hate to say it*

*But your sister was right*

*I'm a wanker*

*Complete wanker*



*A fucking waste of time..."*

He was almost panting at the end of it, playing the last few tunes. The music becoming quieter and quieter with each passing second until it was silent. When it was, Wilbur again looked at the other, who stared at him for a moment.

"Damn Wil..." He started and Wilbur felt his heart stop, "that sounded amazing!" He breathed a sigh of relief, he poured his heart out and hoped the other would remain oblivious as he was until now.

"Ah, thank you" he stuttered when he realized the boy expected an answer.

"Who's it about?" he questioned leaning his elbows on brunette's beanbag, scooting closer, and strumming a few strings on the guitar resting in Wilbur's lap.

"Nobody in particular" he lied

Dream didn't respond to that as they continued listening to Wilbur's songs, and showing each other new albums of their favorite bands. The guitar being forgotten on the floor beside them.

Sun dipped below the horizon and few raindrops began colliding with the window. Soft glow of the different colored lights was more prominent and Modern Baseball - Rock bottom track was playing.

One thing led to another and Wilbur was currently sitting on the owner of the stupid green leather jacket which was hung over his chair. The red bean bag dipped below them as a boy with the mess of curls on his head was leaning over the blond looking at him with a blush on his cheeks.

The moment started as gentle but as tracks switched it became more chaotic and messy. Wilbur's arms over his shoulders, legs straddling his waist one hand made its way to the blond locks of hair.

Another's arm slung over his waist while the other cupped his cheek.

Wilbur's heart was going a hundred miles per hour, anxiety and adrenaline surging through his veins. He could see the whole universe in the other's eyes and he was a supernova ready to detonate at his touch. When the other spoke his name the raw energy inside him made himself known, the irresistible pull of his heart for the other made him want to be closer, to be more than he could be. But the blinds of reality were closing, the hum of rain providing a comfortable carpet

of his fantasy, a soft cushion to break the fall of reality.

Soft lips connected with his and time seemed to stop, the playlist singing a song he didn't know the name of when Dream reached his hands to pull the bowl-shaped glasses and deepen the kiss. Red undertones of his skin showed at his name being called "...Wilbur"

Although his movements were fast and needy the other treated him as if he was glass easy to break in his hands. Little did Dream know Wilbur already had cracks in his skin, no matter how gently the other held him. The more kindness he showed to him the more he resented the boy, for showing him something that will never be his. That thought broke the rough movements and he pulled away from the kiss.

Wilbur buried his head in the other's neck, not letting go, searching for comfort. A hand from his waist circled around his back "Wil... You okay?"

The other only hummed pushing himself closer to the entity, finding comfort in the wooden, citrusy scent of the boy who had freckles in number that outdid the stars. He breathed in and kissed his neck "Yeah"

Comforting hand rubbed circles on his back "Do you want to stop?" a voice which remembered Wilbur of warm summer mornings asked.

The brunette only clung his hands tighter around the man, fearing as if he let go he would disappear "No" he just said and continued to riddle the neck he was buried in with kisses.

Lips caught the sensitive skin between his teeth, sucking and nibbling on it. Leaving red and purple bruises in its wake. And he smirked against his neck as Dream's breath halted. "This is too fun to stop," he said as he left another hickey below his jaw.

"You're such a bastard" Dream wheezed before the teen answered

"I know" Wil continued to litter the neck in kisses climbing up to his cheek, looking in his eyes once again. A thumb ran over the pink lips of the teen below him, "And you love it" he flashed a cocky smile.

"Oh yeah, and I'm completely at your mercy" he slyly said and placed his hands on the other's back

pockets making Wilbur turn the color of his lips. "You're lucky you have a good ass" he flashed him a teasing smile.

"Oh just shut up and kiss me" was the only thing he said before he clashed their lips once again. And Dream tasted cigarette smoke on his tongue, while he felt big hands rest on his chest and tracing his collarbones.

Wilbur again puled away first, short of breath he lifted his head exposing his neck and Dream took the chance. Earning a yelp from the other "Dream!" as much as he was covered in hickeys himself he knew Wilbur was the more sensitive one, be it physically or mentally. He left teeth marks and big bruises on his Adams apple. Thumb rubbing a strip of exposed skin of his hip.

Wilbur's stomach did a flip when the hand slipped underneath his sweater, and he couldn't suppress a whine when it traced along his spine and gently brushed all the dips on his ribs. Warm, sun kissed skin collided with pasty, cool-toned one.

His fingers left blond curls holding a head hostage and put them to his mouth, daring to stop any more sounds from coming out. Although he was stopped in his intent when a pretty hand wrapped *'oh so perfectly'* around his wrist.

"Now, I wanna hear you" Dimples grew on his face when Wilbur tried to make an annoyed face, tried at least. If you asked him, he was in absolute heaven when that smile, accompanied with a kettle-like wheeze, made an appearance.

"Well maybe if you didn't-" he was interrupted by pushing on his hips, and *'my god did Dream just grind on me?'* Wilbur wondered briefly when another sound escaped him "Ah~"

"He repeated this action once more "You were saying...?" he grinned at the becoming tent in the other's pants.

"You-" Wil looked him straight in the eyes while the hands returned to the spot beneath his hoodie, exploring his chest. He shook his head *'focus'* "You, You're the biggest wanker-" was all he got to say before he was pulled into another kiss.

Before he knew it his shirt was being thrown off and he was tugging at the hem of Dreams. He loved dream just as he was, he would've loved him no matter how he looked like, but 'damn' he was a sucker for that six-pack. Figured, he sparred with Techno at least 4 times of the week. But he would rather not think of his brother while half-naked and with a boner in his pants, just ruins the vibe. Anyways dream wasn't like some of the other football team members, he was muscular but not in a bulky way. More in a lean way he would say, lower mass made him faster.

A hand slipped between the fabric and the skin, he could feel Dream shutter from the touch. Slow moving motion of the two was present, both eager to get some friction. The blond reached for the button of his pants button undoing the zipper.

The air was growing humid and their faces were ever so close when a palm made it to the clothed member "Dream, I need-" Was all Wilbur could word out, but he was understood non the less.

The moment was perfect, so it was a given neither of them heard the knock on the white wood.

Much less the sound of the door opening following it.

## Chapter End Notes

Almost 6K words, pog?

This was a long one champs, had lots of fun writing it.

I read some comments and y'all re SO so so unprepared for what's about to come next  
:]

## Phil Pov (kinda)

### Chapter Summary

Quick recap cuz I haven't posted in a month.

Phil and Tommy went to the foster home to sort the files out, Tommy got sick and passed out so they headed home. And at home Wilbur was about to get sum ass when a door opened...

TW: self harm, panic attack, throwing up, homophobia

### Chapter Notes

Yall waited for this for too long, finals came up and my motivation went down. No worry tho i already have the next chapter written up so it's not gonna be long until another update :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Phil quickly jumped to his feet and went downstairs.

His mind was running a thousand miles a minute and his feet skipped the stairs below his feet, taking two at the time.

Phil was usually a calm person, rational and so. But that being said he got attached really easily, and when he got attached he got *attached*. He cared for all his friends and family. Even just after a week, he looked at Tommy as his son. And when his son, *his child* was in question, he became irrational. Pure adrenaline and fight or flight mode kicked in.

He saw the stairs disappear behind the sound of his footsteps, next the frame of the door, and then at what seemed like a sleeping child laying on the scuffed, red couch.

Before he could catch his breath, he was on his knees at the foot of the boy.

The teen was on his side, scrunched up resembling a ball, and was shaking and sweating. A hand reached to his forehead, his cheeks were red and his breathing was short

"Tommy?" He tried calling out

He removed the hand from his forehead and said out loud "He's burning up" to the two persons that went down the stairs slower behind him.

He heard Patricia say "go get the ice" and the smaller girl hurry up to the other room. He took off his sweater after failing to find a blanket. And he looked back at the small child underneath his hand.

He had a scrawl on his face as if he was having a nightmare, and he held his hand. "He has a fever" was said and in his mind was screaming at him

*'how did you not notice? How did you let this happen? Help him, help him, help HIM! You're **his father** for fucks sake!'*

The little girl was back in the room with a damp gauze which was presumably filled with ice. It was handed to him and he pressed it to his forehead, shifting his hair out of his face.

Patricia spoke again "He must've caught a cold, the weather's been terrible lately" *'and he's not been in the best condition'* was left unsaid

Phil squeezed his hand and hugged the big green sweater tighter around him too. A moment after he could feel him squeezing back and he friend again "Tommy? Toms? Are you with us?"

His eyes fluttered open.

—

His head was pounding and everything was black. He tried opening his eyes but they were so heavy. Something warm was draped over his shoulders and he could feel himself drifting back to sleep.

Then a cold dampness was felt on his head, *'cool, that's nice'* and he shifted closer to it. He could hear his name being called but the darkness felt more inviting, even with the memories that were haunting his dreams.

A hand squeezed his and he was reminded of the dream he would not like to get back to. The sensation grounding him, he again tried opening his eyes.

"...-y? To..s?"

It took a few tries but when he finally succeeded he saw a winged black figure *'crow maybe'*

"Bird?" A scratchy voice, which didn't feel like his own, asked.

"-s Phil" circles were being rubbed on the back of his hand.

He could see a little clearer, a shaggy, blond-haired man and blue eyes staring at him. "...Birdza?"

"For fucks sake Theseus" He could hear Lily call out with a laugh

"The fuck? Who told you my middle name?" He shot upright

"You did?" She answered

And Tommy fell back against the hard cushions when the dizziness kicked in "Oh, right"

He then noticed the hand firmly wrapped against his, so he went limp and looked at the figure in front of his vision '*Phil*', he wiggled his hand out of his.

Tommy's eyes were again fluttering shut, he wished to go back to sleep where his head wasn't pounding and his muscles weren't aching. But he was stopped in his intent when a voice, despite how soft it was, thumped like bass drums in his ears.

"Mate, mate, mate, stay awake"

The other hand made its way to his hair, shuffling and patting him, almost soothing the pain. He was then handed a glass "Drink this, you'll feel better"

And that he did, when he drowned the whole glass in one go "My head hurts" he said, leaning himself on his elbows. But surprisingly not swatting the hand in his locks away.

"I know mate, you're running a fever"

He properly sat up and looked around the room. Patricia and Lily were looking at him. Lily with an unsure expression and Patricia almost doing an annoyed eye roll. If Phil wasn't here he's sure she would've called him a '*fucking drama queen*'.

"Toms? Son?"

He guessed his eyes were unfocused when he heard his name being called again, '*wait a bloody minute, did I mishear, son? No, I misheard, right right.*'

He felt miserable and he just wanted to go to his room and sleep it off. "I- I want to go *home*" he said and even though Tommy failed to notice, both Phil's and Lily's eyes widened in surprise.

A small smile appeared on Phil's face "Okay, Toms let's go home"

Tommy was slowly falling asleep again, unable to keep his eyes open. "Can you walk?"

A murmur and a soft "no" was almost unheard.

"Okay mate, just hold tight then" Phil wrapped the teens' hands around his neck, with an instruction to hold tight being followed even though the boy was half-asleep.

With the boy's hands around his neck, he scooped the rest of him in one quick motion and they were on their way to the car. He was really light, the fact didn't surprise Phil, but still saddened him.

The boy shuffled closer in his neck, soft snores coming out of his mouth, nose stuffy. They helped him open the doors and gather their stuff while Phil tried to lay him down in the back seat. But when the time came he wasn't letting go.

Up until now, it seemed like Tommy was afraid of touch, as if a mere thought if it burned him. But now, while asleep, his arms stayed locked behind Phil's neck. In a semi-firm hold.

Phil's eyes softened even more, if that was even possible "aw baby..." He said patting his hair and shushing him,

"I'm not going anywhere" and with that his hold loosened and he said their goodbyes. The car's heating was turned on to the max and the previously cold gauze on his forehead was now warm.

Before they made their way onto the highway and to home, the older stopped at the pharmacy to get some medicine.

The back car door was open and the older blonde was crouching beside Tommy. A cold shiver ran through him, waking him up.

"What is it?" He said, voice groggy and hands reaching forward.

Phil held the pill in one hand and the bottle of water in the other, taking the teens' palm into his and handing him the items. "It's fever reducer mate, it'll make you feel better"

Tommy leaned to the warmth of the other and felt a hand, which he was now surprisingly familiar with, dragging its fingers through his hair. And he didn't mind it at all, still sleepy.

He took the medicine and drank half the bottle of water. '*Dehydrated*' Phil thought "We're gonna be home soon, just hold on for a bit okay?"

He felt a nod on his chest, where Tommy's head rested. The man leaned him back in the car seat and closed the door.

The sun was slowly setting and Phil hoped they'll make it home soon.

—

The ride back took shorter than the ride to. Maybe it was because the traffic was nonexistent, and maybe it was because of Phil's faster, definitely-not-legal driving. We will never know, but what was sure was that they were safe and that they were *home*.

Two sets of legs walk through the front door.

"You should go lay down, can you walk alone?" Phil asks as soon as they enter.

Tommy nodded but stayed in place, hugging his jacket closer for warmth.

"Extra blankets are in Will's room, I'll be up in a second with some soup and tea okay?" He patted his shoulder and Tommy didn't have any energy to shrug him off.

So Phil headed to the kitchen while Tommy dragged his socked feet along the stairs. The nearest the door closest to his.

He tried knocking but speakers must've been tuned up to eleven when he heard no response. Cold and tired he opens the door, all too ready to crash and sleep it off.



The white painted door was creeping open and in a faint glim of colored lights, he could see two figures.

It was Wilbur... Shirtless, on top of... Some dude.

***'Oh shit'***

He was suddenly a lot more awake and alert. His heart palpitates when it starts beating faster than a virgin who was getting laid for the first time. He would've cringed for that comparison if not for the sheer horror running through his whole body.

Both figures looked at him and that was when his fight or flight mode kicked in. He was aware someone said something but the only thing he could hear were his footsteps.

His ears closed shut like he was 38 000 feet above the ground, and all he could hear were his breath and footsteps. A sickening feeling was crawling up his throat as he reached for the bathroom door. Barely succeeding in locking his door before getting sick in the white porcelain bowl (*nobody needed to know he missed for an inch, and half of it ended up painting blue-tiled floor orange*)

A low buzzing and black spots were painting his vision, end everything was too hot and cold and he would see drops of sweat '*or was it tears*' blurring his vision. So he took off the jacket Phil gave him, and his hoodie along with it.

But he still felt '*too hot-too hot- **TOO HOT***' and he kept crawling at the nonexistent shirt on his back. White, pasty forehead pressed against the bowl, and yellowed nails digging in the skin of his back.

*'no no no'* a sob

Pressing crescent-shaped wounds in his ribs, fast enough those little half-moons became stripes, which became red and pink spots of scratched off skin on his back.

*'no- not, not again'* his hands kept crawling and crawling, and it stung. Or at least Tommy thought it stung, he couldn't really feel it.

*'fuck no, I ca- can't not- don't tOuch mE'* he didn't know whether he was talking out loud or not but he knew that the spots becoming prominent on his back weren't enough of a distraction anymore.

Tommy's eyes drifted from one end of the bathroom to the other, hoping to find something, *anything*, to relieve whatever he was feeling right now. And before he could pass out from lack of oxygen preferably.

He searched through a little bag what made of his hygiene products, a toothbrush, toothpaste, a razor, *razor blades...* '*razor blades that's it*'

A shaky hand which didn't seem like his own reached for it and he collapsed on his ass again, showing down his jeans he roughly exposed old red lines. In his intent to make numerous more.

A choked intake of air later the thin blade was pressed on his thigh, a second of hesitation and a quick sweep of his hand, and a cloud of white covered his vision. Jaw in the air he took a proper breath again, feeling more in control. He looked down on the cut again, which was bubbling up with red liquid.

As he looked a little closer '*fuck it cut to the fat*' the skin layer was exposed to the stuffy bathroom air and Tommy looked at it as if it would disappear from his sight.

(Ppl if u ever cut to the fat' layer of the skin you should get stitches)

Webs of red began covering it and the buzzing in his ears subdued a little, finally being able to hear something other than his own ragged breaths.

"Oomy! Too-y! --TOMMY!?" A bang followed it and then another.

Blue irises followed the sound but quickly turned back to his legs and fingers, which gripped the blade further. Another line being drawn, and then another and with under a dozen lines he called out to the sound. Head a lot clearer than before.

But the Niagara Falls of blood emitting from his thighs weren't all that calming anymore, a bang followed again and his name being called.

His throat felt like sandpaper when he uttered the next words "what- What is it?"

A different voice responded, "Are you alright in there mate?"

He looked at his legs and then at the bile in the toilet "I uh- I was just a little nauseous"

"Can I come in?" The voice, which he now recognized as Phil's, asked

"No I'm fine, I just need a second" he tried to sound as calm as possible, despite his eyes blurring at the sight of red "I'll take a shower" he added then. Not really hopping on the idea of anyone much less Phil seeing him like this.

What's more, he didn't want to risk Wilbur still being there, what if he were to do something. Tommy met people like *that* before and it made him gag over the toilet bowl all over again.

"Alright mate, I'll bring you some clothes in front of the door"

And now was the time he probably needed to get up, which would've been easier if not for the vice-like grip nonexistent hands had over his chest. Squeezing and cutting his breath short.

He vaguely thought about that scene from '*Arthur and the Invisibles 2*' where the boy gets squeezed alive by ropes until he becomes gold nectar. Suddenly he had more sympathy for the boy, he also wondered what colour of nectar would he be if it was really him. In the movie, the nectar represented soul or life force, and Tommy doubted he had either of those anymore.

The closest thing that he had was currently flowing in the water swirling around his toes. He was snapped out of his trance when the lukewarm water hit his open wounds, causing him to hiss. His knees buckled and the weight in his back became too much for him to stand.

Literary.

He had to sit down. In the pinkish-colored floor of the white porcelain bathtub, he sat with his knees pressed up to his chest. Careful not to directly touch the cuts.

Now that the pain wasn't as distracting and the only noise being the shower head pounding against his head and back, he was once again met with his thoughts.

*'Why was Wilbur on that guy'* his hands went around his torso

*'Did I see wrong?'* fingers were again on his back

*'No, I didn't, I know what I saw'* nails dug into his skin, and moved up and down.

*'Fuck I knew I wasn't safe in this house'*  
scratching.

*'I thought I escaped this'*  
scratching.

*'I'm not safe here, I'm not safe'*  
scratching.

*'It's gonna happen again'*  
scratching.

*'I can't do this again'*  
and scratching.

*'not again, not again, not again-'*  
scratch- scratch- **SCRATCH**

The water hit the fresh wound on his back, and he was snapped out of his little episode. He found that the imaginary ropes that made around Arthur's body in the movie were again entangling around him. Salty tears were washing away in the clear water, that has by now run cold.

*'I should-'* Tommy unhinged his hands from his back *'-probably get up'*

And that he did, knees as wobbly as before. The teen reached for his towel which, by the chance of luck, was red. He stepped out, wiping away any water and... other liquids from his body.

The mirror was foggy but he could still see the vague reflection of himself. Usually, he would rather look away from the scene and would be grateful that it was blurry. But, this time he made himself stop and look.

The bathroom walls were white, the door behind was white, he himself was, pasty. The only red color in the mirror was his towel. Which didn't make sense because his towel was on the floor. He could feel it under his feet. *'So what's making the red blurry color in the mirror?'*

A hand pressed itself to the said mirror and swiped. Leaving a clear picture of himself... And his back.

As he turned Tommy saw many red lines dotting his back. He hugged his back again, just like he

was doing moments before *'did- did I do that?'*

The skin was warm to the touch, some parts had little red bumps. The skin around them mostly pink, red dots more prominent among them.

More panic rose in his throat until a more pressing issue made itself known. The blood dripping to his feet still.

"Fuck"

He muttered to himself and to his own stupidity. It was a good distraction, yes, but it was not worth the consequences and aftercare. If he wasn't such a stupid self observed idiot he would've stopped doing it before it got this bad. Because getting bad meant getting worse, and getting worse meant...

...He'd rather not get into it.

He picked up the towel from the floor and pressed it on the still bleeding skin. Meanwhile, he searched for some supplies in the room's many cabinets.

After few minutes of his search he emerged victorious, with gazes and medical tape. And of pair of nail scissors, which would have to do.

He cut the tape at the length of about 3 inches (8 centimetres) and twisted it in the middle, masking a makeshift butterfly bandage. He would've cut out the middle to make it better and more like the bandage but his hands were too shaky to be trusted with that.

He then took the ends of the skin, pushing it together and putting the bandage on. Skin again being closer together as it was before it was cut.

The process was repeated for one more major cut and after that, it was all bandaged up.

Still a little sloppy, and still a little shaken he took the clothes from outside the door and put them on.

It was one of his old hoodies, now washed and clean and a pair of sweatpants he hadn't worn yet. Along with some fuzzy socks which he knew weren't his.

And Tommy walked to the bedroom barefooted.

—

"Oh shit"

Wilbur lifted his head and saw a blond figure standing in his doorway. His face flushed red, aware of the position he was in.

"Fuck, C-CLOSE THE DOOR" He scrambled off of the dream, embarrassed.

In record time the little twat disappeared. Which made Wilbur stop back a minute. By his behavior,

Wilbur expected Tommy to throw a fit or tease him endlessly. *'Like Techno did all the time, god the fucker'*

He was now standing and Dream stood as well, he noticed it only when a hand clasped his shoulder catching his focus "Wil? Um, is he like-" he coughed into his fist "gonna tell Phil or something, about us?"

His eyebrow scrunched in worry, which made Wilbur laugh "What *Dreamy*? Scared of my dad?" He pinched his cheek jokingly, washing the scared look off his face.

"What?! No! No, I am not scared" he looked to the side at the colorless wall in thought "okay, maybe a little"

At that Wilbur gave him another throaty laugh. Hugging his shoulders

"For real! He can be scary when he wants to" he began defending himself.

"Aw com'on Phil doesn't have a bad bone in his body, what you worrying about" Wil responded hugging him and pushing the blond head to his chest.

"About Tommy currently, I guess. He looked pale before he ran off" Dream said before nuzzling into Wilbur's collar.

"I should probably go right?" Dream added loosening his grip.

"Yeah, you probably should" Wilbur kissed the crown of his head. Wishing he didn't have to go.

"Cheesy" the blond snickered at his actions

"Shut up dude" his arm punched the other.

When they were passing the bathroom to the downstairs they heard reaching sounds. Which made them stop "Dream do you mind waiting downstairs for a minute?"

The other stared at the bathroom door, and then at Wil. He nodded, descending down the stairs.

Wilbur knocked on the door "Um, Tommy?"

More gagging "Tommy, what are you doing"

He tried knocking "Can I come in?" Nothing.

He tried the knob, *'locked'* "Will you let me in?"

He heard cries, and more sounds which were less than enjoyable to hear. "Tommy?" He tried knocking again. Nothing.

"Wil, what's going on?" The comforting sound of his father asked.

"Tommy is throwing up or something j don't know he won't open the door, he looked fine a second

ago..." He continued to bang his hand to the wood, explaining too quick for anyone to understand.

A hand clasped around his, preventing him from hitting it again. "Wilbur, calm." The sounds in the bathroom had silenced as well. "Let me handle this, why don't you go see off Dream? We'll talk when you get back"

A minute of hesitation "Okay"

"Okay"

—

A gentle knock broke the silence "Tommy?" Nothing.

"Are you alright in there mate?"

Just when he thought he wasn't going to respond a nose was heard "I uh- I was just a little nauseous"

Phil's heart broke at how broken his voice sounded "Can I come in?" He tried

"No I'm fine, I just need a second" and then "I'll take a shower"

"Alright mate, I'll bring you some clothes in front of the door"

After leaving the clothes outside he headed downstairs, finding Wilbur on the sofa, looking at his phone.

"Hey son" he looked up from his phone

"Hey is Tommy alright?" He got up when Phil headed to the kitchen, following him

"Yeah, he's caught a bit of a cold I'm afraid" red boiler was filled with water and a mug containing some sort of tea was in the making.

"Is that why you're back early?" Wilbur questioned although the answer was obvious

"Yup, probably won't be going to school tomorrow, poor thing"

The teen scoffed at that *'no school? Yeah, poor thing'*

The older continued doing what he was, ignoring the brunette's scoff.

"Do we still have soup from yesterday?"

—

Phil knocked on Tommy's door before entering. The boy inside was sleeping, so he just left the tea and the medicine on his desk.

He patted the boy's head before exiting.

"Goodnight Tommy"

Leaving him to a restless night of sleep.

## Chapter End Notes

Ty for all the patience and for the enthusiasm about the new chapter. Several people have reached out to me through my ig (@alien\_simp) and the messages really made my day ty for reading so much i love hearing the thoughts you had on this fic :)

see yall soon, stay safe <3

# the past

## Chapter Summary

So like Tommy's past comes to unfold

## Chapter Notes

Man am i getting good at uploading regularly or what?

This one's a smaller chapter please ignore tat

TW: sexual abuse, noncon

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

***This chapter can be triggering, and it is not necessary to read to understand the lore. It can be skipped.***

*Tommy was about 10 years old when he got fostered for the second time. It was said to him that he was one of the lucky ones to get fostered at the age of 10.*

*He was told that children over 11 rarely get fostered at all because nobody wants to raise a teenager. At a young age you could still think of kids as your own, but as soon as they talked back, was when the doors started closing for them.*

*So Tommy tried his best to stay silent and stay safe. 'Maybe get adopted as well!'*

*The new house was quite different from the last one, the parents presumably gave a shit about him. Presumably.*

*The parents were a younger couple with already one biological child '**never a good one to have in a foster home**'. .*

*The father worked while the mom was a stay-at-home housewife. They were rather religious too, elevated by the fact that only in the living room Tommy counted 18 images of the Christ. And yes it was eighteen, God knows how many times he was bored out of his mind and just went around counting them.*

*The family was just about as you'd imagine a religious family to go. Well, not exactly, not all religious people were like this. This family was just the kind to justify their awful homophobic, racist, sexist stands "in the name of god".*

*And that was funny because they got married just because the wife '**Sarah**' got knocked up by Bill*



*'the husband' when she was eighteen. Bill being around 28 at the time.*

*The kid was named Issac, well, the "kid" at the time was thirteen. He was more than slightly taller than Tommy. And had raven, usually messy, hair.*

*From what Tommy could gather now, Issac was going through the rebellious phase. Having taken all but one picture of Jesus out of their shared room. Putting up alternative band posters on the wall instead. No matter how much he got hit for listening "that garbage of sound" or how many of his posters got ripped up.*

*In all honesty, Issac was a pussy, never standing up for himself. And eventually giving up on rebelling, being scared of the consequences.*

***Why did the couple decide to foster?** Well, Sarah was getting bored at home, and they couldn't have any more biological children due to complications that arrived when having Issac. So they opted for adoption, add a little of a savior complex in the mix and there was Tommy.*

*Going in the home took some getting used to, he was sharing a room with Issac. Praying before lunch and bed, going to mass and Sunday, and church meetings for kids afterward. He wouldn't have minded it as much if he believed in any of that shit or if he didn't get slapped every time he recited a prayer wrong.*

*Another thing was doing chores, which didn't bother him. **'or wouldn't have bothered me'** He was used to splitting work in the group home, but in this one he did all of his and all of Issac's. So he was doing twice the work with nothing in return.*

*But it wasn't like he had much say in the matter, as this was basically Issac's house. And Issac was a good seven inches taller than him.*

*It was around a week or two after he moved in that Tommy noticed the looks being thrown that way. The first occurrence being when he was washing dishes and he found Issac just standing at the table, staring.*

*He thought nothing of it at the time, but he began noticing the stares a lot more. The lingering stares were just the beginning. Next came the lingering touches.*

*And little Tommy didn't take them as anything more than brotherly affection. He didn't know how those relationships worked so he was happy when the attention was turned to him. He thought nothing of Issac holding his face when he smiled. He thought nothing when he would "accidentally" pin him to a wall. He thought nothing when he began sleeping in his bed.*

*It was a twin bed and Tommy didn't mind the warm body in the cold house. He didn't mind having someone to call **family**. He didn't question when Issac was back in the bed before the sun reached horizon, even though he fell asleep cuddled in his chest the night before.*

*He was a little confused when Issac began grabbing him at random times. Putting hands on his waist or behind. But he just classified it as brotherly affection. It wasn't until one night when Issac crawled in his bed, just as many nights before.*

*Tommy was half asleep when he felt an arm going around him. "Issac...?"*

*What happened next was something between him and himself. As he would rather not remember it at all, if possible.*

*Soon enough the raven haired boy groaned, burying his head in the younger's neck. And Tommy shivered in disgust, from the motion.*

*But instead of moving out the teen towered over Tommy's now crunched body, taking his chin in his hands and shoving it roughly to meet his eyes*

*"-Listen here" he cut him off, "If you say a word about this to mom or dad I'll have you out on the streets in a matter of minutes okay?"*

*He said it in a voice so cold and serious it gave Tommy goosebumps. And the only response he could give was a hesitant nod.*

—

*Next three days After this occurrence Issac avoided him. He didn't know if it was because of guilt or if he was disappointed in Tommy somehow.*

*Tommy was curious too about what had happened. They had, no, Tommy had, no connection to the internet of any kind. So he was left to wonder and explore the reasons for this action on his own.*

*He asked one of his classmates he considered as knowable on the topic "what does it mean when a guy um, hugs, another guy..." He tried putting into terms he was familiar with.*

*The classmate looked at him and grimaced "it means they're freaking gay, and disgusting. That's what my dad says anyways" the boy made an impression "all of the homosexuals will **burn in hell** when their sins come to show"*

*Tommy scrawled at the sentence 'did that mean he was going to hell?' like literally hell.*

—

Over the next few weeks his foster house became hell. The nights like the first one repeated. And new comments were being made about his appearance. The comments of how he looked like a girl. And how much **prettier** he would look like if he lost the **extra** pounds. Of how **squishy** he was.

A new routine was introduced, the one Tommy was not happy with. Issac would come from school and sit on his bed. Then he would invite Tommy to come to sit with him, or rather on him. Issac would roam his hands on Tommy's body and would do, what Tommy would later find out, was called a kiss. He would kiss and make up with Tommy whether he wanted it or not. Many times holding his wrists just to keep him in place. Followed by comments about his weight, how his wrists could be smaller, more grabbable.

But this was normal right? This was what happened between brothers right? A lot of times these experiences ended with a lot of praise from Issac. A lot of "good boy"s and "I'm proud of you"s clouded Tommy's mind.

Despite these praises, Tommy shouldn't get rid of the feeling of unease and nausea accompanying the late night visits to his bed.

The red alarm getting triggered the one night Issac took off his boxers and rubbed skin to skin. His hand coming to wrap around Tommy's... thing...

He remembers vividly telling him to stop. Telling him he doesn't like it. Telling him he was **scared**. Only to have been silenced by fingers in his mouth.

That night Issac was sleeping soundly, when Tommy was left sobbing in his bed. Not falling asleep until the early hours of the morning.

These nights repeated. And as the weeks passed Issac became cockier. Having makeout sessions on the living room couch. When he thought no one was home.

Someone was, in fact, home. Dad had come home earlier from work and was having a nap when two boys came home from school. And he woke up just in the wrong "right" moment.

There was yelling...

There were curses...

Phone calls were being made...

Issac had never looked so terrified, and Tommy kind of liked it. To see him in his shoes for once, scared. That was until a focus was shifted on him. When **Issac** shifted the focus on him.

"-he tempted me father" a slap

'lies'

"-It was his fault I didn't want to, Tommy did it" teary eyes stared.

*'lies lies lies lies' Tommy thought but didn't say anything.*

*A slap was directed at him. Then a punch. Then another.*

*The last thing he saw was a horizontal view of Issac leaving the room, and a dress shoe colliding with his stomach.*

*'I didn't want to do it either...' Tommy thought before his vision became black.*

—

*He was returned to the group home with a few broken ribs and memories that still haunt his dreams today.*

*He didn't know if the family faced the consequences of their actions. But he knew they called the system on him. With excuses of how he poisoned their holy house with his disgusting homosexual tendencies.*

*And Tommy learned from that moment on that it was wrong. It was wrong, and painful, to have any relationship with a person of the same gender. That it was dangerous for everyone involved, especially Tommy.*

## Chapter End Notes

Lol so i started working a summer job at a fast food joint on the beach over the summer. And my family's pestering me about why i want to quit and its making me anxious and stress filled, given i work around 10 to 12 hours a day plus all of my family's bullshit. So next chapter's gonna be coming soon so i can project onto that.

Rip my blister-filled, burned hands, this fic about to be bomb <3

# shut up

## Chapter Summary

### Wakey Wakey

## Chapter Notes

TW: intrusive thoughts, disordered eating, body dysphoria, implied/referenced suicide attempt, implied/referenced self harm, implied/referenced sexual assault

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Let's say that Tommy didn't have a mental breakdown, let's say that blood didn't seep through his black sweatpants. Let's say that he didn't remember everything he didn't want to remember. *But he did*

And boy did he.

He woke up with a hand on his forehead and the sun was already setting. Anxiety seized his chest. And every breath sent an imaginary needle to poke at his insides. He didn't know when was the last time life gave him such a shithole of a reality. Oh wait, he did.

In fact, he dreamed the memories that made his life, at that time, and now, a living hell. Somewhere he knew that this load of trauma was about to come to him at some time.

Tommy wasn't stupid. He knew there were holes in his memory. He knew that he couldn't recall his life in the correct order of events, like he was supposed to. Black censored lines covered his vision until he couldn't see what was real and what was not.

The only distinct, correct, version of his story was written in those files of his. And he remembers burning them away in some alleyway of a bigger town he had escaped to. When he ended up being homeless and living on the street.

And he had burned them in an attempt to forget, and it had somewhat worked. It 'had' worked, perfectly in fact. Until the inevitable, the trigger that caused his memories to unwind.

Leaving him even worse, to deal with them when all of it passed and there was nothing more to be done. Nothing but to be scared of the unknown.

Back to the reality, or was it reality. Nothing of this seemed real, he didn't want to be real. He didn't want every moment of his reality to be choking him. He didn't want his future to be a dark tunnel with nothing to look forward to. He didn't want anything that was this mess.

Tommy just wanted to go back to before, and no, he didn't mean to before as the last foster house, or the house before that. He wanted to go back, way back in time before the system, before all the "homes" he was put into.

He wanted to go back to the time when he was just a boy, barely five years old. When he watched movies with his mom and dad, *real* mom and dad. The ones that didn't hurt him, the ones that *loved him*. The ones that kissed his knee when he fell down and cried.

He wished he could've stopped them before they had gone. It was sudden, really. A car accident, no drunk driver, no explosions. Just one icy road and one bad set of wheels resulted in his life-changing forever. It could all be traced back to that moment.

No reality now could ever compare to that. So he chose not to, or at least try not to, live in the reality. The hand on his forehead, that also woke him didn't cause such a burning pain anymore. He wasn't hit but the mental toll turned into physical pain, grimacing at the slight touch.

*'this is not real'*

*'i am not here'*

He tried to think, with each moment distancing himself from his body a little bit more. His anxiety losing some grip on his heart. But not disappearing.

He opened his eyes once more, he saw a figure in his vision. Tommy's eyes were watery and breathing shallow when he swatted. He swatted at the hand and hit himself square between the eyes when it moved.

The person retreated their hand and snorted "Idiot" but you can hear the smile on their face.

Tommy blinked a few times more and sat up on the bed. He saw that the figure was in fact, Technoblade sitting on a chair beside the bed. "Oh it's just you" *'it's not Wilbur'* "How did you get in?" Tommy looked at the lock.

"Um- through the door?" Techno answered looked at him quizzically.

"No, I mean- how did, fuck-" The words all jumbled together, he was still sleepy "-I thought I locked it"

"Nope" a bottle of chilled water was handed to him, noticing how thirsty he was.

The room was darker than before, and *'when did Techno come back from the -sleepover?'* "What time is it?"

He asked just as the pinkette was getting up. "Around five" he walked to the desk in the boys' room. Picking up the medicine on it. "Monday"

"IT'S MONDAY?" Had he slept for 24 hours? No wonder he was that thirsty. A pill was handed to him.

"How are you feeling? Phil told me you passed out" The football player asked in a softer tone than what he was expecting.

Tommy thought for a second more, his actions and mind slowed. He twiddled the pill in his hand the sensation not registering. He tried stretching but his limbs felt too heavy for that.

"Like shit" he finally answered.

"Drink that, it'll make you feel better." He then added "But your fever seemed to drop so that's good"

Tommy only nodded, not really listening when the pinkette continued talking. Which was unusual of him, as he seemed like a man of few words.

"Phil's cooking dinner and Will's still at school. Helping Nikki with something..."

Tommy knew that the other was speaking, and he knew that the information was important. But as the words came in on one ear, they left out the other. Getting lost in his mind once again. But he didn't want to be in his mind, that wasn't a really good place for him honestly *'ironic, isn't it'* he wanted a distraction from it. But he couldn't focus on anything other than his thoughts. A fucked up circle of the suffering it was.

Techno noticed that Tommy's eyes were unfocused and that his breathing became more shallow with each breath he took. "Tommy? You listening?" He waved a hand in front of his face, which seemed to snap him out of it.

"Huh?"

"I said, the dinners gonna be done soon, come down to eat okay?" Techno wanted to reassure the boy, he hated being sick too. Everything felt uncomfortable and terrible and if you were like Wilbur, a hypochondriac, you had the constant phobia of death, failure of organs, and so on...

He wanted to reassure Tommy, he wasn't always great with words so actions worked better, sometimes. He lifted a hand to Tommy's head. Ruffling it a little feeling the soft curls that reminded him of Wilbur in their shape and of Phil in their color. He didn't miss the way he flinched in a delayed reaction.

His hand left the warm head and opened the door, on his way out he repeated softly, once more "come eat dinner with us Toms..." He left with a quiet thud of the door following him.

*'That was- weird.'*

*'not bad but-'*

*'no no no, it's not safe, shut up. Shut up idiot, you always judge everything and everyone wrong. Shut up and do as you're told'* a voice, *his voice*, said.

*'I guess I'm... Going to dinner..'*

---

Tommy reclined the stairs. But not before fitting the hoodie on his head, and making sure there were no stains on his black sweatpants.

He was feeling weak in the knees but despite that, his heart was beating a hundred miles per minute. With each step down the urge to go back to bed and hide, was growing. He could hear chatter in the kitchen, and despite knowing there was some food on the table he couldn't smell any.

*'Figures, Techno said I was sick...'*

But Tommy didn't feel bad. Actually no, scratch that, he didn't feel 'worse' than usual. Just the regular amount of physical pain.

Minus the self-inflicted mistakes on his thighs.

We're not gonna talk about that.

He entered the kitchen and was met with the three figures.

"Hi Tommy, how are you feeling?" Phil rushed over and grabbed the boy's cheeks "You slept for an awfully long time..." He gave no room for an answer as he was checking his temperature with the back of his hand. And Tommy stepped back, out of his grasp.

"Stop it dad, he's gonna become soft," Techno said as he set the table.

"He can't help it, Tommy's the youngest" Wilbur chuckled at Techno.

Phil was still looking at Tommy for an answer, his hands retrieved to himself. "...I'm, fine"

And Phil seemed satisfied at the answer as he brought the dinner to the table and sat down. Tommy followed.

On the table was some soup with noodles, and Tommy gingerly picked up his spoon *'it's mostly water, right? It's fine if I eat it right?'* he said to himself *'but it looks so good... And I'm so hungry'*

*'you can stand to lose a few pounds'* a voice, which seemed sickeningly familiar, said.



And the spoon in his hand fell to the plate. Spilling to everywhere, including to Tommy. The meal was steaming hot, but to his surprise

*'that's weird. Isn't it supposed to hurt? It hurts, I know it does. But I don't feel it?'* he just stared at the becoming red spot on his hand.

"Tommy!?" Phil sat up, reaching for a napkin, wiping the hot liquid from his fingers "Are you okay?"

The touch snapped him out of his thoughts "yeah... It just slipped..." He was talking slow. Not slurred, just slow and quiet.

The three looked at the blond on the table, he could see, when he lifted his head "what?" He asked them.

"Nothing mate, eat your soup. Be careful, it's hot" the older blond said.

"Okay"

He took small sips but gulped it down when the others were finished with theirs. Leaving noodles on the plate, only drinking the soup.

After that, they had salad, chicken, and some white sauce alongside baked cauliflower with cheese. It all looked so tasty, but Tommy knew he wasn't allowed to eat any.

They took turns putting food on their plates-

"-Tommy pass the salad" a hand wearing a yellow sleeve asked him. He turned his gaze to the person speaking. Wilbur was looking at him expectedly "well?" He gestured with his hand.

Sheepishly, with shaking hands he picked it up and passed it to him. Tommy was nervous, no, anxious, no, scared. Which was new, kinda.

Cuz he hadn't been scared in a long time, that he remembers now. He forgot how to act, he didn't know what might trigger Wilbur's.... *behaviors*.

*'what will he do if I piss him off?'*

*'God I've already done that way too many times'*

*'Does Phil know?'*

*'What if Phil knows and he's in on it?'*

*'I know this house was too goodie-goodie to be true'*

*'They must all be in it, why would they be worried about me if I had nothing to give in return?'*

*'Well, I'm not giving in to this, not the second time-'*

"Toms? Do you want the salad?" The brown-haired menace asked, holding a bowl.

Tommy stared at his new plate, still empty. He just took the bowl from the other's hands as his mind wandered off again *'salad is fine right? Salad is healthy? Not many calories, not many oils, not many pounds'*

Before he knew it Techno was putting the cauliflower on his plate. "Try it it's good" was all he said.

*'you don't deserve to eat'* a voice in his head rang again

*'were they all just trying to fatten him up? Just so they could humiliate him in school or anywhere really'*

*'speaking of school, why didn't I go today?'*

"Why didn't anybody wake me up for school?" He asked vocally. Picking at the cheesy, calorie-filled meal while doing so.

"Well, you were sick," Phil said as if it was a matter of fact.

"And..?"

"I'm not gonna force you to go to school while sick, I'm not a monster," he said putting on a slice of chicken on Tommy's plate.

"I don't want any chicken" Tommy said quickly. 'this is already too much' and he knew it was expected of him to eat everything on his plate. Including the cauliflower.

Silence again. "Okay, Tommy" was all Phil said. Kind of patronizing but Tommy wasn't complaining. Shit could only go down from here, he wasn't expecting anything less.

Tommy again started the staring contest with his plate *'if I eat this, I'll be fat, overweight, disgusting'*

"So, have you thought about what clubs you want to join?"

*'what do people do when they want to lose weight?'*

"Toms?"

*'that's right, exercise'*

"What?" He was snapped out of his train of thought

"Man, you are spacey today" Wilbur chuckled and Techno grunted disapprovingly at that "So, clubs?"

Tommy picked up the fork and gulped it down fast. Wanting to be over with this meal quickly. "Um, I dunno. Track maybe?" He remembered the p.e. class the week prior, and how fast he actually was.

"I can tell the coach Sam if you want, when you come back to school I mean," Techno said

Tommy just continued showing food down his throat. Only stopping to chug the glass of water.

*'This doesn't matter anyway, I'll just purge afterward'*

"Tomorrow?"

"I mean, if you feel well enough you can go back tomorrow mate," Phil said.

"Pog, well I'm going upstairs," he said standing up. Much to his surprise when he reached the end of the stairs he realized that Phil got up and followed him. Just before he reached the bathroom.

"Wh- what's up Bi-g man?" He stuttered and cursed at himself for sounding stupid.

"Where are you going Tommy?" Phil asked with sad eyes.

"The bathroom?" He said quietly.

"Why?" Phil stood between him and the door.

"Cuz I have to piss?!" He said annoyed. They both knew why he was really going.

"Is that so? Well, then you won't mind if I stand here and wait right?" The older said stepping aside.

"Want to listen to me piss? Weirchamp old man" he said annoyed "whatever" he went inside

"Okay, I'll be right here then" the door slammed.

*'damn it damn it DAMN IT'* he slammed his fist against his clothed thighs.

*'I can't purge with him standing against the door'* Tommy could feel the liquid and unchewed food churning in his stomach.

His mind went into a spiral of what to do to burn the calories. *'it's okay it's okay'*

*'but it's not okay, is it? You fat fuck'* the voice screamed

"Shut up!" He yelped grabbing his head.

"What was that Tommy?" The man on the other side of the door asked.

*'it's okay, I'll just do some push-ups in my room. It'll be okay'* he calmed down again.

"Nothing Phil, just out of toilet paper" he tried to reassure.

He then flushed the toilet and splashed cold water on his face. *'Man I look like shit too'* he stretched the bags under his eyes. And scrawled at the skin on his face *'great time to break out, thanks puberty'*

With a sigh he exited the bathroom "There, happy?" He huffed when he looked at Phil.

"I am," he said, tone far softer than Tommy's "Look Tommy, I know this is not gonna be easy. And I might come off as annoying or invasive by doing this. But I just want what's best for you"

"I think I know what's best for me and that is for you to stay out of my *fucking* business," he said and stormed to his room.

"I'm sorry-" was all he heard before he stopped listening.

He went to his old sony phone and put some old songs to take his mind off things. He then dropped on the floor and hooked his legs under the bed.

*'one, two, three'* he started counting.

Tommy didn't know how many he did when he collapsed on his side and fell asleep on the cold floor.

## Chapter End Notes

Hey, sup with the frequent updates? Pog?

Ty for reading, again I want to apologize for the last chapter, it was insensitive and I will try to not make any more mistakes. Yall' were so kind and gave me insight so thank you <3

# Workouts and sweat stains

## Chapter Summary

Honestly recommend reading the lat chapter before this for some context. It's a mess up here.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy's again waking up. One of the blankets is spewed on the floor by his side. Why was he on the floor again?

...

He remembered, by the ache in his abdomen and pulling off his muscles when he tried to sit up. *'oh that's right'* he thought recalling the night before.

His back was feeling hot and sweaty and his tailbone was cramped by his weight on the floor. Still in the same position as the night before when he was doing push-ups.

He didn't know what time it was, but judging by the low rising sun it was time to go. He began shuffling around the room for his school supplies. Which were left scattered around the room since Friday when he last took them out of his bag.

He headed to the bathroom and washed his teeth. The teens' skin was sweaty and sticky, although he knew a shower was due he couldn't find the energy. So he spat out the last of the toothpaste from his mouth and washed it down with water. As he exited the bathroom he saw a sleepy-looking Techno waiting for his turn in the bathroom. Neither said anything, both too tired to initiate conversation.

Back in the bedroom, Tommy searched for clean clothing to hide his bloated frame. God forbid he actually digest food.

He looked around for a hoodie, which ended up being a dark bleached-pattern oversized one.

He pulled a pair of comfortable baggy pants with it as well *'great i look like Honey Boo Boo'* he thought and shrugged the pair off of his legs. He decided on plain black skinny jeans.

He looked in disgust at the fat of his upper thighs which the jeans hugged perfectly. Lucky for him the hoodie covered mid-thigh. He deemed it good enough and headed downstairs to make himself a coffee.

The boy was alone a few minutes before two more figures came into the kitchen. And it was the perfect moment to relocate, the blond thought as he went to sit on the patio outside. The cold air caressing his everlasting headache. He didn't mind it though, *'better being cold than sticky and sweaty'*

—

A knock came from the glass doors, and behind it, he saw Techno "hey kid, we're leaving in twenty"

Tommy glared "Don't call me '*kid*' you're only like 3 years older than me!" He said with a sour look on his face

"Yeah, whatever" Technoblade turned, and walked away.

Tommy scratched the back of his hand, the cold chipped skin becoming red. His nerves were standing on end and his leg began bouncing. He didn't know why exactly, but the idea of school made him feel restless '*I could really use a fag right now*' he thought.

He stood up straight and walked inside. Soon enough it was time to leave. The bus ride was as bleak as usual. Tommy, Techno, and Wilbur caught back seats of the bus. And he could be less interested in the conversation between the two brothers. '*Something about the green man, and the boy with white-rimmed sunglasses I don't know*'

The bus came to a stop and they were squishing between a sardine-like packed bus to get to the exit. Much to Tommy's distaste.

But to note they got there ten minutes early before the first bell rang. The trio got off the bus. And much to his surprise, when Tommy went in an opposite direction than the others, a hand grabbed his hood.

"What?" He asked, a hand on his heart.

"Where are you going?" A playful voice asked. Much to his disarray, it was a voice of a curly-haired brunette.

"Cigs" was all he said. He didn't mind being late to his much-awaited chemistry class, he just wanted something to calm his nerves.

The brunette checked his watch and said "I'll go with you" when the Pinkette just shrugged and went along with them.

Tommy didn't respond, seeing he didn't have much say in the matter. '*Whatever*' he tried to calm himself. Hands catching to fidget with his hoodie strings. Speaking of which, he put the hood back on his head, eager to cover the greasy strands of hair.

As they walked Wilbur tried to strike up conversation but it was futile. With Tommy only giving him short, stilled answers. The knots in his empty stomach churning and distracting him.

After more than a few awkward moments the pair parted ways at the school entrance. Both with their resigned boxes of cigarettes (plus one unimpressed Techno) , plus plus a bag of peanut m&m's '*ew*' on Wilbur's part.

The blond quickly opened his own, intent to smoke at least one before the bell rang. He was too occupied frantically searching for a lighter that he didn't notice a ticking time bomb running towards him.

The impact of the *bomb* colliding with his back knocked the air out of his lungs and made him stumble. What's worse, drop his cigarette too.

"Sup, Tommy" the hands locked around his middle. And he recognized the voice as one of Tubso.

"You smell" he added. The hands of *the bomb* unlocked him from their grip.

"Jee thanks bud," he said picking up the fallen soldier.

"Oh great you're smoking, then you'll **smell**?" Tubbo said confidently while Tommy looked at him confused.

In the meantime, another figure came by them. "Hi," said the tall blond, with sunglasses sitting on the bridge of his nose.

"Ranboo" Tubbo nodded at him, as Tommy was snapped out of his confusion and searched for the lighter again.

"Fuck" he swore at his own stupidity.

"Need a lighter?" Ranboo held up a small red, cricket lighter with some text on it.

"Shit yes," he snatched it out of the taller's hand. As smoke escaped his lips he looked up to his savior "Thanks man" giving the lighter back.

"Keep it, I have a bunch" The beanpole spoke.

"You smoke?" Tommy asked as he pocketed the cricket.

"Arsonist" Tubbo extended his hand as if waiting for Tommy to shake it.

"I confiscated them all from Tubbo" he said with a sour look on his face. Despite the sunglasses, he was pretty expressive.

"You're cock blocking my creativity! I'm a sensitive soul!" The two argued

And Tommy smoked in silence and watched Ranboo lean on one leg. His long arms and fingers crossing to make a point. He reminded Tommy of a swan, tall, lanky...

*'thin'* a voice in his head whispered.

"What "creativity" " Ranboo made air quotes with his gloved hands "IT'S ARSON"

"And when was fire not an art Boo?" Tubbo smiled cheekily. As much as he could at least, with his head being tilted at least 45 degrees. To be able to look Ranboo in the eyes.

*'Why can't you be like that'* the voice continued.



"It wasn't art when you got grounded for setting the task sheet on fire yesterday" Ranboo chuckled at the thought.

*'that, that's what self-control looks like. he's not an animal like you'* Tommy took another breath full *'nothing more'* he shifted on his feet, still looking at Ranboo.

"It's not my fault! The math substitute was the chemistry teacher, and she's a bitch. Right, Tommy?"

"Right Tommy?" Was the part he heard, and he had no clue what they were talking about. "Um, what?" He looked away when he realized he was staring.

"The chemistry teacher's a bitch right?" Tubbo repeated for what must be the third time.

"Hundred percent" he put out the cig with his shoe sole. And light up another one, his sinuses screaming at him to stop. But as he threw one more glance at the tall blonde, he found that he didn't care if his organs screamed at him.

*'Better than the voice at least-'*

His train of thought got interrupted by the bell.

"Speaking of which, don't you two have her right now?" Tubbo pointed them. As Ranboo picked up the bag he had unnoticeably thrown on the ground.

"Ah, I'll smoke the rest and then head in," Tommy said, holding the newly lit cigarette in his hand.

"Yeah, I'm not really looking forward to that class either, I don't mind being late" Ranboo looked at his watch.

"Well you two lovebirds have fun, I have Callahan's class and he said we were watching a movie today. So I'm gonna motor" the short boy said running to the class. *'lovebirds?'*

Silence.

"So..."

"So what," Tommy asked, not really having any bite to his voice.

"I'm Ranboo" he extended his hand with a chuckle.

"I know, we've met." He answered dryly.

Seeing as he made no intention of shaking his hand he extended it to scratch his neck awkwardly. "I know, but we haven't really talked all that much"

"So?"

Seeing as this wasn't leading anywhere Ranboo relented "Nothing, I just wanted to know you better. That's all"

Tommy butted out his cigarette and light a new, he sighed and stated "I'm originally from Nottingham"

"Oh really? I'm originally from Florida" the other responded.

They chatted a little while Tommy smoked, and they soon headed to class. They were only 10 minutes late, it couldn't be that bad.

—

It was that bad actually. Tommy didn't know how somebody could be that pissed off this early in the morning. *'Like damn, it's seven a.m.'*

So they stayed quiet as Tommy took his seat, and Ranboo took his. Ranboo was actually a pretty chill guy. Sure, he didn't swear and he said *'oh jeez'* way too much to be normal. But he seemed alright, even if a he was little flamboyant.

Tommy found himself staring at him once again, wishing he had long legs like him, bony arms like him. The jawline like him. And every time he thought of it something in his stomach sunk deeper, and Tommy was familiar with that feeling as one of jealousy. God, he hated jealousy.

Soon enough he handed in his thirty-page-homework to Ms. What's-her-name and he got an A-. Which was weird, because he never gets A's.

Tommy gathered his stuff *'and more homework'* and went outside. The taller blond following behind him. Tommy thought this was the best time to ask "where do you sign up for clubs?"

"Clubs? Well, depending on the club but usually you go to the office beside the teacher assembly hall. Or ask your homeroom teach."

"Speaking of, what club did you decide on?" Ranboo asked, as they were on their way to a block of history, which apparently they had together with Tubbo.

"Track," he said, chipped. Taking a water bottle out of his bag, hoping to quiet the pain of his stomach. *'Maybe I should've just stayed home today'* the thought of running right now made him sick. His knees already buckled as they were.

"Really? Didn't take you for the sports kind of guy" Ranboo chuckled, taking his glasses off to wipe them.

Tommy got lost in his eyes for a second. *'They're so pretty'* he thought. Which reminded him of how ugly he felt himself. All gross and sweaty. Then he processed what the taller had just said

"OY! What's that supposed to mean?"

"Nothing, nothing, it's just that you look more like a computer science nerd like yours truly" he pointed to himself, hand extending over his heart.

"Oh shut up"

---

Tommy had somehow survived the history block with an arsonistic Tubbo and a tired-mom-persona that was Ranboo. They were watching some movie by the end and he remembers dozing off for a few minutes. Before he was rudely awakened by the chaos baby, or his wet finger in his ear.

He was told it was lunch but he couldn't really hear them. For a second he forgot where he was and who he was. You know the feeling, like when waking up from a nap, or exiting the theater and it's dark outside. The world looked all weird and it felt like he was seeing it from behind a glass. His splitting headache had worsened by then.

"Hey man, do you have some ibuprofen? My head's killing me." He asked Tubbo.

"No, but you should ask some of the girls, they usually carry it" the boy answered.

*'why do they carry it?'* he asked himself, before deciding it was not really worth a thought.

He gathered up the courage to ask Drista, with a head of strikingly familiar blond head of hair and the same bright green eyes. Despite the strange sense of having known her from somewhere he brushed it off and asked for the stuff.

"Hey, sorry. I was wondering if you have some ibuprofen?"

She gave him a look-over and decided he was in a state where she didn't have to ask anything. And just gave him the pill "it's 800mg" she said.

He looked at it, *'damn 800? That's a good one, I should speak to this chick more often'* "thank you" he said and swallowed the pill dry.

Tommy was sure Tubbo and Ranboo had already abandoned him and headed to the cafeteria, but to his surprise, they were waiting outside the class for him.

They chatted before Tommy broke off to search for the office. Sign up for the club, he hoped it wasn't too late in the year to join. "I'll meet you there" he lied and broke off.

---

It was a lucky coincidence that the office was just around the corner. And that he got the whole thing done in like five minutes. He was about to go out and sleep some more before a voice called out to him.

"Tommy?" Techno, who was standing not so far from him caught his attention.

"Oh, it's just you," he said nonchalantly.

"Yeah, where are you headed?"

"Just outside" Tommy's hands fidgeted inside his pockets. He himself bouncing from one leg to the other. Somehow being restless but tired at the same time.

"You had lunch yet?" Techno questioned.

"...yeah" he lied. He didn't feel like eating, honestly, he didn't think he deserved to today.

"Really? What?"

"Pizza! From the cafeteria" he said quickly.

"That's interesting, cuz' today are beans for lunch" he tapped his leg

"Well-" Tommy tried to cover up his lie with another, but was interrupted.

"-and I know that 'cuz I hate beans. So that's why me and some friends are going to get lunch outside the school"

"O-kay?" He didn't know why he was telling him this.

"And you're coming with, come'on" techno tugged his sleeve towards the exit.

He clearly had no say in the matter.

## Chapter End Notes

Sorry for not updating for like, four months... Usual excuses work, then i was sick, then school again. But do not worry your [insert gender here] pal is getting mostly straight A's. You would think that would mean better mental health but nope! Haha, still miserable... Meaning- NEW CHAPTERS!

see you soon ;)

# Dream's in pizza Hut

## Chapter Summary

Just as the chapter states

## Chapter Notes

TW: eating disorders

Tommy didn't know how he got into this situation. If you asked him why he didn't resist getting pulled into an old van, which looked like the one they warn you about in elementary school, later, he would blame it on the exhaustion. He really didn't have the energy in him to refuse.

His little episode left him with itchy thighs and guilt in his throat. It has been a while since he relapsed after all. Although life wasn't peachy back in the foster home it wasn't as overwhelming as it is now.

Back to reality, with one firm shove from Techno, he was put in the backseat. *'Guess his physique wasn't all show, just my luck.'* Remind him to never mess with Techno. I mean, Tommy could run but something tells him that Technoblade could run just as well.

The van was cleaner than you'd think a car owned by a teenager would be. Speaking of which, he was met with a familiar face driving the said van.

"Hi, Tommy" the green eyes screamed danger at him.

"Hi?" He couldn't put a name to the entity.

"Que pasa mi hombre!;" A loud voice said, and Tommy could recognize it as one of Quackity.

"Sup Big Q," he said trying to be friendly.

"You ready for some taco bell!?" He screamed, if possible even louder.

"Oh my god Quackity, can you be any louder? I think people in Australia didn't hear you!" Another nameless face said.

"Right so, let me introduce you," Techno said as the engine roared to life. "Listen, cuz I ain't gonna say it twice"

"The jock riding this tin-can is Dream, you may or may not have seen him around Wilbur" the man in question blushed.

"By his side is George, we don't know what he's on" the boy flipped him off.

"Quackity you know, and this is-" "Karl, yes we've met" Tommy interrupted "I got an A- for that assignment, by the way, thank you" he murmured the last part "for helping or something"

"No problem" the boy smiled at him.

"And that's about all" the car came to a stop before Pizza Hut.

They started to trickle out of the car. "Pizza Hut? Again?!" A whining voice said, "You said we were going to Taco Bell this time!" Karl continued.

"The person driving decides the place," George said, smug.

"That's not fair! The person driving wants to fuck you!" Quackity pointed to the accused.

George blushed "What! No, he doesn't!"

"Come on, let's go inside" Techno grunted unhappily. Annoyance clear in his voice.

Once they all got inside and sat at one table (somehow) they started to argue again. Although Tommy was usually the loudest in any room he saw fit, these people were something else. And even though the medicine kicked in he still felt as shitty as he looked. He leaned his cheek on the palm of his hand and closed his eyes *'I just want to sleep'*

"You tired?" Quackity nudged him, sitting on his right side.

"No, I'm vibrating with energy. Can't you see?" He opened his eyes and gave the man a look.

"Anyway, what are you eating?" Big Q ignored the sarcastic remark.

"I don't know, didn't bring any money" he scratched his thigh again "and I'm not that hungry, just tired" he set both hands on the table and laid his head in-between them. Wondering why Techno even brought him along.

"Don't worry, I've got you covered" he said flashed a card in his hand. "Phil said to eat lunch with you"

Tommy gave him a skeptical look, as the Pinkette added "So we are."

That makes more sense, his daddy forced him to bring the poor "anorexic" Tommy to lunch. In retrospect, not the smartest idea to bring him to a pizzeria.

"So a red bull for you," Quackity said "and pepperoni? How does that sound?"

"I'm not really hungry-"

"Yeah, we have p.e. after this, how are you gonna have energy for it? Wanna get hit by a ball because you fell asleep?" The raven-haired boy said.

Tommy didn't respond

"That's what I thought"

Don't get him wrong Tommy loved pizza, and that was the problem. He didn't know if he was going to be able to restrain himself. *'Well, I do have p.e. after, maybe if I eat just a little-'*

*'pig'*

*'shut up'*

*'...as I was saying, if only eat a little, teensy tiny bit it should be ok'*

The waiter came and took everyone's order. Which was like 4 big pizzas and many, many sugary drinks. After a few big gulps of the energy drink, he expressed his thoughts on the matter "Damn dudes it's Tuesday, not the last supper"

They just laughed answering "we usually go to out of school lunch on Wednesdays but today was an exception"

"Why?" His question wasn't registered as the alluring aroma of pizzas swept by them.

Tommy saw yellow when the bubbly oil-filled pizza was put in front of him. His mouth watered at the savory, cheezy smell *'God I haven't had a pizza in so long'*

The voice started saying something again but Tommy couldn't hear it. Clouded by the hungry rumbling of his stomach. He knew it was over for him the moment he got his hands on a piece.

He felt like he haven't had a meal in weeks. The cheese burned the roof of his mouth, with the rate he was stuffing his face in. If you asked Techno, he looked like a raccoon gripping on the rouge price of baloney.

*'God the crust is stuffed, I am in literal heaven right now'*

*'~'* Tommy couldn't understand the voice, enjoying himself too much.

The Pinkette smiled at him, even though the blond couldn't see it "Easy, nobody's gonna steal it from you"

Tommy gulped down the rest of his red bull and fished for a second triangle. As he was taking it he noticed the table went quiet. The blond looked up and saw the table staring at him. "What?" He was suddenly nervous.

The group seemed to snap out of it. As the blue-shirted brunette (which he forgot the name of, don't blame him) said "I didn't think anyone could devour a pizza faster than Sappnap" he took another bite of Mozzarella and Basil pizza *'ew basil'*

"Who?" Tommy questioned. Slowing his food intake, this time actually chewing the food.

"You haven't ran into him yet?" Dream spoke

"I don't think so..." He looked at the finished pizza slice, taking another one

*'-at--s'*

*'s--p'*

He buried the thoughts and began eating again *'ill burn it off later'*. He kept reassuring himself.

"Great chance to meet him. He's having a house party this Friday" Karl gestured with his hands.

"A party huh?" Tommy could get with that, he needed something to forget the last few days. Even though the two constant reminders are somehow always around him. Tommy looked to the blond, eating a slice of za and chatting with the blue-shirted boy.

"Yeah, it's gonna be the shit" The blond couldn't think of anyone other than the pair he left hanging sat the school cafeteria. 'Shit I really did leave them hanging didn't I?'

"Yeah, sure" he picked up his phone to see an abundance of texts.

**[Tubbo]**

*Where r u?*

*12:20*

*Tommy?*

*12:21*

*Toooooom*

*12:21*

*Respond*

*12:25*

*We're eating lunch w/o u*

*12:26*

*U better come quick*

*12:27*

*Message me when u get the texts*

*read at 12:30*

*'ah shit'*

*Sorry*

*12:30*

*My foster brother took me to lunch*

*12:31*

*I'll be back soon tho*

*12:31*

He didn't know what else to write, so he slipped the buggy old phone back into his hoodie pocket.

"... and think half the school's going actually," George said

Tommy turned into the conversation once again. Wiping his hands on his pants. *'I know it's gross but I'm already gross so it kinda evens out, right?'*



***'no, not really'*** the voice hummed.

Tommy could hear him a little clearer than the last time it spoke. He took another slice of pizza, while he still could. Ignoring the unsettling sound of his insides screaming in protest. He was already full and beginning to feel a little sick. But if he already started he might as well go the entire way.

The group continued talking about the party, about who's bringing what, and so on. "Man I can't wait to crush Schlatt's ass in beer pong again"

"What do you mean again? The last time he completely destroyed your liver"

Tommy vaguely listened to the conversation, but not really. He was starting to get into his head again, and that wasn't a nice place to be. He looked up to the people sitting around and conversing cheerfully while he just stared. He felt out of place. Amongst the many people, he still felt like he stuck out like a sore thumb. He shifted and pulled up the hoodie on his head further, shifting his bangs so they couldn't see his eyes.

So what if they were getting a little wet, he wasn't gonna cry at fucking Pizza Hut because he didn't belong. Honestly, he should be used to this by now. It still hurt him through.

"I've got to go to the bathroom" he shifted and sat up.

Techno gave him a side-eye and was about to say something until he was interrupted "Me to man, wait" Quackery exclaimed.

They walked to the (quite big) room. And Tommy, although it was just Quackity, felt like he was being watched. It wasn't noticeable by any means but something underneath his skin squirmed uncomfortably at the thought.

He pondered over going to the toilet or not. Honestly, he already smelled like a homeless person what's gonna make that worse?

***'try becoming homeless'***

***'...again'***

***'shut up'***

***'hagahaha you're hilarious, imagine having a home, having a roof over your head, having food and clean water to drink, and still being miserable as you'***

Tommy sighed, he was right after all. He didn't know why he was the way he was.

***'don't think about it'***

He headed for the bathroom stall. Feeling a little more defeated than he was fifteen seconds ago.

"Where you going man?" Quackity zipped up his jeans, finishing taking a leak. *'at least one of us is using the toilet for what it's supposed to be used'*

*'Should he lie to him? I don't know, what's the point. Everybody already knows how disgusting I am'*

"I'm just going to take another look at today's lunch"

"...not that it was any of your business" he added.

Quackity's eyes softened in a weird way "hey mi hombre, who said it wasn't! That's some bullshit as I see it" he said a little louder.

"What's your point?" Tommy said, voice hollow

"My point is that it doesn't have to be this way. How about, instead of puking your guts out, we go outside for a cig and talk a little chica?" The raven-haired boy softly grabbed his shoulder. And to the blond's own surprise he didn't flinch away.

"Don't call me cutie, and as long as we're smoking your fags it's alright with me" the two walked by the table.

Quackity called out to the group "we're going out for a smoke"

The two teens sat at the curb, the older of the two taking out a baggie of Tabacco along with some filters and papers for rolling. "You roll?" Tommy asked.

"Yeah, the ones in the box cost way too much" he took a filter into his mouth and put little clumps of Tabacco onto the thin paper in his hands, straightening it out with a rolling motion.

"Word" Tommy said and watched as he rolled a cigarette. Soon it was in his hands "wow you're good at this"

Quackity looked proud at the compliment, giving the fag to Tommy "years of practice"

Tommy sized him up "yeah, figured," he said in a teasing voice.

"Oi!" Quackity bumped him with an elbow, looking fake-offended.

Tommy just gave him a low chuckle as the other boy began speaking again. "So, in the bathroom-"

"-I don't wanna talk about it" he cut him off.

"Well tough shit, we're talking about it." He finished rolling the other one for himself, taking out his lighter.

Tommy sighed, lighting up his own cig. Honestly, it wouldn't be so bad for someone to hear him out. Although Phil asked several times the boy didn't quite trust the man

*'yet'*

*'shut up'* And besides, Quackity didn't seem like a bad guy. Sure he wasn't enthusiastic to burden him with all the bullshit he had going on, but that was for his own good.

Seeing as Tommy wasn't saying anything, the older spoke again "Whatever's going on. I need you

to know that puking isn't gonna solve anything"

Of course Tommy knew that, he wasn't an idiot. But some part of him still whispered *'he's lying to you'*.

"I just-" he stuttered. Not knowing how to answer him.

"-I just don't know what to do" he took a drag "I mean look at me" he pointed to his slumped form "I smell, look, and feel like shit"

"-nothing that a good shower couldn't fix" Quackity countered. "Look, I know I'm probably not the best person to talk about this. I don't know about eating disorders all that-"

"-don't call it that." Tommy interrupted.

"What?" Confusion was clear on the other's face.

*"Eating disorder*, you make it sound like I'm some kind of depressed thirteen-year-old girl who's acting up because her boyfriend broke up with her," The blond said in almost one breath.

"That-" Big Q chose his next words carefully "-very specific." He took a drag out of his cig but continued talking, smoke spilling out of his lips "Okay, this" he coughed and gestured to him "'habit' that you have, it's not healthy"

"So isn't smoking" Tommy gestured to the other's cigarette.

"You smoke too!" Quackity exclaimed, almost in disbelief.

"I don't smoke, I just do lots and lots and lots of drugs," Tommy said confidently.

"That is concerning. I mean same, but still" the noirette looked at the blond, and for the first time the blond looked back. His blue eyes met others, they were watery and hollow. A painful ache struck Quackity's chest "there must be a better way to get rid of bad emotions than destroying your body"

"And I would even go as far to say, doing what you're doing isn't helping it at all. You're making it worse even" he noticed Tommy's hands shaking. He took one gently.

Tommy noticed as it came into view. And he didn't have the energy to move it. Nobody needed to know if he leaned a little closer to Quackity. "I don't know."

"What if it will always be like this" Tommy didn't specify any further. Looking away from the other.

The shorter seemed to think for a moment, then rolled up his left-hand sleeve "Tommy do you see this?" He pointed to a weird-shaped, faded pink scar right below his elbow.

"Yeah?" He looked at the other's arm.

"Do you know how I got this?" Tommy shook his head.

"When I was thirteen I had this girlfriend. Her name was Samantha and she had the prettiest brown hair, and she-" he looked at him with a smile, seeing the sour look Tommy was giving him he cut himself off "AKM, anyways she was my first girlfriend"

He continued "one day I was riding my bike like usual and I got a text. Still on the bike I read it, it

was a text from Samantha saying that she was breaking up with me. I was so surprised I crashed my bike into a dumpster, fell, and broke my arm."

Tommy smiled at that "You crashed into a dump-"

"-yes I did, not important"

Quackity pointed at the spot on his arm "it was so bad, my bone broke my skin pointing out. I went home crying like crazy"

"My mom freaked when she saw me crying, and even more when she saw my arm. What she didn't know was that I wasn't crying because of my broken arm but because of my broken thirteen-year-old heart"

"I was so sad, I said I wasn't ever going to date again-"

Tommy interrupted, "- 's that why you're single? Because I thought it was because of something else" gesturing to his face.

"-shut up! I'm not single! We're getting off-topic, anyways. For weeks I was wearing that cast wallowing in my misery, I thought I was going to feel that way forever."

"Over time, I started feeling a little better. By the time I got my cast off, about three months later, I had to train my arm again because it was weak. I had to basically start over, building my muscles again, and I started to be happy again. Things take time to heal, just like my arm, and over time all that was left was this scar."

"It's still there but I have healed. Just like all, things change. Things heal. So to answer your question, yes I have a partner and I'm not single" Tommy tried to interrupt "-I'm NOT"

For the first time that week Tommy genuinely laughed out loud "sure you do Big Q" he continued laughing "she just goes to another school right?" He fell over laughing.

"I see that you're feeling better. Ready to go back inside?" Quackity stood up.

"Yeah" Tommy was ready to go inside after him. But Quackity didn't make any movement towards the door. "You coming or...?"

He had a serious look in his eyes "Tom, if you ever feel like you need to do that again I want you to call me so I can personally slap some sense into you. Is that clear?"

"Whatever enano, let's go" Tommy smiled

"I'm not a fucking midget!" He pushed Tommy to the side and they went inside.

—

*'that was a nice little speech wasn't it'*

Tommy ignored the voice on the ride back to school, sure he still felt like shit. But he didn't feel

like puking his guts out anymore *'for now'* at least.

Or maybe even *'for a while'*.

# I fucking hate PE

## Chapter Summary

TW: throwing up, slight injury, mentioned self harm

## Chapter Notes

Two days late to the update, forgive me lol. I am not a consistent writer if you haven't noticed

:)  
\*pain\*

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Their feet followed the pavement to the school grounds. Before they all parted ways though Tommy turned to them "Thanks for the lunch guys, it was nice"

*'very anxiety-inducing and definitely could've gone better'* but he definitely felt but a bit better. Also no matter how horrible it could've been. He was raised

***'heh "raised"'***

-or better *taught*, that you should say thank you when somebody does something "nice" for you. And honestly, that didn't happen a lot.

"No problem, you should come with us more often. Maybe bring Tubbo along sometime" Karl said

"Mhm, it was fun" George (Tommy learned) joined in.

"It could've been better if we went to TACO BELL LIKE YOU PROMISED-" Big Q vocalized his opinion

"We'll go next time-" Dream responded

"Shut up Fuck boy, thou lies come out of your mouth" Quackity pointed an accusing finger

"Big Q, we don't need them" Tommy shifted his arm around Quackity's shoulder and lowered his voice "next time we'll steal the car, can you drive?" He asked in a whisper.

In equally low voice big Q responded "-no, but we can hold the short brunette hostage" he pointed to George "and make the giant drive for us-" he pointed in the general direction of Dream.

Tommy interrupted him, giggling "-and we take Techno's credit card, little daddy's money boy" he whispered in a joking manner. "And then-"

Big Q stopped and threw his hands in the air "AND THEN WE GO TO TACO BELL! YEEES HEHE" the energy radiated off of him. *'That Monster did its job'* Tommy thought.

"What- are you talking about" a voice made it to Tommy's ears. A tall figure of Will, who he was trying his hardest to avoid *'go figure why'*, appeared before the group.

"Lunch," The Beany-wearing boy said vaguely.

Tommy said in almost a whisper once again, just to Quackity "we should head to P.E."

"Yeah, shit, if we're late the teach's going to make us run extra rounds, SEE YA LATER BITCHES" He yelled to the group, and the duo headed to the gym.

—

Wilbur was left stunned. Kind of. The first shock of seeing Tommy hanging with **his** friends, the second seeing him conversing with Quackity. And third, being ignored by the younger. Though he couldn't really blame him that much, things have been awkward since Tommy caught him and Dream... he suppresses a blush thinking of it.

George snapped him out of his thoughts "-nothing, they're just pissed we went to Pizza Hut instead of Taco bell. I think they're conspiring against us, honestly"

"I wouldn't be worried," Karl said. The group stopped while the boy got his bag out of his locker.

"I don't know, the last time Quackity conspired against us he made an alliance with a group of freshman, and it did not end well for us" Dream dropped his two cents on the topic.

"I think it's nice they're getting along," Techno said in his usual nonchalant tone.

Wilbur rubbed his chin quizzically "It's suspicious if you ask me"

Almost like his relationship with Dream. It was like don't ask don't tell policy within their social circle. Some of them knew and willingly kept it a secret, and there was George who was strictly protected from the truth.

Wilbur knocked that thought out of his head and pulled his turtleneck higher. Dream's teeth marks still prominent on his Adam's apple.

—

His arm slipped from Quackity's shoulder and was now hanging by his side. The other arm gripping his backpack strap.

"Man, I hope we're gonna play basketball I heard they finally pumped balls full of air and they actually bounce off the ground..." Quackity rambled on the way to the locker room.

And Tommy tried his best to listen to what the other was saying, but it just didn't register. Before he knew it he was at the locker room door. Quackity pushed the door and the two went in, many pupils already inside.

*'Thank god'* Tommy thought, as he noticed the school didn't have any resigned gym uniform. Meaning he didn't actually need to change out of his clothes.

"Hey, Tommy" A tall figure approached him.

*'oh, it's him again'* he thought as he offered a small wave to the boy "Ranboob" Tommy dropped his backpack into one of the lockers

"Don't call me that" Ranboo chuckled as he dropped his bag on the ground.

Big Q was already chatting with some of the other boys, and the blond's attention was drawn to something, *'someone'* else.

As Tommy was taking his hoodie off, his eyes just caught the slightest glimpse of Ranboo changing.

The tall boy was on the pale side, hiding multiple necklaces below his shirt. His torso was bare and to Tommy's surprise, he was well built. Some part of Tommy thought Ranboo would be just as scrawny as him. Guess all that fighting with Tubbo paid off.

*'You're staring,'* the voice said.

Nevertheless, he was so stunned that he didn't even take his hoodie off properly. His blond head just remained inside. The inside was stuffy and his breath staggered for a minute as his face grew warmer. *'was I staring?'*

"Umm Tommy? You good?" The person in question asked him.

"Yep, just peachy," he said, the hoodie still covering his head.

"You coming or..?"

"No, I think I'm just gonna chill in here for a minute," he crossed his arms and leaned against the lockers.

"Vamos, no cagues," Quackity said annoyed and took the hoodie rest of the way off.

"Nooo," he called after.

"Come on we're gonna be late"

Tommy exhaled a breath of relief when he saw that Ranboo was no longer half-naked. *'not that I was bothered by that or anything'* he thought



The three-headed for the gym as the rest of the class was already there.

Due to the number of students skipping p.e. in the prior months, a lot of them, especially the upperclassmen. We're now forced to fill in their absences with training with lower classes. That included Quackity, Schlatt, and Minx as well.

Minus Schlatt, because he didn't show up this time either.

Just as the school, the gym was enormous, hosting several p.e. classes simultaneously. Meaning it was crowded, meaning them being led to the outside field to run a mile around the school ground.

"I can't believe I've they're making us run in this weather" Quackity breathed beside Tommy.

Tommy remained silent, trying to breathe as steadily as he could. He looked behind him and saw that Ranboo was struggling to catch up to them "well at least we're not Ranboo, poor guy looks like he's gonna pass out"

"Yeah I wouldn't wanna be in his shoes right now" Quackity responded slowing down "Damn dude how are you not affected like, at all?" He exhaled "I think I'm gonna sit down for a little while, or forever" Quackity finally gave up and collapsed on the grass little ways off of the field "I need to stop smoking," he said to himself as he took a cigarette out of his pocket and promptly light it up.

The p.e. teacher yelled at him, but ultimately he, as well, did not give enough of a fuck.

Tommy laughed at the scene and stopped for just enough for Ranboo to catch up to him. The boy was for once, not wearing sunglasses and his usual pair of gloves, also sweating profusely.

"How- how- are you fine?" The boy asked as soon as he caught up. Wiping the sweat from his forehead and moving his hair out of his face.

He was not as fine as the other presumed. The food he had eaten had been jumping up and down in his stomach. "This? This is nothing, maybe you're just really bad at running" he huffed and continued his run, Ranboo following beside him.

As he was turned to Ranboo he hadn't noticed a group of boys passing by them, or rather he hadn't noticed the foot being set before his.

Therefore he went flying towards the ground. His face and knees scraped against the hard cold cement.

"TOMMY!" Ranboo stopped immediately to help him up. "I'm okay" he rubbed the blood sweeping off of his face.

"You were standing in the way twig" The boy in front of him laughed as he ran away from the two.

Tommy gritted his teeth and stood up "my good look at you knees, we should go clean you up" Ranboo pulled on his forearm

Tommy seeped with rage as he snatched his hand out of the other's grip. "begone Ranboo, I have a mile to run" and so he sprinted forward.

His elbows stung, and the salty sweat made the pain all the worse, but he didn't care. He surpassed the group of boys. Finding himself side by side with the boy who pushed him. Returning the favor, Tommy slammed into him, making him stagger a bit "Sorry, you were standing in my way"

"Dipshit, you wanna play that game?" He regained his step "bring it on" the boy sprinted in front of Tommy.

Soon though, they were side by side again as Tommy caught up with him. "The first to finish their mile wins," Tommy said and began running even faster.

They were at it for a few minutes, both ignoring the teacher's yells of "it's a jog, not a sprint boys!"

Tommy could hear his heart pounding in his ears and he felt as if he was sweating magma. Not to mention the cold air that stabbed his throat every time he breathed.

"You're almost there!" He heard Quackity yell across the field. For someone his size, he sure was loud.

Despite the sinking feeling in his stomach, and the ache in his muscles. He was driven by rage, and that alone was enough. *'Or is it?'* he thought as an acidic feeling rose in his throat. He swallowed it down *'why won't this useless body listen to me?!'* he thought as he tried to run faster.

Not much behind him was that jerk, if he didn't speed up he would lose. He could see the "finish line" or rather the tree they agreed was the end.

The sneakers on his feet had holes in their soles, and the wind scratched his dirty hair.

*'Just a little more, a little more'* just a few more meters and ...

"HURRAY! TOMMY!" It was done, he won! A smile made it to his face.

It felt like his body was jumping out of itself, it felt like happiness was escaping his insides. Oh wait, it wasn't happiness...

Tommy clutched the tree as he threw up.

"Oh, Tommy..." Quackity said to himself.

Tommy blinked a few more times, and Ranboo and Quackity were beside him "come on, let's get you cleaned up idiot" on the way in through he saw the angry expression of the boy and it made his day that much better.

Tommy was led to the bathroom by the two. His face was full of dirt and his cheek had dried blood on it, as well as his temple. Tommy washed his hands and scrubbed his face.

"Aren't you looking peachy" Quackity said as he wet a paper towel and handed it to Tommy. Who brought it to his cheek.

"I'm gonna go get a first aid kit," Ranboo said and went to search for a teacher.

Tommy sat on the vanity. His hands were scratched up, and his pants were torn on his knees, little rocks embroidered in his skin. Tommy stared

"Are you okay?" Quackity asked him, looking at his palms and knees. "I have an extra pair of sweats you can put on, but we need to clean those first."

As if on cue, a worried-looking Ranboo was back. Holding a first aid box, or the closest thing to it he could find. "Here you go," he said looking at Tommy's knees, Tommy didn't miss the grossed-out expression he had on his face.

*'He thinks you're disgusting'* the voice taunted.

"You should take those off," Quackity said reaching for the hem of his pants. " **No!**" He yelled, snatching the other's arms away.

Quackity held them up in an *'I'm not moving motion'*. Big Q and Ranboo looked at each other in question. Tommy scratched at his cut-up thighs "I- I-mean, how about we just roll them up, it's a little chilly over here."

"Sure dude, just stay still," Quackity said as he began rolling up his pant legs.

Ranboo disappeared for a moment and returned with his zip-up hoodie. "Here, put this on" he wrapped it around his shoulders.

Tommy scratched his elbows and hissed "ow!"

"What is it? Let me look" Ranboo took his arm in his and turned it over. "You're all scratched up"

"Tell me about it" Tommy tried to joke. But his attention went to Quackity taking a pair of tweezers out of the metal box. Tommy moved his exposed knees out of the way, unconsciously moving his body into Ranboos chest "what do you think you're doing???"

"I have to take out the rocks, duh," he said gripping his leg "I'm good at this so you needn't worry,

now don't move"

A hand made its way to his hair as he realized his position, cheek leaning against Ranboos chest. Quickly he backed away "sorry"

"No sweat," Ranboo said, seeming disappointed.

"There! No rocks" Big Q said as he took something else from the box. "That wasn't so bad was it?"

"No" Tommy huffed

"But this will be!" Quackity said with a sadistic smile on his face as he took the disinfectant out. "Wait maybe you should-" Ranboo didn't get to finish his sentence as Quackity sprayed almost pure alcohol on Tommy's open wounds.

"Ow, you fucker!" Tommy said as he gripped the counter and bit his lip.

"Don't be a baby" Quackity laughed as he put the gauze over the wounds. "Now your hands..." He got up, still holding the disinfectant spray.

Ranboo snatched it out of his hold "I can do that, thank you"

"Aw man"

Tommy snickered at the shorter's reaction. Almost not noticing Ranboos hands gently taking hold of his. It was the first time Tommy saw them without the glows. They were bigger than his and had scars on their knuckles. They turned his own exposing Tommy's raw palms.

Unlike when Quackity did it when Ranboo sprayed disinfectant he blew on it so it didn't hurt as much. Quickly wrapping his hands and elbows, and he was done.

"There! All better!" The taller said until he looked at his face "wait, your cheek" he took his jaw into his hands and moved his face left to right.

"It's okay I'll do it myself" he swatted the teen's hand away, "how about you bring me those sweats?" Tommy hopped off the counter and felt the burn of his muscles "okay then" Quackity said and went to the locker room.

Tommy continued to dress his cheek as Ranboo spoke "you okay?" Tommy looked into the mirror and saw Ranboos expression.

"Yeah, why wouldn't I be?" The blond sprayed the devil liquid on his cheek and hissed.

"Oh nothing, it's normal to kiss the ground and then throw up after running a mile, I do it all the time," Ranboo said sarcastically.

"Oh that, don't worry I've been through worse" Ranboo was about to say something as Quackity entered "here you go, I'll be waiting outside"

Tommy was about to take his torn pair of pants off when he noticed the taller still standing there "You gonna stand there while I change or?" He asked.

Ranboo coughed, embarrassed "I'll see you outside"

---

When Tommy returned Ranboo was nowhere to be seen. And before he knew it it was already the end of the period. The locker room began filling up. Chatter emitted and Tommy could hear bits and pieces of conversation.

*"-did you see Chad's face?"*

*"He was so pissed-"*

*"-the other guy kissed the ground so hard-"* more than a few people were looking at him and Tommy took this as a cue to leave.

"You want me to take you to your home teacher so you can go home?" Big Q asked, trailing behind him.

As appealing as that sounded Tommy didn't wanna course a fuss "No it's fine, I have only one class left for the day" he sighed.

"Whatever you say" they parted ways.

---

The last class went by quickly, although Tommy couldn't shake the feeling of being watched.

The sound of the bell ringing never sounded sweeter. He rushed outside, eager to light a fag before Phil came to pick him up.

Speaking of, the mentioned had sent him a text.

**[Phil]**

*Hey mate, something came up at work so I can't make it*

*Wilbur will go home with you*

*14:06*

*'well fuck'*

## Chapter End Notes

Idk if i like how i wrote this chapter. Either way, Bromance or what? i don't know if im gonna make anything with Tommy and Ranboo dynamic quite yet...

What are you thoughts on the chapter in the general?

# They are brothers, your Honor

## Chapter Summary

Trigger Warning: mentions of self harm, slight self harm, mentions of sexual assault, underage drinking and smoking.

## Chapter Notes

Did anyone else forget that this fic exists, cuz i sure did! Haha jk jk...

...not.

I was feeling wholesome so here you go, this is one break you get from angst.  
Warning may cause tears

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

No more than 10 minutes passed when the all so recognizable mop of brown curls emerged from the school gates.

Meanwhile, Tommy was having a whole inner dialogue moment with himself *'It's okay, nothing will happen to me. Its just a bus ride home.'* He tried to talk himself up *'It's just Wilbur. Don't matter how tall the fucker is, it doesn't look like he could do any real damage'*

*'It's not like-'* "Hey Toms"

*'And fuck he's here'* Tommy thought as he turned around. "Hey"

"Woah, what happened to you?!" Wilbur stepped closer cupping Tommy's cheek.

The blond frantically slapped his hand away "Don't-!" He almost yelled but stopped himself "-I uh, So- sorry it still hurts" he rested his palm on the spot where Wilbur's previously was.

The brunette arched his brow, but didn't comment on the reaction further "sorry, what happened?" He eyed him up and down. Not recognizing anything he was wearing currently "and whose clothes are you wearing?"

Tommy stayed silent, trying to read the other man. That reaction was... weird. It's almost like Wilbur was worried about him, or something.

"Well?" The taller prompted.

When Tommy didn't respond he sighed "whatever, let's go home"

Tommy was deep in thought the whole walk to the bus station. Soon enough he was snapped out of it as the said bus pulled up. The two boarded and sat near the end of the vehicle.

The shorter sat by the window and refused to look anywhere but outside of it. Despite that, he could feel the taller's gaze on him.

Unbeknownst to the younger, Wilbur was indeed worried although he was reluctant to show it. Tommy just got back to school after being sick, and now he looks like he fell down a flight of stairs. Wilbur fidgeted with the backpack in his lap, thinking of what to say.

"I um-" Tommy didn't look at him or acknowledge that the other spoke at all. Wilbur continued "I heard you went to Pizza Hut with Techno-!" he said, happy that he thought of what to say. The other just looked at him, and then turned to gaze out the window again "-and, and others..." He said more deflated now.

He wasn't expecting a response after that look, so he was pretty surprised when he heard the other speak "what of it" Tommy spat almost bitterly.

"I um, did- did you have fun?" Man, Wilbur was really struggling to keep the conversation going. He was stumbling over his words and stuttering. *'Fuck this is so awkward'* he thought.

"I guess," Tommy said. And with that Wilbur gave up on the conversation. He sighed and looked away from Tommy and back to his bag.

After a moment of silence. Tommy decided to throw him a bone "I fell"

"W-what?" Wilbur said surprised.

"Some guy tripped me in P.E.," he said and continued "Big Q gave me a spare pair of sweats he had 'cuz mine were all torn up" he gestured to his miss-matched outfit. Subtly scratching his thighs, conscious of his not-fall-inflicted wounds.

"That sucks, are you okay?" Wilbur looked at Tommy again, and for once Tommy looked back at him.

Tommy looked confused, he stared at Wilbur's eyes trying to figure him out. What was that expression? *'Is he angry? No, it doesn't look like it. Scared? No, that wasn't it either'*

*'Was he worried-'* he cut himself off, looking away and answering him "I've been through worse"

Wilbur looked like he wanted to say something more but they were at their stop.

The duo began to walk and Wilbur took out the cigarette pack he had bought this morning. Tommy reached for his backpack and while searching for his box he almost tripped again. "Careful," the older said catching him by the arm.

Tommy brushed himself off and thanked the taller. He took out Ranboos' red cricket lighter and burned the end of his cigarette. They walked in silence. Neither knowing what to say.

While Wilbur was still uncomfortable about the *encounter* they had when Dream was over.



Tommy was having a moral dilemma over his reaction. Wilbur was acting weird but not weird *weird*, nice weird.

Soon enough they were at the house. They took off their shoes and Tommy took off Ranboo's hoodie from earlier. As he did so Wilbur's face scrunched up and he spoke, "Ew Tommy when was the last time you showered?"

Tommy's cheeks reddened "shut up, I was just about to" he totally wasn't. But the more he moved the more he realized how much he was in need of a shower.

"Dad's going to be home late again, so I'm gonna make lunch. Any wishes?"

Tommy remembered the other morning when Wilbur emptied half the maple syrup bottle on his waffles. "You can cook?" He said surprised.

Wilbur looked almost offended "Of course, I can! What do you take me for!"

Tommy was unimpressed, to say the least, "I dunno, I'm not really hungry honestly" he said ready to go upstairs.

"Paninis it is," Wilbur said and headed to the kitchen.

Tommy was lying, of course he was hungry. His last meal was still next to that tree beside the track field. He shook his head trying not to think of the still terrible taste in his mouth.

He heads to his room, he was about to change when he noticed the smell "fuck I should *really* shower" he said out loud. He was grimy and sweaty all over. Never mind the greasy blob that was once his hair. With that observation made he went to the bathroom, this time carrying a change of clothes with him.

He undressed, trying to avoid the mirror. He carefully removed the bandages from his knees and thighs as well as from his arms and elbows. They needed to be redressed anyways.

That shower was the best thing that had happened to him all week. The almost burning hot water was holy. Tommy almost moaned in delight, if it wasn't for the water hitting the open wounds.

He sat down in the shower shielding his knees from the boiling water. After which he changed the temperature a little and carefully washed any remaining dirt from his hand and leg injuries.

And luck seemed to turn for Tommy because unlike what he thought his cuts hadn't opened and weren't infected. He wiped the dried blood around them careful not to touch the scab that formed on them.

*'It's not that bad'* he tried to reassure himself when washing his thighs *'sure it's not-'* he struggled to continue his train of thought *'-it's not great but-'*

*'it's disguising. It's going to leave a scar again. Everyone will know'* That voice nagged at him again

Tommy thought about the thought, and he couldn't find it in himself to disagree. The day had been shit. He was still borderline sick, he fell and scraped his knees, he relapsed in his... habit, and... and it was all shit.

Before he knew it a tear slipped down his cheek. He started to breathe heavily and it all felt like too much. Before he knew it he turned the water to hot again and let it slide down his back. He sat there until he had calmed down, which in retrospect had been only five minutes or so.

After a few deep breaths, he assured himself, falsely or not he didn't know, that everything will be fine. That everything will be okay somehow.

He washed his hair and stepped out wiping the fogged-up mirror. He panicked when he saw how red and raw his back was. Which in turn made him hop back into the shower. The teen turned the water on again, ice-cold, and ran it on his back until it wasn't burning anymore.

It was still red, but he figured it will be gone by tomorrow.

He dried himself, sprayed some deodorant, and put on some clean clothes. He put a smaller towel on his wet hair and headed out of the steam-filled bathroom.

Downstairs he found Wilbur toasting the sandwiches in the pan on the stove. "Hey, Wilbur?"

The taller didn't turn around "yeah?"

"Where is the- um the" Tommy stumbled over his words. Still a little numb from his little *episode* in the shower.

Wilbur turned around and looked at Tommy. He was wearing loose light blue sweatpants, white socks, and a big light yellow sweater. On his head sat a single red towel covering his wet hair. He finally showered and had a smell of soap surrounding him. '*He looks like a kid*' Wilbur thought. Then looked at the scratches on the smaller's face.

"The first aid kit is in the downstairs bathroom," he said and pointed to the hall. "Let me help you-" he started saying

"-**No!** I mean, no it's fine" Tommy scratched his neck and looked at the pan Wilbur had previously been paying attention to. It was now smoking "and I think your Panini's burning" he gestured to the fire hazard.

"Oh fuck, shit-" Wilbur turned back to the stove and continued cursing as Tommy walked away.

Tommy was in the bathroom and found the supplies he needed. He started from his legs up until it was all nice and dressed. He was feeling calmer than before.

He walked to the living room. And his eyes set themselves on the piano once again. He thought of playing a little. No one was home beside Wilbur. The thought unsettled him a little but he could not find it in himself to care. Wilbur was probably too busy burning their "*lunch*" to notice.

He thought of Friday when he was curled up underneath the desk and Wilbur played that song.

*'How did it go again?'*

His fingers danced quietly on the notes. He tried a few times until the tune sounded familiar to the song Wilbur sang. He whispered to himself the lyrics he could remember.

*"You know it takes a lot to move me  
So if you figure it out  
Tell me..."*

*"I'll trace figures on your smile lines  
Work out formulae to cure me  
And I'm lonely..."*

He stopped, not remembering how the rest went. But he noticed the figure in the corner of his eye. Surprised Tommy flinched and almost fell off of the chair.

Wilbur was standing in the doorway, looking smug "That song sounds *familiar*"

Tommy pulled the towel on his head over his face "I um- You were-n't supposed to hear th-that" Tommy shook a little. Scared, 'fuck fuck he knows I listened in on him, what if he's angry. He's going to yell at me, and- and-'

Wilbur noticed the others' distress, as he stepped closer Tommy looked at him in fear. Despite that, he crouched down on the floor beside the piano, looking up at Tommy "Hey, hey it's okay. I'm not angry"

Tommy refused to look at him. Drawing his knees to his chest. Wilbur ignored the silence and spoke again "You have a nice voice" he said with a smile.

Tommy looked at him confused "what?" *'he's not angry?'*

"Yeah you do, really!" Wilbur responded.

"No, I mean you aren't angry?" Tommy questioned

"Why would I be angry?" It was Wilbur's turn to be confused.

"That- that I listened in on you...or something" Tommy said so quietly that Wilbur almost missed it.

Wilbur sat up and ruffled the towel covering Tommy's hair "no, no, Tommy I think you're misunderstanding. I'm happy you're singing my song, I don't care if you listened in on me singing"

"Really?"

"Really. Now let's go eat" Will responded and dragged the blond to the kitchen.

On the table was a plate of Paninis, accompanying it was a bowl of mixed salad and a side of orange juice. Tommy, while still tense, took a sandwich and a salad to his plate, not really thinking about it.

"-so..." Wilbur said

Tommy took a bite of the slightly burned Panini and said "so... what?"

"Are we gonna talk about what happened, Saturday?"

Tommy almost choked "*COUGH! CoUGh!*"

"Fuck, here's some juice!" Wilbur handed him a glass.

After he stopped coughing Tommy spoke "wh- what about Sunday?"

"Don't play dumb Tommy I know you saw me and Dream-"

"-I didn't! I didn't see anything! Please, I won't tell anyone so don't. Don't do it to me okay please I'll keep it a secret for you *please*" he said in one breath.

"Tommy... What?" Wilbur looked concerned. '*what was Tommy talking about? Did he think I would...*'

"I just... Please *don't*." Tommy looked at the ground.

Something clicked and Wilbur responded, "Tommy you do know it was all consensual right?"

Tommy was surprised, and frankly a little angry "what do you mean consensual? How could two boys- guys, do that?" Tommy stood up

This struck a nerve with Wilbur "What do you think happened?"

"I *KNOW* what happened, I was-!" He didn't finish the thought, sitting down again "I don't wish that upon anyone..."

Wilbur connected the dots, Tommy's distress, avoiding him, panic and fear. His anger melted away "Tommy did anyone- to you-" he left out some words, but they both knew what should've been there.

"I don't want to talk about it" Tommy pulled the towel.

"Fuck the sandwiches I need to be drunk for this conversation" Wilbur exclaimed and rushed upstairs.

But a few moments later he returned with a half-empty bottle of gin in his hand "wanna go to the porch and bum a smoke?"

"Gin, really?" Tommy said suspiciously looking at the clear glass bottle.

"It's the only thing I have on me, now you coming or not?"

Tommy sighed "wait a moment" he shuffled to the hallway and returned with a box of Marlboro's in his hand. "Let's go"

They went to the patio in the backyard. A bottle of gin, two glasses, and a lighter.

The sky had cleared up, and little to no clouds loomed over them. And the sun was slowly setting, which gave their surroundings a soft orange glow. Chilly air swept through their hair and Tommy put his hood up over the, now wet, towel.

Wilbur filled both glasses with a shot of gin. "Shot," he said and they gulped down their respective drinks. Much to Wilbur's surprise Tommy didn't as much as flinch. So he filled them again.

Wilbur started first "What do you think happened between me and dream Tommy?"

Tommy looked at the glass in his hands "I don't know, I- I'm confused"

"What is there to be confused about" Wilbur questioned.

"I dunno, why, why would you do that with-" he stuttered once again "-with a guy?"

"You do know what being gay means?" Wilbur joked. Taking out a cig.

"I do. And it's disgusting" Tommy said bitterly.

Wilbur stopped, sighed, "shot" they drank again. Hey, Tommy wasn't complaining.

"Why do you think that?" He lit the cigarette as Tommy fiddled with his pack.

"I- just" Tommy didn't know if he should tell Wilbur about what happened. What if he used it against him, or if he told Phil, if they threw him out, abandoned him *again*.

"Come on now, spill it out"

Tommy thought over it "Imma need another shot for this one"

—

Tommy told him almost everything. He told him about his religious foster home. About the abuse about... *Issac*. And the, well, as he called it, *less than comfortable* relationship they had. He didn't say anything specific but he had a feeling Wilbur got the gist of it.

After another two or three shots his story was finished "-and they just threw me out, just like that"

He hid his expression behind the hoodie, he didn't want the taller to know how close to tears he was.

"**My. God.**" Wilbur said. He sounded angry, and Tommy's breath hitched *'fuck fuck, this was a mistake, he's angry, he's gonna hurt me, I have to go, I have to get out of here right fucking now.'*

He was about to ditch but Wilbur continued "That motherfucker, okay Tom you have to tell me where those fuckers live so I can beat some fucking sense into them" he ground his fists "oh I'll make them see God alright"

Tommy almost got whiplash by the speed he turned to look at the taller "w-what" he was stunned *'he's angry, but not at me?'*

"Yeah I'll-" Wilbur looked at Tommy's expression and stopped. He saw the absolute waterfalls that started pouring from Tommy's eyes.

"Fuck, sorry Tommy. I'm not angry!" He retreated, waving his hands "I mean, I'm not angry at you!" He continued "You did nothing. And I mean nothing wrong. Those are some *sick* people you've had the displeasure of living with. There's nothing *You* did wrong. And I need you to understand that okay?" Wilbur went from angry, to disgusted, to again angry, and finally to protective older brother mode.

"I- um. I don't know what to say" Tommy chuckled through tears and wiped his face with the end of his sleeve. Though it didn't really help as more tears wet his cheeks again.

A light bulb appeared above Wilbur's head, and his expression, if possible, softened even more "is that why you thought- when you saw me and Dream-" Wilbur stuttered. "Fuck, shot again"

Wilbur poured the liquid into their glasses and he emptied his right away. Pouring another for himself. Tommy stayed quiet only gripping his glass.

"Toms, that's not what happened between us. It's not what you think at least" he made gestures with his hands "I- I, Me and Dream, we are- what we were-" he stumbled over his words, alcohol taking a toll on his vocabulary "We did, what we did because we like each other, because I love him. What happened to you was abuse, not love. Issac is a scumbag and that had nothing to do with him being gay."

"You like Dream?" And of course, that was the line Tommy focused on. "Well yeah, no, it's *complicated*. I- I like him and he likes me, but he likes someone else more- more than me"

*'I know I'm crying, but he looks like a kicked puppy'* "okay, I think I understand" Tommy said

"You do?" Wilbur brightened up.

"I do, kinda. My brains in knots and, it's a lot to process, and" he rubbed his face, tears slowing down a little.

"Do you want a hug?" Wilbur asked.

And for once, Tommy *did* want a hug.

"Actually, I do."

Wilbur smelled like smoke and coconuts. But it was comforting in a way. A second passed and then two "aaand I think that's enough hugging for me" he pushed the brunette away. The man in question chuckled.

"What the heck are you two dumbasses doing" the duo turned around, and behind glass doors stood Techno, holding two bags of groceries.

The Pinkette looked at the bottle sitting beside them "And is that Gin? It's literally Tuesday Wilbur, you damn alcoholic"

A bead of sweat slid down Wilbur's temple "uh, hi brother dearest" he chuckled awkwardly.

"Don't you *brother dearest* me, get the fuck inside and help me with these groceries. You too Tommy"

And so they shuffled inside.

## Chapter End Notes

Heyyy guys, sorry from not updating for so long 2022 has been killing me. I failed my drivers exam, relapsed in sh around new years, got sick, got better, got sick with a little case of corona virus. Got better, passed my drivers exam, got better-ish mentally and now i wrote this ch in a day. I really hope you liked it, might delete it idk...

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!